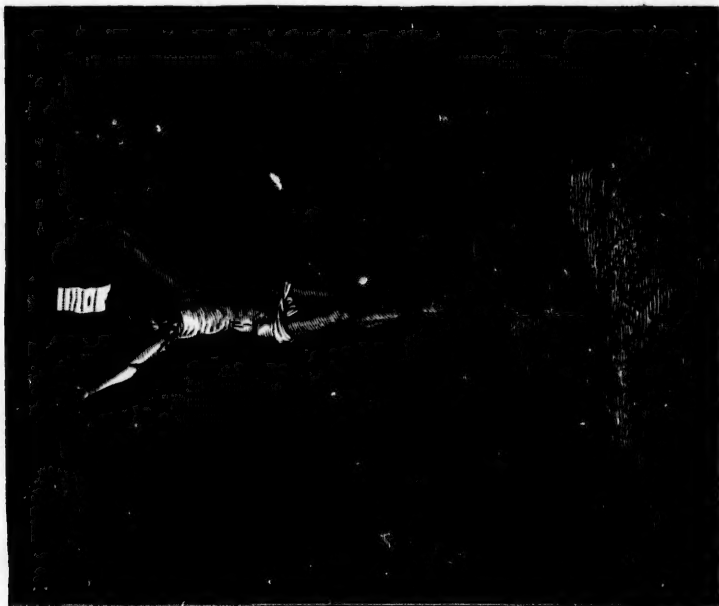


"And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived."—*Numbers xxi. 8, 9.*



"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John iii. 14, 15, 16.*

# THE SINNER AND HIS SAVIOUR.

BY

THOMAS S. SHENSTON,

BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, CANADA.

“God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”—*John* iii. 16.

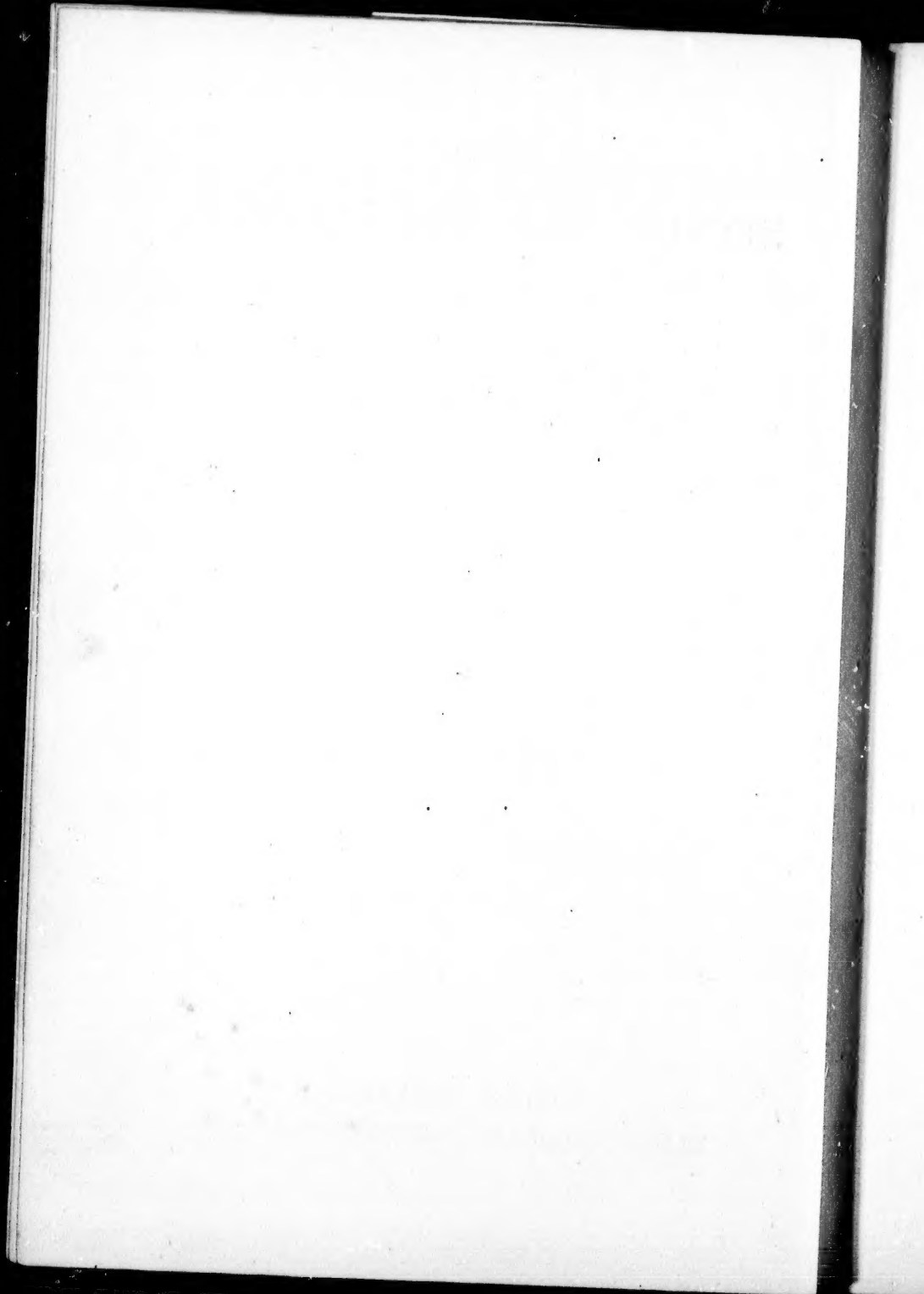
“Let God be true, but ever man a liar.”—*Rom.* iii. 4.

SECOND AND ENLARGED EDITION.

LONDON, ENGLAND :  
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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TO ALL THOSE  
WHO,  
LIKE THE JAILER AT PHILIPPI,  
ARE ASKING  
"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"  
THIS WORK IS  
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.

Come, sinner, to the gospel feast;  
Oh! come without delay;  
For there is room in Jesus' breast  
For all who will obey.

There's room in God's eternal love  
To save thy precious soul;  
Room in the Spirit's grace above  
To heal and make thee whole.

There's room around thy Father's board,  
For thee and thousands more;  
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord;  
Yea, come this very hour.

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## THE PREFACE.

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For the past five-and-twenty years I have occupied a somewhat prominent position in one of the largest Churches and Sunday Schools in Canada, and my mind has long been exercised at noticing that so large a percentage of those attending such means of grace throughout the country are not connected with any Church, though evidently more or less anxious about their salvation, or they would not be found so regular in their attendance at such places. This class have ready access, in our Sunday School libraries and elsewhere, to such (in one sense) suitable books as *Pike's Early Piety*, *Owen on Forgiveness*, *Bunyan's Inviting Works*, *James's Anxious Inquirer*, *Christ knocking at the Door*, and many other similar works, the reading of which could not fail of imparting spiritual profit, but the great difficulty is they are scarcely ever read by the class for whose especial benefit they are provided. They consider them too "dry" and "solid" to suit their tastes, while those of the "light" and novel style, which are scarcely even tinctured with sound Scriptural knowledge, are sought out and read with eagerness.

I have long been of the opinion that the same truths that are taught in such works as the above might be presented in a much more attractive form; and within the last ten years I have written to at least a score of well-known authors in Great Britain, the United States and Canada, suggesting the publication of some such work; though all admitted such a want, none were willing to supply it. Until I had thus signally failed, it never once occurred to me to make the attempt myself. Nor do I now attempt to *write* such a book, but I have tremblingly ventured the task of *getting up* one such; and if any credit is due for the same it will be merely for the *selections and arrangements*, inasmuch as there are but few pages of original matter in the whole work.

I certainly could not have been induced to have taken the trouble I have was it not my honest conviction that a real good might be

thereby accomplished which would otherwise remain undone. I now spread the whole contents before the Lord, as did Hezekiah the letter of Sennacherib (2 Kings xix. 14), and do so with much less hesitancy than I commit it to the criticism of my fellow-creatures.

Honestly believing that the work is calculated to do good, it naturally follows that I should desire its circulation, especially among the class to which allusion has already been made. I earnestly solicit the kind aid of all those who may read and approve of it. In this age of books I despair of being able to wedge this into public notice without some such assistance.

T. S. S.

*Brantford, Ontario.*  
1879.

---

All hail the power of Jesus' name !

Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—  
Ye ransomed from the fall,—  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

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# The Sinner and his Saviour.

## CHAPTER I.

"BUT now I have one thing more to do. And it is awful work; for I have, as it were, to *put on the black cap and pronounce the sentence of condemnation*. For those who live and die rejecting Christ there is a most fearful doom. They shall perish with an utter destruction. There are degrees of punishment; but the highest degree is given to the man who rejects Christ, because that is the A 1 sin, the cardinal vice, and men are condemned for that. Other iniquities come following after them, but this one goes before them to judgment. Imagine for a moment that time has passed, and that the day of judgment is come.

"A solemn stillness fills the air: no sound is heard. All, all is noiseless. Presently a great white cloud with solemn state sails through the sky, and then—hark! the twofold clamour of the startled earth. On that cloud there sits one like unto the Son of man. Every eye looks, and at last there is heard a unanimous shout. The flame comes out of *his* mouth, and it is composed of words like these—'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, in hell, prepared for the devil and his angels.' Do you linger? 'Depart!' Do you seek a blessing? '*Ye are cursed.*' I curse you with a curse. Do ye seek to escape? *It is everlasting fire.* Do ye stop and plead? No, '*I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hands, and ye regarded me not; therefore I will mock at your calamity, I will laugh when your*

*fear cometh.* 'Depart, again, I say; depart for ever!' And you are gone. And what is your reflection? Why, it is this: 'Oh! would to God that I never had been born! Oh! that I had never heard the gospel preached, that I might never have had the sin of rejecting it!' This will be the gnawing of the worm in your conscience—'I knew better, but I did not do better. As I sowed the wind, it is right I should reap the whirlwind. I was checked, but I would not be stopped; I was wooed, but I would not be invited. Now I see that I have murdered myself. Oh! thought above all thoughts most deadly! I am lost, lost, lost! And this is the horror of horrors: I have caused myself to be lost; I have put from me the gospel of Christ; I have destroyed myself.'

"Methinks I hear thee say, 'What must I do to be saved?' Let me tell you the way of salvation, and then farewell. If thou wouldest be saved, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;' for the Scripture says, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.' There He hangs, dying on His cross! look to Him and live."—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.*

---

Delay not, delay not; O sinner, draw near,  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;  
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here:  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?  
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;  
Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb;  
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

Delay not, delay not ; the Spirit of grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

Delay not, delay not ; the hour is at hand ;  
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade ;  
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand ;  
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid ?

“ When scorching with burning fever, he said that he was ‘ hot and happy.’ One morning Mrs. Pearce asked him how he felt ? ‘ Very ill, but unspeakably happy in the Lord and *my dear Lord Jesus*. Oh how thankful should I be for all my pains ! I want for nothing : all my wishes are anticipated.’

“ Once beholding her grieving, he said, ‘ O my dear Sarah, do not be so anxious, but leave me entirely in the hands of Jesus, and think, if you were as wise as He, you would do the same by me. If He takes me, I shall not be lost, I shall only go a little before ; we shall meet again, never to part.’

“ When after a restless night, Mrs. Pearce asked him, what she should do for him ? ‘ You can do nothing but pray for me, that I may have patience to bear all my Lord’s will.’ After taking some medicine he said, ‘ If it be the Lord’s will to bless it, for your sake, and for the sake of the dear children—but the Lord’s will be done. Oh I fear I sin, I dishonour God by impatience ; but I would not for a thousand worlds sin in a thought if I could avoid it.’ Mrs. Pearce replied, she trusted the Lord would still keep him ; seeing He had brought him thus far, He would not desert him at last. ‘ No, no,’ he said, ‘ I hope He will not. As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. Why do I complain ? My

dear Jesus' sufferings were much sorer and more bitter than mine : *And did He thus suffer, and shall I repine?* No, I will cheerfully suffer my Father's will.'

"One morning after being asked how he felt, he replied, 'I have but one severe pain about me ! What a mercy ! Oh how good a God to afford some intervals amidst so much pain ! He is altogether good. Jesus lives, my dear, and that must be our consolation.'

"Being asked how he felt after a restless night, he replied, 'I have so much weakness and pain, I have not had much enjoyment ; but I have a full persuasion that the Lord is doing all these well. If it were not for strong confidence in a lovely God, I must sink ; but all is well. O blessed God, I would not love thee less ; oh support a sinking worm ! Oh what a mercy to be assured that all things are working together for good.'

"His last day, Oct. 10th, was very happy ; Mrs. Pearce repeated this verse,

'Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food,  
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song.'

"He repeated with an inexpressible smile, the last line  
'*The conqueror's song.*'

"He said once, 'O my dear ! what shall I do ? But why do I complain ? He makes all my bed in my sickness.' She then repeated those lines,

'Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'He can ; He does ; I feel it ;' and thus passed away."

The following is a portion of a hymn composed by Mr. Pearce a short time before his death :

In the floods of tribulation,  
 While the billows o'er me roll,  
 Jesus whispers consolation,  
 And supports my fainting soul :  
 Thus the lion yields me honey,  
 From the eater food is given ;  
 Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,  
 Singing as I wade to heaven,—  
 Sweet affliction ! sweet affliction,  
 That brings Jesus to my soul !  
 Floods of tribulation heighten,  
 Billows still around me roar ;  
 Those that know not CHRIST ye frighten,  
 But my soul defies your pow'r.  
 In the sacred page recorded,  
 Thus His word securely stands,—  
 " Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,  
 Nought shall pluck thee from my hands."  
 Sweet affliction ! sweet affliction,  
 That to such sweet words lays claim !  
 All I meet I find assists me  
 In my path to heavenly joy,  
 Where, though trials now attend me,  
 Trials never more annoy :  
 Wearing there a weight of glory  
 Still the path I'll ne'er forget ;  
 But, reflecting how it led me  
 To my blessed Saviour's seat,  
 Cry, " Affliction ! sweet affliction !  
 Haste ! bring more to Jesus' feet ! "

*Extracts from the Memoir of the Rev. Samuel Pearce, A.M.*  
*Published by the Am. Bap. Pub. Society.*

Begone, unbelief ; my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief will surely appear.  
 By faith let me wrestle, and He will perform ;  
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.  
 If dark be my way, since He is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey ; 'tis His to provide :  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The word He hath spoken shall surely prevail.

His love in times past forbids me to think,  
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:  
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review  
 Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;  
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long;  
 And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!

---

"Stop this *trying* to believe, but just simply *believe*.

"It is not, he that is *elected* shall be saved, but he that  
 'BELIEVETH.' He that 'BELIEVETH.' He that 'BELIEVETH.'

"O Lord! *take* my heart, for I cannot *give* it; and  
 when Thou *hast* it, oh *keep* it, for I cannot keep it for  
 Thee; and save me in *spite* of myself, for Jesus Christ's  
 sake."—*Fenelon*.

"Whosoever hath Christ cannot be poor; whosoever  
 wants Him cannot be rich."—*Rutherford*.

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Nearer, my God, to Thee! nearer to Thee;  
 E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,  
 Still all my song shall be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

Though, like a wanderer, the sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou sendest me, in mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

## CHAPTER II.

“NAPOLEON is reported to have once said, in conversation with one of his friends, ‘I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and all other religions whatsoever the distance of infinity.

“‘It is not so with Christ. Everything in Him astonishes me, His spirit overawes me, and His will confounds me. Between Him and whoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by Himself; His ideas and His sentiments, the truths which He announces, His manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organisation or by the nature of things. . . . In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections! Where is the character that has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places; who has never succumbed to the influence of the times; who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last He is the same, always the same, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle. Truth should embrace the universe. Such is Christianity, the only religion that destroys sectional prejudice, the only one which proclaims the unity and absolute brotherhood of the whole human family, the only one which is purely spiritual—in fine, the only one which assigns to all, without distinction, for a true country, the

bosom of the Creator, God. Christ proved that He was the Son of the Eternal by His disregard of TIME. All His doctrines signify one and the same thing—ETERNITY. . . . The soul is sufficient for Him, as He is for the soul. The soul has reconquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic philosophy falls as a ruined edifice before one single word—FAITH. What a master and what a word which can effect such a revolution! . . . The gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds on meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The gospel is not a book, it is a living being, with an action, a power which invades everything which opposes its extension. . . . What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, He has but one single end—the spiritual amelioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union to that which is true, the holiness of the soul. . . .

“Christ speaks, and at once generations become His, by stricter, closer ties than those of blood—by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all ties. He lights up the flame of love, which consumes self-love, and which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, *to make himself beloved*, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of charity.”—*Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon the First.*

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In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the Cross for-ake me;  
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the Cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the Cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

“He closed his prayer, and began to preach; but evidently his audience were not disposed to hear him. Before many sentences had been uttered, missiles began to fly; at first, not of a very destructive character, being refuse vegetables, potatoes, turnips, &c., but before long, brick-bats and stones, some of which inflicted slight wounds. He stopped, and after a pause, cried out, ‘Boys dear, what’s the matter with you to-day? Won’t you let an old man talk to you a little?’ ‘We don’t want to hear a word out of your old head,’ was the reply. ‘But I want to tell you what I think you would like to hear.’ ‘No, we’ll like nothing you can tell us.’ ‘How do you know? I want to tell you a story about one you all say you respect and love.’ ‘Who’s that?’ ‘The blessed Virgin.’ ‘Och, and what do *you* know about the blessed Virgin?’ ‘More than you think; and I am sure you’ll be pleased with what I have to tell you, if you’ll only listen to me.’ ‘Come, then,’ said another voice, ‘let us hear what he has to say about the Holy Mother.’ And there was a lull, and the missionary began: ‘There *was* once a young couple to be married, belonging to the little town of Cana . . . so she

just whispered to her blessed son, 'They have no wine.' 'Don't let that trouble you, ma'am,' said He. And in a minute or two after, she, knowing well what was in His good heart, said to one of the servants that was passing, '*Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.*' . . . And all that, you see, came of the servants taking the advice of the blessed Virgin, and doing just what she bid them. Now, if she was here among us this day, she would give just the same advice to every one of us, '*Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it;*' and with good reason too, for well she knows there is nothing but love in His heart to us, and nothing but wisdom comes from His lips. And now I will tell you some of the things He says to us. He says, '*Strive to enter in at the strait gate.*' He says, '*Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.*' He says, '*If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.*' . . . But no; with all your love and reverence for the blessed Virgin, you won't take her advice.'"—*Extracts from the Life of the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, who died triumphantly at Dublin, May 14, 1839, aged 78. "He being dead yet speaketh"* (Heb. xi. 4).

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If you cannot on the ocean  
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
 Rocking on the highest billow,  
 Laughing at the storms you meet,  
 You can stand among the sailors,  
 Anchored yet within the bay,  
 You can lend a hand to help them,  
 As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey  
 Up the mountain steep and high,  
 You can stand within the valley,  
 While the multitudes go by;

You can chant in happy measure  
As they slowly pass along ;  
Though they may forget the singer  
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready to command,  
If you cannot t'wards the needy  
Reach an ever open hand,  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep,  
You can be a true disciple  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain both ripe and golden  
Will the careless reapers leave ;  
Go and glean among the briers  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If where fire and smoke are thickest  
There's no work for you to do ;  
When the battlefield is silent,  
You can go with careful tread,  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do ;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare ;  
If you want a field of labour,  
You can find it anywhere.

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“ On entering the water Christian began to sink, and,  
crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, ‘ I sink in

deep waters' . . . Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow: thus they got over where two shining ones awaited them."—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*.

"The teaching which aims to reveal and exalt 'the name that is above every name,' which testifies to the fulness of God's love to man, which proclaims the reality of the great sacrifice and propitiation for the sins of the whole world, which proves the act of faith in Christ to be the condition and the germ of a complete salvation, and which identifies such a faith with the dying and rising again of our spirits with Christ, is 'evangelical.'"—*Christian Secretary*.

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How can I sink with such a prop  
As my eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
And spreads the heavens abroad?

How can I die while Jesus lives,  
Who rose and left the dead?  
Pardon and grace my soul receives  
From my exalted Head.

All that I am, and all I have,  
Shall be for ever thine;  
Whate'er my duty bids me give,  
My cheerful hands resign.

Yet if I might make some reserve,  
And duty did not call,  
I love my God with zeal so great,  
That I should give him all.

## CHAPTER III.

"You wish to understand more about Christ's death being an atonement. I shall try and explain. The curse which Adam by his sins brought upon us all was this, 'Thou shalt surely die' (Gen. ii. 17). This included the death of the body, the death of the soul, and the eternal destruction of both in hell. This is the curse that hangs over every unpardoned sinner. And our sins have only added certainty and weight to the awful curse, for the 'wages of sin is death.' Now, when the Son of God said He would become our Surety and Saviour, the Father said, 'Thou must die for them.' 'I lay down my life;' 'This commandment have I received from my Father.' *It is true, Christ did not suffer eternal destruction in hell; but He was a person so glorious and excellent—God's own Son—that His short sufferings were equal in value to our eternal agonies.* So that, in the eye of law, and in God's account, Jesus has suffered all that you and I were condemned to suffer. Hence that sweet, sweet passage, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye . . . for she hath received (in Christ) of the Lord's hand double for all her sins' (Isa. xl. 1, 2). Christ's dying for us is as much in God's account as if we had twice overborne the eternal agonies of hell. Hence that sweet song which God enabled you and G. to sing: 'I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me' (Isa. xii. 1). Hence also that triumphant question, 'Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died' (Rom. viii. 34).

"Keep looking then to Jesus, dear soul, and you will

have the peace that passeth all understanding. Whenever Satan accuses you, send him to the stripes of the Lord Jesus.

“Look at Rom. v. 19. By the sin of Adam many were made sinners. We had no hand in Adam's sin, and yet the guilt of it comes upon us. We did not put out our hand to the apple, and yet the sin and misery have been laid at our door. In the same way, ‘by the obedience of Christ, many are made righteous.’ Christ is the glorious One who stood for many. His perfect garment is sufficient to cover you. You had no hand in His obedience. You were not alive when He came into the world and lived and died; and yet, in the perfect obedience, you may stand before God righteous. This is all my covering in the sight of a holy God. I feel infinitely ungodly *in myself*: in God's eye, like a serpent or a toad; and yet, when I stand *in Christ alone*, I feel that God sees no sin in me, and loves me freely. The same righteousness is free to you. It will be as white and clean on your soul as on mine. Oh, do not sleep another night without it! only consent to stand in Christ, not in your poor self.”—*Rev. R. M. McCheyne.*

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Free from the law, oh, happy condition!  
 Jesus hath bled, and *there* is remission!  
 Cursed by the law, and bruised by the fall,  
 Grace hath deemed us once for all.

Once for all, O sinner, receive it,  
 Once for all, O brother, believe it;  
 Cling to the cross, the burden will fall,  
 Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

Now are we free—there's no condemnation;  
 Jesus provides a perfect salvation:  
 “Come unto *Me*,”—oh, hear His sweet call;  
 Come, and He saves us once for all.

"One Thursday night in the beginning of March 18—, she wished to try and lie down, but the exertion of getting her on the bed produced such dreadful sufferings we thought she could not survive through the night; but in the midst of her pain she repeated that sweet hymn,

'Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,' &c.

Also, 'God moves in a mysterious way.' And then, taking me by the hand, she smiled and said, 'Mother, God is His own interpreter, and He will make it all plain.' . . . She then repeated a verse or two of the hymn commencing, 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform;' laying great stress on the lines, '*The bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower.*' She was then carried upstairs, and during the week her sufferings were very great. . . . One evening, when suffering extreme pain, which brought on a fainting fit, I gave her a restorative, when she said, 'O my dear mother, do not give me anything to keep me here; do let me go; I long to go home, where sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more.'

"Tuesday, the 20th, was an evening never to be forgotten. She was highly gratified to have Mrs. — so long with her, and so was her sister Fanny, who was in the same room. Our beloved Fanny arose early the next morning and accompanied her brother to St. Thomas's Hospital, where we wished to get him in, he having been bad now for five years, but at noon they both returned home disappointed. When I opened the door, dear Fanny gave me a kiss, smiled, and said she felt very tired. After resting herself and taking tea, she seemed better, and at six o'clock went out for some acidulated drops for her sister Ellen, but while gone she was seized with excruciating

pains, and fell down in the street. She was brought home by some kind female, and when we opened the door she was prostrate on the step; we immediately sent for medical aid, but all of no avail. She lingered in the greatest agony till six o'clock in the morning, when death terminated this heartrending scene of suffering.

"These two beloved children were both in the greatest agony all night, and in the same room, and we much feared that this sudden and painful bereavement would have caused Ellen to be much worse, but it appeared for a few days to have a contrary effect, and gave a check to the disorder. She witnessed this truly painful scene with a calm composure, stroked her beloved sister's face, and said, 'O my dear Fanny, I had hoped to be the first of the family to go to heaven, but am disappointed. I shall not be long after you, then we shall have a joyful meeting and never part again. I know my dear Fanny has gone safe to heaven, because she loved Jesus and used to pray to Him; I have heard her.' This made dear Ellen anxious for the happy time to arrive when she should also take her flight upwards.

"On the following Friday she was carried down to see her sister in her coffin. This was a most affecting scene; we thought she would have lain down in the coffin with her. She wept over her and said—

'Happy soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy sufferings here below;  
Go, by angel guards attended;  
To the arms of Jesus go.'

'There's a mortal paleness on your cheek,  
But there's glory in your soul.'

"The following week several kind friends visited Ellen, to whom she expressed her anxious desire to go 'home,

and be with Jesus, which is far better' than staying here, where there is nothing but trouble and sorrow, pain and affliction; but in heaven all is joy, peace, and rest. She had great pleasure from our reading the fourteenth chapter of John, and also the twentieth chapter of Revelation, which gives a very beautiful description of the heavenly world. Once she said to me that it would have been most gratifying to her own feelings if she could have been baptized. . . . I said to her, 'Have you any fear of not reaching heaven because you have not been baptized?' She said, 'Oh no; that will not save me; *nothing but the blood of Christ will do that.* . . .'

"April 15th, at night, Ellen wished to lie upon the bed for a short time, but respiration was very difficult. After recovering from this fatigue, she said—

'Dear refuge of my weary soul,  
On Thee when sorrows rise,  
On Thee when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.'

"Then, taking me by the hand, she said, 'Oh! what should I now do without that refuge?

'Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.'

"Friday 20th, her poor legs were mortified, and large pieces of flesh dropped off from them, still there was no murmur; her soul seemed lifted above her pains. In the afternoon she expressed a wish to see Mr. —, and sent a message as a dying request to him, which request was promptly attended to, and Mr. B—— was soon at her bedside. . . .

"Shortly after Mr. B—— came, he asked her a great many questions; among others he said, 'You say, Ellen, that you long to go home, what is the foundation of your

hope.' She said, 'Because I believe that Jesus died for me; I have no other hope.' . . . She said to her sister, 'Before you retire will you kindly assist in laying me on the bed.' This was done, and at twelve o'clock her sister left the room. After this she became very restless, and every two or three minutes required moving. At a quarter to three she wished us to raise her higher in bed; she gave a sweet smile, and said, 'That will do nicely.' She then placed both her hands in mine, and shook them violently. I tried to keep them still, but she immediately drew one hand away to unfasten the wristband of her night-dress. Her aunt, wondering what she wanted, brought the candle. She drew the sleeve off, and putting her bare arm through the opening of her dress, waved her hand three times over her head, and said, 'VICTORY! VICTORY! VICTORY! THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB!' She then kissed me most affectionately, asked me to turn her over on her right side, and without a struggle or a sigh, sweetly fell '*asleep in Jesus.*' Oh! what a glorious translation from a scene of suffering to a state of perfect happiness."—*Verbatim Extracts from a Private Letter to the Author*, informing him of the death of a cousin, Miss Ellen B——.

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Jesus! lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 All in all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

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“I feel that my race is nearly run. I have, indeed, tried to do my duty. Yet all this avails nothing. I place no dependence on anything but the righteousness and death of Jesus Christ. I have never enjoyed the raptures of faith vouchsafed to many Christians. I do not undervalue these feelings, but it has not pleased God to bestow them upon me. I have, however, a confident hope that I am accepted in the Beloved.”—*Thus wrote the Rev. Francis Wayland, D.D., LL.D., shortly before his death.*

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Give me the wings of faith to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,  
 Happy on the golden strand;  
 Many are the voices calling us away,  
 To join their glorious band—  
 Calling us away, calling us away,  
 Calling to the better land.

Once they were mourners here below,  
 And poured out cries and tears;  
 They fought the fight as we do now,  
 But faith o'ercame their fears.

## CHAPTER IV.

"I REMEMBER I concluded preaching at Exeter Hall with these three words, 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!' and I think I will conclude my sermon of this morning with the same words, but not till I have spoken to one poor, forlorn soul who is standing over there, wondering whether there is mercy for him. He says, 'It is well enough, sir, to say, "Look to Jesus;" but suppose you cannot look? If your eye is blind—what then?' O my poor brother, turn your restless eyeballs to the cross, and that light which gives light to them that see, shall give eyesight to them that are blind. Oh! if thou canst not believe this morning, look and consider, and weigh the matter, and in weighing and reflecting thou shalt be helped to believe. He asks nothing of thee; He bids thee now believe that He died for thee. If to-day thou feelest thyself a lost, guilty sinner, all He asks is that thou wouldst believe on Him; that is to say, trust Him, confide in Him. Is it not little He asks? And yet it is more than any of us are prepared to give, except the Spirit hath made us willing. Come, cast yourselves upon Him; fall flat on His promise; sink or swim, confide in Him, and you cannot guess the joy that you shall feel in that one instant that you believe on Him. Were there not some of you impressed last Sabbath day, and you have been anxious all the week? Oh! I hope I have brought a good message to you this morning for your comfort. 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth,' saith Christ, 'for I am God, and beside me there is none else.' Look ye now, and

looking ye shall live. May every blessing rest upon you, and may each go away to think of that one person whom we love, even Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!"—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.*

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Oh to be nothing, nothing !  
 Only to lie at His feet,  
 A broken and emptied vessel,  
 For the Master's use made meet.  
 Emptied—that He might fill me,  
 As forth to His service I go ;  
 Broken—that so unhindered  
 His life through me might flow.

Oh to be nothing, nothing !  
 Only as led by His hand ;  
 A messenger at His gateway,  
 Only waiting for His command :  
 Only an instrument ready  
 His praises to sound at His will ;  
 Willing, should He not require me,  
 In silence to wait on Him still.

Oh to be nothing, nothing !  
 Painful the humbling may be,  
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me  
 That the world might my Saviour see.  
 Rather be nothing, nothing !  
 To Him let their voices be raised ;  
 He is the Fountain of blessing,  
 He only is meet to be praised.

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"Once while sitting in his easy-chair he exclaimed, 'Such transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with as no words can express!' His comfort abounded all through his sickness. As his bodily strength decayed, his spiritual joy increased. Thus he spoke on one occasion, as he gave utterance to his experience—

"My soul is vigorous and healthy, notwithstanding the

hastening decay of this frail and tottering body. It is a blessed thing to live above the fear of death, and I praise God I fear it not. God hath, as it were, let heaven down upon me in those nights of weakness and waking. I am not suffered once to lose my hope. My confidence is, not that I lived such or such a life, or served God in this or that manner. I know of no prayer I ever offered, no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what is wrong in it, that instead of recommending me to the favour of God, I needed His pardon through Christ for the same. I have no hope in what I have done or been. Yet I am full of confidence, and this is my confidence, there is a hope set before me; I have fled, and still flee, for refuge to that hope. In Him I trust; in Him I have strong consolation, and shall assuredly be accepted in this Beloved of my soul. The spirit of adoption is given me, enabling me to cry, "Abba, Father." Thus died Dr. Doddridge at the early age of forty-nine years.—*Extracted from his Memoir, published by Am. Tract Society.*

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When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,  
And long to fly away;  
Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of His love;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above;  
Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on the promise of His grace  
For all things to depend;  
Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
To trust His firm decrees;  
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,  
And know no will but His.

If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Directly, Lord, from Thee!

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“It is not he that FEELS and believes, but he that BELIEVETH in the Son of God hath everlasting life.’ Act on the presumption that Christ’s words are true. Noah’s carpenters knew as much about the ark as he did, but they did not get into it, and were consequently not saved.”—*Extract from a Sermon by Mr. Moody.*

“By constant *sight* the effect of objects seen grows *less*; by constant *faith* the effect of objects believed in grows *greater*. The more frequently we *see*, the less we *feel*, the power of an object; while the more frequently we dwell upon an object by faith, the more we feel its power. ‘Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen’ (Heb. ii. 1).”—*The writer unknown.*

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Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves us from its snares;  
It yields support in all our toils,  
And softens all our cares.

Faith shows the promise fully sealed  
With our Redeemer’s blood;  
It helps our feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.

## CHAPTER V.

“Now you may not feel so ; but if you are convinced that you are ill, you have made one step towards that great cure by which, and through which, you will be made entirely whole. Thus awakened and convinced that you are ill, at least, satisfied that you need a cure, even if you do not feel it. . . . your first question, asked with the utmost anxiety, will be, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ or, translated into the figure under which I am speaking, ‘What must I do to be cured?’

“Salvation is not a church thing, nor a corporate thing, nor a sacramental thing, nor an accidental thing that may overtake you any day before you are aware. Salvation is the result of personal application to the Saviour. The question is, ‘Wilt *thou* be made whole?’ The answer must be, ‘Lord, I believe ; heal Thou *me*, and make me one of thine own.’ And if we have thus applied personally to Him who asks the question, ‘Wilt thou be made whole?’ we shall most thankfully submit to every prescription that He gives us.

“There is but one Physician that can cure ; there is but one prescription that has efficacy. To go to a wrong source is not merely to miss the cure, but to aggravate a thousand-fold the moral and spiritual disease under which humanity groans and labours. You cannot recollect too clearly, ‘There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved,’—that is, cured. ‘He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give’—just what makes you whole—‘repentance and remission of sins.’

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He himself says, 'Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth'—sick, suffering humanity—'for beside me there is no Saviour;' or, translated into the imagery of my text, 'Beside me there is no physician. I, even I only, am he that blotteth out all thy transgressions.'"—*Rev. John Cumming's Sermons.*

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The great Physician now is near,  
The sympathizing Jesus;  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer;  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.  
Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Your many sins are all forgiven;  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;  
Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus.

All glory to the risen Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus:  
I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
I love the name of Jesus.

His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus.

And when to that bright world above  
We rise to see our Jesus,  
We'll sing around the throne of love  
His name, the name of Jesus.

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"In the year 18—, I was conducting a protracted meeting in Toronto (Ontario), at which a goodly number of persons professed to have obtained the witness of the spirit that they were born of God. Amongst those who

came seeking this blessing was a Mrs. W——, an intelligent lady, who had been for twelve years a member of our (Methodist) church. During all these years she had been an exemplary member of our church. She had habitually prayed at least three times a day in secret, read the Bible on her knees; she was regular at all the public and social means of grace, &c. Yet, when she heard or read of the experiences of those who could confidently say, 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God' (Rom. viii. 16), she mourned deeply that she was destitute of this assurance. . . . She immediately formed in her heart this resolution, 'Now I will give myself *wholly* unto the Lord; and I will look to Him *alone* for that grace which I know He will not withhold from me, which will enable me to serve and please Him while I live. And if I earnestly seek to do this, I know that that Saviour who bought me with His blood will save me at last.' What a beautiful illustration of Isa. lx. 7: 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts'—and yet all that *he can do will not save him, he must be saved by grace alone*—and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and unto our God, and he will *abundantly pardon!*'

"But to return to our narrative. No sooner had she formed that purpose than she felt a degree of confidence and peace which she had not before experienced; and on going home, instead of spending an hour or more in earnest supplication, as she had been accustomed to do, she knelt down and simply told the Lord her purpose, and asked of Him, through Christ, not for feeling or joy or emotion, but *simply for grace* to do His will, and feeling assured that He would impart that grace, and that He would at last save her soul which she had committed to His care. And having thus upon her knees solemnly cove-

nanted henceforth to be the Lord's, she lay down upon her bed, saying, 'Now I am wholly the Lord's, and am persuaded that He will keep that which I have thus committed to Him.' And that very moment, when not looking at herself, or *seeking, or even desiring feeling, but simply looking at God's promise through Jesus Christ*, she felt such an implicit reliance upon His promises to save all who sincerely come to Him, as she had been enabled to do, that her soul was filled with '*joy unspeakable and full of glory.*' Thus, when ceasing to look at her own feelings, and entirely out of self and beyond herself, to God's mercy in Christ, and to rely upon that alone, she was 'justified by faith, and had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ' (Rom. v. 1). And during my acquaintance with her for many years after, her experience was thus: 'There is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.'

"I work, and own my labour vain,  
And thus from works I cease,  
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,  
Till God create my peace.

"Fruitless, till Thou Thyself impart,  
Must all my efforts prove;  
They cannot change a sinful heart;  
They cannot purchase love.

"I do the thing Thy laws enjoin,  
And then the strife give o'er;  
To Thee I then the whole resign,  
And trust in means no more.

"I trust in Him who stands between  
The Father's wrath and me;  
Jesus, thou great eternal Mean,  
I look for all from Thee!"

*Extract from a Private Letter to the Author  
from Rev. J. B. H——.*

"The very absence of doubt has caused me to doubt; for if I were a child of God, how should I be free from those doubts which trouble His children? . . . Was again disturbed with apprehensions that I knew nothing of religion; but thought I could not come to Christ as one of His members. . . . Oh, if God by His Spirit did not prevent me, and still in a manner force me to keep striving almost against my will, I should give up in despair. . . . My mind is like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt; and I can no more still it than I can still the elements. I know how I *ought* to feel, and I know how wrong it is to feel as I do; but that does not help me to feel otherwise. . . I loathe and detest myself. . . Was so distressed that I left the sermon unfinished. Went home, feeling ashamed to look anybody in the face. Was ready to give up in despair. . . and had scarcely any hope that I should ever again behold the light of God's countenance."—*Extracts from the Diary of Rev. Edward Payson, D.D. Published by Am. Tract Society.*

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Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

## CHAPTER VI.

“‘So JOHN, you’ve got fairly into the kingdom, you tell me. You have been long seeking; how did you get in at last?’

“‘O man! it was the simplest thing in the world; it was just by presenting the right ticket. I held it out, the door was opened, and I was in. And the strange thing is, I found that the ticket of admission had been in my possession from childhood, and I had carried it in my breast pocket for the last twelve months, and never had the sense to use it.’

“‘That is strange, for you were so anxious to get in. You were always a decent fellow, and for a year back have been taken up with nothing but your soul. What kind of a ticket was it, and what was written on it?’

“‘Why, it was as plain a ticket as you ever bought for a soirée or a public meeting in the City Hall, and it had nothing written on it but the words,

ADMIT THE BEARER,—

**A S I N N E R.**

Luke xviii. 13, 14.’

“‘Was that all?’ ‘Yes. And what kept me so long from getting in was, that I always *added* something to the words on the ticket, when I presented it. Wherever the Lord saw anything of my adding, it was refused. The first time I went, I wrote at the bottom, in small hand,

‘BUT NOT SO GREAT A SINNER AS MANY OF MY  
NEIGHBOURS.’

But that would not do, so I rubbed it out and put down,

‘BUT IS DOING THE BEST HE CAN TO IMPROVE.’

That would not do either, so I became more anxious, and prayed and wept awhile, and then, under the words, ‘Admit the bearer, a sinner,’ I wrote,

‘WHO IS PRAYING AND WEEPING FOR HIS SINS.’

Even that wouldn't do. All well enough, but even prayers and tears are not to be put as the warrant for going in. After that I began to despair, and wrote down,

‘TOO GREAT A SINNER TO BE SAVED.’

That only made matters worse, and I had almost given up, when I looked at Christ and heard Him say, ‘I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved’ (John x. 1-9); and ‘Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out’ (John vi. 37); ‘And ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life’ (John v. 20); and those precious words, ‘Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely’ (Rev. xxii. 17). I looked again at that parable of the Pharisee and Publican, and saw that it was

#### SIMPLY AS A SINNER

that he went and was justified. He did not make his sins too great to be forgiven, nor too little to need forgiveness. He did not stay away because he felt his sins great, nor delay until he felt them greater. He went just as he was, ‘a sinner;’ and trusting to the promised grace of God, he went down to his house ‘justified.’ I remembered that Jesus had said, ‘I came . . . to call sinners to repentance,’ and pulled out the old ticket, and, without adding a word, presented it. It was accepted, and I entered.’

“Reader, this ticket of admission into the kingdom is lying within the borders of your Bible. It is written in the blood of Christ. It costs nothing. Add nothing to it. God has put it into your hands, if you find it in your

heart to use it; hold it out with the hand of faith, and Eternal Justice will own your right of entrance, and Mercy will welcome you to the kingdom of peace. Use no other plea for admission but that all-prevailing cry, 'a sinner.' Do not add your righteousness nor your repentance, your prayers nor your piety, your feelings nor your faith. The publican said nothing but 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' and Jesus Christ certifies, '*This man went down to his house justified.*'

"Reader! go thou and do likewise, and, as God is true, thou also art justified."—*Rev. James Johnston, Glasgow.*

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Nothing, either great or small,  
 Nothing, sinner, no;  
 Jesus did it, did it *all*,  
 Long, long ago.  
 "*It is finish'd!*" Yes, indeed,  
 Finished every jot;  
 Sinner, this is all you need,  
 Tell me, is it not?

When *He* from His lofty throne  
 Stooped to do and die,  
 Everything was fully done:  
 Harken to *His* cry:

Weary, working, plodding one,  
 Why toil you so?  
 Cease your doing; all was done  
 Long, long ago.

Till to Jesu's work you cling  
 By a simple faith,  
 "Doing" is a deadly thing,  
 "Doing" ends in death.

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"I think, my dear husband, we must now soon part.  
 I shall shortly leave you alone in your blessed Master's  
 work. I love you very much, but I love my Saviour Jesus

far better—we are only to be separated for a short time, and then our union will be consummated in glory. . . . Oh! remember what a serious charge you have undertaken—mind that you are faithful—*preach Jesus, and Him crucified*—tell the poor heathen of His love: but I need not advise you—I know you will, by the help of God.'

"We were expecting her to breathe her last; she lay in agony commending herself to God, saying, 'There is not one pain too many! What is all this compared with what my Saviour suffered? Oh, pray that I may not repine at my heavenly Father's will. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! Heaven! heaven! blessed rest! *Jesus is now precious to me.*' When she was requested to keep herself easy, she replied, 'Oh no! let me speak of the Saviour while I can. I shall soon be in eternity! Tell all my dear friends that I die quite happy; give my love to them, and tell them to *think of eternity.*'"—*Extract from the Memoir of Mrs. Wilson of the Church Missionary Society.*

"I left the maid with her for a few minutes, to go and take breakfast, but was summoned upstairs almost immediately, as she was worse. Her mind was wandering, and she was talking much. But even in her partially unconscious state she had such a clear view of her faith and hope in Christ that there was nothing out of order. Her great concern was for her *boys* (Roman Catholic boys in her school, at the Grande Ligne Mission, near the city of Montreal). She insisted that we should go and tell them to seek Jesus; to trust Him; to be sure that they were established in Jesus by faith. These words, 'by faith ALONE,' 'in the blood of Christ ALONE,' 'by faith in Him,' were continually repeated with most solemn emphasis. She thus spoke without any interruption, until, growing weaker, she just murmured with her lips the saving truths of the gospel. She had, I may say, no agony, only a

difficulty in breathing. At a quarter to nine she peacefully left this world, full of hopes of a glorious resurrection."—  
*Extract from the Memoir of Madame Feller, by the Rev. J. M. Cramp, D.D.*

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Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee,  
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;  
 The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,  
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;  
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion forsaking,  
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long ;  
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,  
 And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee,  
 Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide :  
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee ;  
 And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

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“ Beloved friends, when poor souls are coming to Jesus they are generally themselves their own worst enemies. They have a singular ingenuity in finding out reasons why they should not be saved. A strange infatuation seems to possess them, so that they ransack heaven, and earth, and hell, to find discouragements. They become inventive of difficulties where difficulties are not, and often and often the pastor, whose business it is to look after the little ones, finds himself, notwithstanding his former experience with persons of like character, utterly bewildered. He is often put to a nonplus with the strange and novel difficulties which awakened sinners will imagine, and the reasons which they invent why they should not believe in Jesus Christ. One would hardly think that the human

mind could twist itself into such knots. So many sinners, so many new arguments ; for each one has a logic of his own by which he labours to prove the impossibility of his own salvation."—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

"Dr. Judson believed that when any man becomes a Christian, or a real disciple of Christ, a specific moral change takes place in his spiritual nature. The essential elements of this change are, a deep and universal sorrow for the sins of his past life, an entire renunciation of all hope of salvation by any merits of his own, an unreserved surrender of himself to Christ, relying on Him alone for pardon and acceptance with God, and an earnest desire to live henceforth in obedience to all the requirements of the Gospel, and that these spiritual exercises terminate in a radical change of moral character, leading to a pure and holy life."—*Wayland's Memoir of Judson.*

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When any, through a beam of light,  
Can see and own they are not right,  
But enter on a legal strife,  
Amend their former course of life,  
And work and toil, and sweat from day to day,  
Such, to their Saviour, quite mistake the way.

## CHAPTER VII.

“WHAT must I do first? So thoroughly is the thought engrafted in the human mind that salvation is on the ground of our works, that it is not an uncommon thing to find persons suddenly aroused to the sense of the terrible mistake they have been under for years, in supposing that they would ultimately obtain salvation on the predominance of their good works over the bad. Some time ago a person said to the writer, ‘I thought, sir, till lately, that I had a great deal to do; but now I see it is all done for me.’ She saw that Jesus, by His death upon the cross, had saved her. She, therefore, had peace with God at once—rest of conscience, because she saw that God had settled the question of sin for her in Christ. God is not now improving man in the flesh, mending up what sin has done, but He publishes the fact that He has accomplished salvation for the lost, that He gives eternal life to whosoever *believes* on the Lord Jesus Christ. So that if a person says, ‘What must I do first?’ our answer is, You have nothing to do; for

‘Jesus did it, did it all,  
Long, long ago.’

“Bow, then to God’s verdict, that you are guilty before Him; that you cannot make yourself fit for His holy presence; that you are by nature a child of wrath, and by practice a great transgressor in His sight. I say, bow to God’s truth about yourself. You will then see that you are weak, sinful, *lost*—yes, *lost*! incurably bad and *lost*! and also that Jesus Christ the Son of God came into the

world to save the lost, and that He did accomplish eternal redemption for all those who believe on His name. The question, then, is not what you must do first ; but, have you believed on the Lord Jesus Christ ? Have you accepted Him as your Saviour ? Can you, do you, rest in His finished work upon the cross for your eternal salvation ? Have you received God's word as truth which testifies to the all-cleansing power of the blood of the cross, and which tells you that you are *now*—yes, *now*.”—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.*

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The cross ! the cross ! the blood-stained cross !  
The hallowed cross I see !  
Reminding me of precious blood  
That once was shed for me.

Oh, the blood ! the precious blood ! that Jesus shed for me,  
Upon the cross, in crimson flood, just *now* by faith I see.

That cross ! that cross ! that heavy cross  
My Saviour bore for me,  
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief,  
On sad Mount Calvary.

How light ! how light ! this precious cross,  
Presented to my view ;  
And while, with care, I take it up,  
Behold the crown my due.

The crown ! the crown ! the glorious crown !  
The crown of victory !  
The crown of life ! it shall be mine,  
When I shall Jesus see.

My tears, unbidden, seem to flow  
For love, unbounded love,  
Which guides me through this world of woe,  
And points to joys above.

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“ . . . I very shortly followed the woman to the place she had mentioned. It was a very small house, scarcely

more than a hut, without any kind of screen between the door and the highway. Within, however, there was an air of comfort which you would hardly expect to find in so small a place. Everything I saw and heard convinced me that the inmates had sometimes had more convenient lodgings. The daughter, taking a candle in her hand, led me to the side of one of the beds, and drew aside the curtains, when an aged woman, pale and emaciated, and having every appearance of being within one step of death, reached forth her clammy, withered hand, and began to apologise for having troubled me. She had sent for Mr. B——, the Church of England minister, she said, but he was from home, and was not expected to return for so many days. She was sure she should not live so long, and as she thought it extremely important that she should see a minister before she died, she had taken the liberty to send for me. I assured her that I should be most happy to be useful to her, and proceeded to make some inquiries into the state of her soul, and the views she had in the immediate prospect of death. She assured me she was not afraid to die—it was a debt we must all pay—she had lived long enough in the world, and had found nothing but trouble and disappointment in it—she was not unwilling to leave it—her trust was in Almighty God, &c. Inquiring still further into the ground of her faith and hope in God, she appeared surprised that I should be so exact, and displeased that I could not take all for granted. But after some hesitation she proceeded to tell me what she seemed to think I ought to have known before, that she was a member of Christ's Church ; that her parents were Christians, and that they had had her duly baptized ; that she had been confirmed, and attended the sacraments of the Church, and had always lived a worthy member of the same. She admitted, in further conversation, that she

had done some things wrong, but they were trifling, and God was merciful, and her trust was in Him. In short, the whole conversation served to convince me of her entire ignorance of Christ as a Saviour, and of herself as a lost and helpless sinner.

"I felt my own situation to be peculiarly trying; I knew not what to do. The attempt to enlighten a mind so totally dark, to instruct one so very ignorant on these subjects (in other respects she appeared sufficiently intelligent and well-informed), seemed, in this last hour of life, entirely hopeless. I feared it would only be giving pain without the possibility of doing any good. And who would be willing to give pain or unavailing alarm to a fellow-creature in the awful hour of death? Our whole nature recoils at the thought! But, on the other hand, it was awful to think of a soul going into the presence of God, making such 'a refuge of lies its trust.' Besides, thought I, this work is perfectly possible with God, though quite impossible with man.

"Having thus arrived at a feeling of certainty with regard to my duty, I proceeded affectionately, but firmly and freely, to point out to her what I considered to be her lost and helpless condition. I explained the nature of God's law, and the guilt of those who live in habitual violation of it. I spoke of His holy nature and the utter impossibility of His being indifferent to sin, or pleased with sinful beings; and mentioned some of those passages of Scripture which utterly exclude from heaven all beings but holy ones, and assured her from the Scriptures, that without a *personal* interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, she could have no part in that holy place.

"She made but little reply to these remarks, and what little she did say showed me that she was by no means pleased with them. I proposed prayer; she gave, as I

thought, a reluctant consent. I felt a great relief in coming 'boldly to the throne of grace.' I now felt myself addressing an unreluctant ear. After earnestly imploring for her the grace of the Holy Spirit, and commending her to His mercy in Christ Jesus, I rose from my knees, gave her my hand, and bade her good-night. I felt her hand tremble in mine, and as she feebly said 'Good-night, sir,' there was an evident agitation in her voice, but I knew not whether this agitation arose from anger or from some other emotion.

"The next evening, in my absence, Mrs. — again called. She said her mother was more anxious than ever to see me, and begged I would come down after I came home. Upon hearing this I turned about and walked directly down. Picking my way along, I came to the door, which was almost instantly opened, and Mrs. —, in a whisper, said, 'I am so glad you are come, sir, mother is so very anxious to see you.' I was just asking, 'How is your mother?' when I was interrupted by a tremulous voice within—'Katherine, has Mr. L—— come?' 'Yes, mother,' she replied, 'Mr. L—— is here.' 'Oh, my dear sir,' said she with agitation, pushing away the curtains, 'I am so glad to see you.' 'And how do you find yourself, my dear madam?' I asked. 'Oh, sir,' she replied, 'with regard to my body, I do not know; I have scarcely given it a thought to-day. But my soul!' And she pressed my hand almost convulsively; her emotions for some time not suffering her to speak. After her feelings had a little subsided she was able to speak with considerable calmness.

"I cannot pretend, at this distance of time, to recollect her exact words, nor will I attempt to describe the scene that followed at this interview. Suffice it to say that the Holy Spirit had made her sensible of her true state. She

clearly saw herself guilty, condemned, and helpless, and her distress and fear were equal to her former self-confidence and presumption. She told me that when she sent for me the day before she had not the least doubt but she was a very good Christian, *and she had never in her life felt any misgiving on that point.* She had never supposed that religion consisted in anything more than being a member of the Church of Christ, and she thought that all Protestants were constituted such at baptism. Having these views she thought my discourse of the last evening uncalled for and cruel. She felt deeply offended with it, even to anger, which was her state of mind when I proposed prayer. But during the prayer she became softened, and a new feeling, which she could not describe, came over her. When I was gone, and the family had retired to bed, she was left to silence and reflection. She thought of what I had said of the holy requirements of God's law, and was enlightened to see how short she had come of them. She thought of the holiness of His nature, and could realize how much He must be offended at sin. She seemed sometimes almost to see His all-seeing eye bent in anger upon her. In this manner she spent the night. As soon as the morning appeared she had her daughter reading the Scriptures to her, in hopes of being comforted by them. But in them she but saw her condemnation more clearly. They shone only upon her guilt; and what she feared before she found confirmed by the very voice of inspiration. In this state of mind she had sent for me, and she had felt greatly disappointed and distressed when she heard I was not at home. She feared I would not come till morning, and that before that time her doom might be fixed.

“You may be sure that I felt great pleasure in directing her to Christ. I endeavoured to show her the perfect

nature of His finished work as a foundation for her hope ; and as a consequence of it, the freeness with which the Father receives and justifies the believer. She appeared for a while to be mentally struggling to comprehend the new, the great idea, and then she said, 'Do you mean, sir, that *I* may believe in Christ and be saved ? That *I*, sinful and guilty as I am, would be freely accepted of Him ? And is this all that is necessary after a long life of sin ?' I assured her that this was what was required, namely, faith in the Son of God. That this only would produce genuine repentance and purity of heart. I read several passages of Scripture suitable to her case, showing that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and that He is the propitiation, &c. She was filled with wonder and amazement. She forgot her own situation in the contemplation of the wonders of redeeming love. And when she reverted to herself, she could not, dared not, hope on her own account ; and yet she admitted that the subject *itself*, and on *its* own account, was worthy of the highest admiration and joy. In this situation, after once more leading her to a throne of grace, I left her.

"I saw her again the next evening, and discovered at once that, being justified by faith, she had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. She had made great advances in the knowledge of the Lord. The Scriptures, with the letter of which she was before somewhat familiar, were now unsealed, and displayed to her treasures of the richest wisdom. She was now able 'to give a reason for the hope that was in her' in the calmest manner. After this, though, contrary to all expectation, she continued to live, I did not see her for several days. My own dear friend was passing into the world of angels. I watched by her bedside till her soul rested with God. Relieved from this mournful duty I again called to see dear Mrs.

G——. Her daughter met me at the door and said, 'You are too late, sir, my mother has not spoken for some hours. She is nearly gone. She spoke much of you this morning, and earnestly desired to see you; but knowing how deeply you were afflicted in your own family, she would not ask it. She was very happy, sir, and prayed much for you, that you might be supported under your afflictions.' I stepped to the bedside, her eyes were partially closed, her breath was short and difficult, and she had every appearance of a person dying. The daughter called, 'Mother!' but she paid no attention. She put her mouth close to her ear and said, 'Mr. L—— is here.' Upon hearing my name she opened her eyes and attempted to speak, which in a short time she was able to do. She expressed much joy and thankfulness at seeing me again, and said her mind had been a long time entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the subject of the wonderful love of Christ which I had taught her. She expressed the greatest astonishment at her former blindness, and deep concern for the thousands who were in the same state. She wondered that she should ever have thought herself a Christian. In this happy state of mind, a few hours afterwards, she slept in Jesus, and, like the pardoned thief, was doubtless the same day with Him in Paradise."—*Rev. W. H. Landon, Ontario.*

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Not all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven.

The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace,  
Born in the image of His Son,  
A new, peculiar race.

The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
Breathes on the sons of flesh,  
Creates anew the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.

Our quickened souls awake and rise  
From their long sleep of death;  
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

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“ ‘Foote,’ said Boswell, ‘was an infidel as a dog is an infidel; *he never once thought on the subject of religion at all.*’ ”  
‘The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God’ (Psa. ix. 17).

Mr. R. Bruce, the morning before he died. . . “ *Hold daughter, hold, my Master calls me!* ” With these words his sight failed him, on which he called for the Bible, and said, “Turn to Romans viii. and set my finger on the words, ‘I am persuaded that neither death, nor life,’ ” &c. When this was done, he said, “ *Now is my finger upon them?* ” Being told it was, he added, “ *Now, God be with you, my dear children: I have just breakfasted with you this morning and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night,* ” and then expired.

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Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wake to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet;  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

## CHAPTER VIII.

“DR. CHALMERS used to complain that many preachers and writers so laid down the Gospel that a sinner could not take it up. What they stated sounded very like the Gospel, but yet it contained no *glad tidings*; for it still left the sinner something to do or to feel, before he could consider himself qualified to partake of its joys. It affirmed a certain kind of freeness in the Gospel, but so hampered with conditions, cautions, and restrictions, that no sinner, *just as a sinner*, could think himself at liberty to enter at once into peace with God. It did not bring salvation nigh, or at least so nigh as to be in contact with the sinner; it left a gulf, or at least a space, between him and the Saviour. It sent forth repentance, contrition, mortification, as prerequisites to the acquiring of which the sinner was to direct all his efforts before he was warranted to throw himself into the arms of the Saviour. It was jealous of a speedy settlement between the sinner and his God; nay, it warned men against such a thing as a delusion. It made doubting the evidence of believing, as if it had been written, not ‘he that believeth is justified,’ but ‘he that doubteth is justified.’ ‘For a man to doubt was the essence of true humility; to continue doubting was the mark of increasing humility; to fall into despondency, so as to conclude that God had forsaken him, and that his day of grace was gone, was proof of the deepest lowliness of spirit that could be conceived. This despondency was the true state of soul in which he could best acquire that ‘poverty of spirit,’ that ‘meekness,’ that ‘pureness of

heart,' by obtaining which he would at length find himself qualified to come to Christ, and entitled to the peace of the cross!

"But, dear reader, all this is the very reverse of God's plan. Hear the words of the Lord Jesus Himself: 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John iii. 16).

"Again: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life' (John v. 24).

"Denham Smith has said with regard to this text, that it is as though the Lord let down from heaven three golden links in the chain of His mercy. These links are, *Hearing, believing, having*. But Satan forges the three iron fetters—*Doing, feeling, praying*.

"Think not, my friend, for one moment that I would counsel your not praying. Prayer is the life and breath of the Christian's soul; but you must *believe* before your prayer is acceptable to God.

"'He that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son' (1 John v. 10, 11).

"You will, I am sure, admit that to make God a liar is a fearful thing. Only believe, and you shall have joy and peace. Then will your prayer be as incense, and the lifting up of your hands as the evening sacrifice.

"Man is ever prone to do something for himself—too proud to accept as a free gift that which Jesus has done for him. Set a man the hardest task, and tell him that the accomplishment of this would save his soul, and I verily believe he would endeavour to perform it. Man's

own idea ever is—*doing*. Mark the question put to the Lord Jesus in John vi. 28–29, ‘What shall we do that we might *work* the *works* of God?’ Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye *believe* on him whom he hath sent.’—*The Witness*.

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Come, sinner, to the gospel feast,  
Oh come without delay;  
For there is room in Jesus’ breast  
For all who will obey.

There’s room in God’s eternal love  
To save thy precious soul;  
Room in the Spirit’s grace above  
To heal and make thee whole.

There’s room within the church, redeemed  
With blood of Christ divine;  
Room in the white-robed throng convened,  
For that dear soul of thine.

There’s room in heaven among the choir,  
And harps, and crowns of gold,  
And glorious palms of victory there,  
And joys that ne’er were told.

There’s room around thy Father’s board  
For thee and thousands more;  
Oh come and welcome to the Lord;  
Yea, come this very hour.

---

“There was once a poor man, a huckster, who used to go round the country villages selling his little goods. This poor creature in going round on his journeys heard some old women singing the simple little ditty—

‘I’m a poor sinner and nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.’

“Jack recollected that. ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘that just suits me.’ So he began to hum it himself as he went

round on his huckstering expeditions, and by God's good grace that little ditty burnt its way into poor Jack's heart. After some time he became a converted man, gave up his swearing and drinking, and began regularly to attend the house of God.

"At last he determined that he would join the church; so he went to the minister. The minister said, 'Well, friend, what can you say for yourself?' 'Not much,' said he, 'only this:—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

"'Well,' said the minister, 'you must tell me more than that.' 'No,' said Jack, 'I can't, for that is my confession of faith, and that is all I know.' 'Well, friend,' said the minister, 'I cannot refuse you church fellowship, but you will have to come before the church meeting, and the members will have to see you and judge of you.'

"Jack accordingly went to the church meeting, and there sat some good old-fashioned deacons—some of whom began to see whether they could not find fault with him. John stood up, and on being requested to state his experience, simply said—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

"So one old deacon said, 'Is that all you have to say?' 'Yes,' says Jack, 'that's all.' The minister said, 'You may ask my friend here some questions if you like.' So one says, 'Brother John, have you not many doubts and fears?' 'No,' said John, 'I never can doubt but that 'I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,' for *I know I am*; and I cannot doubt that 'Jesus Christ is my all in all,' for *He says He is*, and how can I doubt that?'

'Well,' said another, 'but sometimes I lose my evidences and my graces, and then I get very sad.' 'Oh,' said Jack, 'I never lose anything, for in the first place 'I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,'—no one can rob me if I am nothing at all—and, in the second place, 'Jesus Christ is my all in all,' and who can rob Him? He is in heaven; I never get richer or poorer, for I am always nothing, but I always have everything.' Then another began to question him thus: 'But my dear friend John, don't you sometimes doubt whether you are a child of God?' 'Well,' said he, 'I don't quite understand you; but I can tell you I never doubt but that 'I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,' and that 'Jesus Christ is my all in all.' 'Ay, ay,' said the other one, 'but sometimes I make great advances on the road to heaven, and then I feel a great deal better, but I often go back again, and that causes me trouble.' 'But,' says John, 'I never go forward, for I'm always 'a poor sinner and nothing at all;' but I cannot go back, for 'Jesus Christ is my all in all;' and, blessed be God, He will not go back, and I am safe.'

"Always after that in the villages they used to call him, 'Happy Jack,' for he was always happy; and the reason was that you could not drive him from that simple standing point, "There is nothing in me; I believe in Christ; I deserve punishment; I am lost in myself, but I trust in Him who came into the world to save sinners, and I know He will not let me perish."—*A Willard Tract.*

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My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to veil His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace ;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil :  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, His covenant and blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood ;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay :  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

---

“ If you are not a child of God, will you not adopt and practise the following resolutions ?

“ 1. I will no longer neglect my soul's salvation.

“ 2. I will regularly attend divine worship.

“ 3. I will pray for myself, and not be ashamed of religion.

“ 4. I will ask the prayers of others, and seek with all my heart.

“ 5. I will forsake every known sin and cast myself on the mercy of Christ my Saviour.”

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“ The Rev. Dr. Eastman, secretary of the American Tract Society, was hurt by his horse during the battle of Sedan, so that he could not stand. . . Over and over he rolled, in pain and blood, and by dead bodies, until he fell against the dying man, and then and there preached Christ to him, and prayed. At length one of the line officers came up and said, ‘ Where's the chaplain ? one of the staff officers is dying.’ ‘ Here he is,’ cried out the sufferer. ‘ Can you come and see a dying officer ?’ ‘ I cannot move ; I had to roll myself to this dying man to talk to him.’ ‘ If I detail two men to carry you, can you go ?’ ‘ Yes.’ They took him gently up and carried him

and he was thus carried all night over the field of battle,  
and laid down beside bleeding dying men, while he  
preached Christ and prayed."—*Biblical Museum*.

---

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;  
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive;  
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;  
He will forgive, if they only believe.

Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:  
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:  
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;  
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

---

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest:  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh for me  
May such a blissful refuge be;  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

## CHAPTER IX.

“But the marvel grows unspeakably great by the glad tidings of salvation, in that Son who is the ‘Mighty God.’ The love God had to us could not be valued by silver nor gold, nor by any creature, nor could the salvation He had devised for us be wrought by another than Himself. Only the Son, who came from the bosom of the Father, could bring us into sonship. To truly discern His person is itself salvation in all its completeness. It is not, therefore, a dead dogma, but a living gospel that we read, in the fact that Jesus was Immanuel, ‘God manifest in the flesh.’ With adoring faith we see that Christ from eternity was and is God, the only-begotten and co-equal Son of the Father, whose goings forth were from everlasting, and whose throne is for ever and ever. This glorious Son of God—who is God over all blessed for ever—for redemption’s sake became man. He humbled himself to all the limitations of human life, and was weary and hungry. . . Thus assuming a complete human nature, in order to be both high priest and sin-offering, He was in His person entirely without sin—a sinless man. . . Thus the salvation which is from God is given to men in a Saviour who is both God and man in one person for ever. In His own person He is able to stand for God among men and for men before God, divinely constituted to be a Mediator.

“In Him the invisible God became visible and tangible, and the sinner is not only drawn by the cords of a man, but also in seeing and knowing Him, sees and knows the

Father also ; for in Him dwelleth the fulness of the God-head bodily.

“ But in Him, on the other hand, God finds the man in whom He can delight, and worthy to be exalted above every name ; and in Him, whosoever will may find a second Adam, or head of the race through whom God can bestow righteousness and life and incorruption in abounding grace, even as through the first Adam we have all been visited with sin and death. . . But the climax of the marvel of Christ's incarnation and spotless life was His death. The Son of God became man in order to offer Himself a sacrifice for sin. He who knew no sin voluntarily humbled Himself to take the place of a sinner before God's broken law. The Prince of glory died in agony and shame upon the cross. But beyond His shameful rejection by men, and beyond all the torture of His crucifixion, there was in His death a fathomless depth of anguish, to be accounted for only by the judicial act of a righteous God upon a sin-bearer. It is a revealed fact that the spotless One was made sin ; that the Beloved of God was made a curse.

“ Thus, whether men believe it or not, whether men avail themselves of it or not, the great fact is heralded of God to all the world, that there is a mercy-seat, a meeting-place for God and sinful man as such, upon which and before which the blood of a perfect and ample atonement has been sprinkled.

“ This accounts for the Gospel statements that are without limitation, such as that the Just One suffered ‘ for the unjust ; ’ that Christ ‘ died for the ungodly, ’ that He came into the world ‘ to save sinners. ’ There is, therefore, nothing in God or in the sacrifice to hinder its universal acceptation, and God's ‘ whosoever ’ rings at the door of every man's conscience.”—*C. M. Whittlesey and E. P.*

*Gardner, in "Gospel Truth." Published by the American Tract Society.*

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Troubled in spirit, broken in heart,  
Go to the Saviour, just as thou art.  
Go, and thy burden cast on the Lord;  
Hear the sweet message taught in His word.

Lo! thy Redeemer saith unto thee,  
"I am the Bread of Life, come, come to me."

Plenteous in mercy, loving and kind;  
Ask, He will give thee; seek, thou shalt find;  
Knock, He will open; go thou and pray,  
He will not send thee empty away.

Lean on His promise, trust and believe;  
Tell Him thy sorrow, He will relieve;  
Troubled in spirit, broken in heart,  
Go to the Saviour, just as thou art.

---

"He was seized with severe pain in the bowels. During the intervals of pain, he sang, read the New Testament, and requested his mother to read to him. On the following night he seemed wakeful. His mother said, 'How do you feel?' He replied, 'Mother, I feel that what God does will be best.' She asked, 'Have you a hope of heaven?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Have you no fears of death?' 'No.'

"After his father and mother had prayed for him by his bedside, he offered a short and fervent prayer. His voice of supplication was soon turned to that of praise, and while a glow of indescribable animation played upon every feature of his face, he uttered the following language—'Praise God, praise God!' and clapping his little hands in ecstasy, he said, 'Hallelujah—oh, how happy I am!' He then began to sing the verses commencing,

'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.'

“ ‘His emotions were so strong,’ remarked his physician, ‘as entirely to suspend his disease for nearly three hours.’ He exhorted all around him, and prayed often for his parents.

“ At early dawn, his father observed to him that it was morning, and he immediately repeated the lines,

‘The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;’

“ After a pause he said, ‘I want to die and go to Jesus.’ A neighbour entering the room, he looked up, and said, ‘I am dying happy in Jesus,’ and again commenced singing his favourite hymn,

‘On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand.’

“ To his mother he said, ‘Oh! I want to go to heaven, but I would not give anything to go if Jesus were not there.’

“ His disease increased in severity, and he said, ‘I am dying now, and am going to heaven,’ and raising his hands and eyes upwards, with a wonderful expression of countenance, he exclaimed, ‘BLESSED JESUS!’ He grew weaker and weaker, until he quietly ‘fell asleep’ in Jesus.”

Thus died on the 16th April, 1846, Johnny Ives, son of the Rev. D. Ives, of Suffield, Conn., U.S., aged seven years and seven months.

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On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God the Son for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay ;  
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,  
I'd fearless launch away.

---

“The wicked shall be turned into HELL, and all the nations that forget God” (Psa. ix. 17). An awful truth, this ! but it is not one whit more true than “That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have ETERNAL LIFE” (John iii. 15). “Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be SAVED” (Rom. x. 13). True, true, true ! but no more so than, “But he that believeth not shall be DAMNED” (Luke xvi. 16). Just as sure as there are sinners *requiring to be saved*, just so sure there is a Saviour who “*saves to the uttermost.*” This small cluster of truths must stand or fall together.

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'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys shall be  
Lasting as eternity ;  
Be the living God my friend,  
Then my bliss shall never end.

## CHAPTER X.

“AND as for some of you who are not saved, and know not the Redeemer, I would to God that this very day you would come to Christ. I dare say you think coming to Christ is some terrible thing; that you need to be prepared before you come; that He is hard and harsh with you. When men have to go to a lawyer they need to tremble; when they have to go to a doctor they may fear; though both those persons, however unwelcome, may be often necessary. But when you come to Christ you may come boldly. There is no fee required, there is no preparation necessary. You may come just as you are. It was a brave saying of Martin Luther's, when he said, ‘I would run into Christ's arms even if He had a drawn sword in His hand.’ Now, He has not a drawn sword, but He has His wounds in His hands. Run into His arms, poor sinner. ‘Oh,’ you say, ‘may I come?’ How can you ask the question? you are *commanded* to come. The great command of the gospel is, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus.’ Those who disobey this command disobey God. It is as much a command of God that man should believe on Christ as that we should love our neighbour. Now, what is a command I have certainly a right to obey. There can be no question, you see. A sinner has liberty to believe in Christ because he is told to do so. God would not have told him to do a thing which he must not do.

“You are allowed to believe. ‘Oh,’ saith one, ‘that is I want to know. I do believe that Christ is able to

save to the uttermost. *May I rest my soul on Him, and say, sink or swim, most blessed Jesus, thou art my Lord? May do it! man? Why, you are commanded to do it. Oh, that you may be enabled to do it. Remember, this is not a thing which you will do at a risk. The risk is in not doing it. Cast yourself on Christ, sinner. Throw away every other dependence, and rest alone on Him. 'No,' says one, 'I am not prepared.' Prepared! sir? Then you do not understand me. There is no preparation needed; it is, just as you are. 'Oh, I do not feel my need enough.' I know you do not. What has that to do with it? You are commanded to cast yourself on Christ. Be you never so black, or never so bad, trust to Him. He that believeth on Christ shall be saved, be his sins never so many; he that believeth not must be damned, be his sins never so few. The great command of the gospel is, 'Believe.' 'Oh,' but saith one, 'am I to say I know that Christ died for me?' Ah, I did not say that, you shall learn that by and by. You have nothing to do with that question now, your business is to believe on Christ and trust Him; to cast yourself into His hands. And may God the Spirit now sweetly compel you to do it. Now, sinner, hands off your own righteousness. Drop all idea of becoming better through your own strength. Cast yourself on the promise. Say—*

'Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.'

"Now, have I made myself understood? If there were a number of persons here in debt, and I were to say, 'If you will simply trust to me, your debts shall be paid, and

no creditor shall ever molest you,' you would understand me directly."—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.*

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Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid myself of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within, and wars without,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

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The Rev. William Rhodes of Damerham, England, gives the following narration of his conversion in a letter dated September, 1824 :—

"On the Wednesday night that I became a Christian, poor Henry again conversed with me on religious topics, and invited me to go with him to meeting on the morrow evening, but felt utter distaste and contempt for his piety. I would not promise to go when we parted ; I mused upon it, and determined *never* to go. In this temper I went to sleep. This proved a memorable night to me. The moment I opened my eyes in the morning, I felt myself a new being. A fresh set of sentiments and feelings rushed into my mind and perfectly amazed me. No language I have at command will fully convey to you what I felt. All things appeared to me in a new light ; I felt most

vividly concerned, distressed, alarmed, about my soul and God. The deep things of religion gleamed through the ignorance of my mind in dim, misty, fearful colours. All the feelings of dislike for Henry and his religion when I closed my eyes in sleep were now completely gone, and I felt an inexpressible longing to be religious. I felt as if I had been placed in a new world in clouded moonlight; all was new, strange, and appalling; yet nothing distinctly seen. . . . Religion, though I did not understand its nature, nor how to seek it—religion and eternity filled every moment of thought, and appeared to me to be simply and sublimely my all. I felt that I had all to learn, all to feel, and all to do for the salvation of my soul. I longed for pardon; the way of mercy through a Saviour began to open before me with indistinct but delightful freshness. Oh what Divine rest and beauty, I soon felt and saw in the simple plan of salvation through Christ's death! The following Saturday I learnt a hymn, the first I ever learnt, and entered fully into its affecting import:

‘And now the scales have left mine eyes,  
Now I begin to see.’

A spirit of prayer was poured into me, and on my way home in the dark, I, who had never prayed without a form, prayed for an hour in my own language, from the fulness of my heart.”

The above is copied from “Power in Weakness,” being a memoir of the said Mr. Rhodes, published in 1858. It is so called on account of the great and good lifework he did in spite of his lameness and feebleness of body. Previous to this change all was darkness, but afterwards his path was that of the just, shining more and more until the perfect day.

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I once was a stranger to grace and to God,  
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my load :  
 Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,  
 JEHOVAH TSIDKENU was nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,  
 I wept when the waters went over His soul ;  
 Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree  
 JEHOVAH TSIDKENU—'twas nothing to me !

When free grace awoke me by light from on high,  
 Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;  
 No refuge nor safety in self could I see—  
 JEHOVAH TSIDKENU my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name :  
 My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came,  
 To drink at the fountain life-giving and free.  
 JEHOVAH TSIDKENU is all things to me !

Ev'n treading the valley and shadow of death,  
 This watchword shall rally my faltering breath ;  
 And when from life's fever my God sets me free,  
 JEHOVAH TSIDKENU my death-song shall be.

---

“ You must *pray* that you may be taught how to pray.  
 . . . . If you cannot pray in prayer tell the Lord so. . . .  
 To believe is, when a poor soul being made sensible of its  
 lost and undone condition by sin, doth earnestly desire,  
 as they do that are hungry and thirsty after a Saviour  
 . . . . Oh, *eternity ! eternity !* How should the thought  
 thereof fill us ! To be miserable to eternity ! How  
 miserable ! To be happy to eternity ! What happiness ! ”  
 —*Rev. Thomas Scott (Commentator).*

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We speak of the realms of the blest ;  
 That country so bright and so fair ;  
 And oft are its glories confessed,  
 But what must it be to be there !

## CHAPTER XI.

“OH! come to Christ—that is the end of it—come to Christ. He will not refuse to accept you. Mark the zeal with which the apostle Paul proclaims the truth; mark the zeal, the love, indomitable and unfailing, with which he clung to the Master—‘I determined to know nothing among men but Christ, and him crucified.’ Oh, rare and matchless attachment! fastening upon that which was most in opprobrium and in contumely among men. Never did the earnest student of philosophy, as he came away from some Socratic prelection, utter his affirmation, ‘I am determined to know nothing among men save Socrates, and him poisoned;’ never did enraptured youth listen to the persuasive eloquence of Cicero, and utter his affirmation, ‘I determined to know nothing among men save Cicero, and him proscribed.’ But Paul takes the very vilest brand of shame, and binds it about his brow as a diadem of glory: ‘*I determined to know nothing among men but Christ, and him crucified.*’ Yes, that is it, ‘*Christ, and him crucified.*’ ‘God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.’ In the cross is to be our chiefest glory.

“Trust that cross for yourselves; take hold of it, it is consecrated. In all circumstances of your history, in all exigencies of your mortal lot, take firm hold of the cross. When the destroying angel rides forth upon the cloud, when his sword is whetted for destruction, clasp the cross; it shall bend over you as a shield and a shade; he will relax his frown, and sheath his sword, and pass quickly,

harmlessly by. When your feet are toiling up the slope, and you arrive at the gate of heaven, hold up the cross; the angels shall know it, and the everlasting doors shall unbar themselves, and you may enter in. When you pass through the ranks of applauding seraphims, that you may pay your first homage to the throne, present the cross, and lower it before the face of the Master, and He, for whose sake you have borne it, will take it from you, and replace it with a crown."—*Extract from Sermon by Rev. William M. Punshon, D.D.*

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Arise, my soul, arise;  
 Shake off thy guilty fears;  
 The bleeding Sacrifice  
 In my behalf appears.  
 Before the throne my Surety stands;  
 My name is written on His hands.  
 He ever lives above,  
 For me to intercede,—  
 His all-redeeming love,  
 His precious blood to plead:  
 His blood atoned for all our race,  
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.  
 Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
 Received on Calvary;  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly plead for me;  
 "Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,  
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

---

Alfred W. Cockerton died at Mr. Spurgeon's orphanage, of which he had been an inmate six years, on the 12th of April, 1878. "The Sword and Trowel" for June, 1878, contains an interesting account of this lad's sickness and death, from which we cull the following:—"On the 19th of February he was asked by a young lady if he was resting in Jesus; he answered, 'Well, I don't think I

am quite firm.' On being further questioned, the truth was applied to his heart, and he smilingly said, 'I see it!' The next morning his first words were, '*I am so happy!* I have felt Jesus with me all night.'

"A minister from Lancashire asked him if he had any message to send to the boys and girls of Lancashire. 'Tell them,' said he, '*to love Jesus, and live for heaven.*' In answer to a letter written to him by a friend, he wrote . . . . 'You will be glad to hear that I have found Jesus and that Jesus is making me very happy. He will be with me in the time of death, and then I shall have no fear. "When I pass through the waves they will not overflow." I know you will excuse the little said. I was sitting up in bed all day writing yesterday. I send my best love. Good-bye. God bless you.' A friend reminded him that there was but a little bit of road for him to travel; he expressed a desire to depart. Shortly before his death, while the doctor was gazing in silence upon the poor lingering sufferer, he withdrew his hand from the bed-clothes and pointed upwards, his eyes beaming with joy at the evident prospect of so soon being in heaven. He was unable to speak, but the silent eloquence of the gesture spoke louder than words. He evidently meant it for the same message that he sent to the boys and girls of Lancashire: 'Love Jesus, and live for heaven.'

"While on his dying bed he composed five verses of poetry, the first three of which we give below—

"Gentle Jesus, can it be,  
I that nailed Thee to the tree?  
Didst Thou die for sinful me  
On the cross of Calvary?

"Yes, dear Lord, not only I,  
But all people made Thee die;  
All of us like sheep had strayed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid.

“ Now all those who trust in Thee,  
From their many sins are free ;  
God's great love to them is given,  
For He sent Thee down from heaven.”

---

“ If I were to come as an accredited agent from heaven, with a letter of invitation to you, with your name and address on it, you would not doubt your warrant to accept it. Well, here in the Bible is your invitation to come to Christ. It does not, it is true, bear your name and address ; but it says, ‘ *Whosoever* : ’ that takes you in. It says, ‘ *All* ! ’ that takes you in. It says, ‘ *If any* ! ’ that takes you in. What can be surer and freer than that ? ”—*Dr. Chalmers*.

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“ Whosoever will,” the promise is secure ;  
“ Whosoever will,” for ever shall endure ;  
“ Whosoever will,” ’tis life for evermore :  
“ Whosoever will may come.”

“ Whosoever heareth ! ” shout, shout the sound !  
Send the blessèd tidings all the world around !  
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found,  
“ Whosoever will may come.”

Whosoever cometh need not delay ;  
Now the door is open, enter while ye may :  
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,  
“ Whosoever will may come.”

CHAPTER XII.

"BE my iniquities like debts of millions of talents, here is more than full payment for all that prodigious sum. Let the enemy of mankind, and accuser of the brethren, load me with invectives ; this one plea—a *Divine Redeemer died*—most thoroughly quashes every indictment. For, though there be much turpitude and manifold transgressions, 'there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.' Nay, were I chargeable with all the vilest deeds which have been committed in every age of the world, by every nation of men ; even in this most deplorable case, I need not sink into despair. Even such guilt, though grievous beyond all expression, is not to be compared with that *abundance of grace* and righteousness which dwell in the incarnate Divinity. How great, how transcendently glorious are the *perfections* of the adored Jehovah ! so great, so superlatively precious, is the *expiation* of the dying Jesus. 'Tis impossible for the human mind to *exact* this atonement too highly ; 'tis impossible for the humble penitent to *confide* in it too steadily. The Scriptures, the Scriptures of eternal truth have said it—exult my soul in the belief of it !—that the blood on which we rely is *God's own blood* ! and therefore all-sufficient to expiate, omnipotent to save.

"What suitable returns of inflamed and adoring devotion can we make to the Holy One of God ; thus dying, that we might live ; dying in ignominy and anguish, that we might live for ever in the heights of joy, and sit for ever on thrones of glory ? Alas ! it is not in *us*, impotent,

insensible mortals, to be duly thankful. *He* only who confers such inconceivably rich favours can enkindle a proper warmth of grateful affections. Then build thyself a monument, most gracious *Immanuel*, build thyself an everlasting monument, of *gratitude* in our souls. Inscribe the memory of Thy matchless beneficence, not with ink and pen, but with that precious *blood* which gushed from Thy wounded veins. Engrave it, not with the hammer and chisel, but with that sharpened *spear* which pierced Thy sacred side. Let it stand conspicuous and indelible, not on outward tables of stone, but on the very inmost tables of our hearts."—*Rev. James Harvey, M.A.* ("Meditations.")

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There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

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The biographer of Dr. Payson well remarks that his sick chamber was "a field of triumph." His state of mind is well portrayed in the following extracts from "Last Days of the Rev. Dr. Payson," published by the Religious Tract Society.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy

inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached, and now He fills the whole hemisphere; pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a simple worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion.

“But why do I speak thus of myself and my feelings? why not speak only of our God and Redeemer? It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of them, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you what effects their presence produces, and even of these I can tell you but very little. Oh, my sister, my sister! could you but know what awaits the Christian; could you only know so much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing, and even leaping for joy. Labours, trials, troubles would be nothing: you would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations; and, like Paul and Silas, sing God’s praises in the darkest night, and in the deepest dungeon.”

“After a short pause he continued: ‘It makes my blood run cold to think how inexpressibly miserable I should now be without religion. To lie here, and see myself

tottering on the verge of destruction ! Oh, I should be distracted ! And when I see my fellow-creatures liable every moment to be reduced to this situation, I am in an agony for them, that they may escape their danger before it be too late.'

"He afterwards said, 'I am always sorry when I say anything to any one who comes in ; it seems so inadequate to what I wish to express. The words sink right down under the weight of the meaning I wish to convey.' . . .

"My young friends, were I master of the whole world, what could it do for me like this ? Were all its wealth at my feet, and all its inhabitants striving to make me happy, what could they do for me ? Nothing ; nothing. Now all this happiness I trace back to the religion which I have preached, and to the time when that great change took place in my heart which I have often told you is necessary to salvation ; and I now tell you again, that without this change you cannot—no, you cannot—see the kingdom of God." . . .

"While speaking of the rapturous views he had of the heavenly world, he was asked if it did not seem almost like the clear light of vision, rather than that of faith. 'Oh !' he replied, 'I don't know, it is too much for the poor eyes of my soul to bear ! they are almost blinded with the excessive brightness. All I want is to be a mirror, to reflect some of those rays to those around me.' . . .

"A friend, with whom he had been conversing on his extreme bodily sufferings and his high spiritual joys, remarked, 'I presume it is no longer incredible to you, if ever it was, that martyrs should rejoice and praise God in the flames and on the rack.' 'No,' said he, 'I can easily believe it. I have suffered twenty times, yes, to speak within bounds, twenty times as much as I could

in being burned at the stake; while my joy in God so abounded as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome. "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

"God is my all in all; while He is present with me no event can in the least diminish my happiness; and were the whole world at my feet, trying to minister to my comfort, they could not add one drop to the cup."

He died happy in the Lord, October 22, 1827.

---

How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness with me.  
The midsummer sun shines but dim;  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music His voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice:  
I should, were He always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I;  
My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding His face,  
My all to His pleasure resigned,  
No change of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind:  
While blessed with a sense of His love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,  
If Thou art my sun and my song,

---

Say, why do I languish and pine,  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky;  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore:  
 Or take me unto Thee on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

---

The Rev. W. A. Gunn, of Hoxton, England, thus writes of a young man whom he once visited:—"I began to point to Jesus, the sinner's only Friend. With an agonising look of despair, he replied, 'Ah, sir, but I have rejected the gospel. Some years since I unhappily read Paine's "Age of Reason." It suited my corrupt taste. I embraced its principles. Thus I rejected God, and now He rejects me.' Then, with a dismal groan, he cried out, 'Paine's "Age of Reason" has ruined my soul!' and instantly expired."—*Closing Scenes, Baptist Publication Society.*

The reader of this paragraph will be everlastingly SAVED or everlastingly LOST (Mark xvi. 16). You cannot save yourself, that is sure (Eph. ii. 8, 9); but you can actually be saved now (2 Cor. vi. 2). Jesus Christ asks the READER, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul" (Mark viii. 36).

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Fully persuaded—Lord, I believe!  
 Fully persuaded—Thy Spirit give;  
 I will obey Thy call,  
 Low at Thy feet I fall;  
 Now I surrender all,  
 Christ to receive.

Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry!  
 Fully persuaded—pass me not by;  
 Just as I am I come,  
 I will no longer roam,  
 Oh, make my heart Thy home;  
 Save or I die!

## CHAPTER XIII.

“Now, notice three vast doors through which the hugest and most elephantine sinner that ever made the earth shake beneath the weight of his guilt may go. Here are the three doors. ‘*Whosoever*’ — ‘*will*’ — ‘*freely*.’ ‘*Whosoever*,’ there is the first door. ‘*Whosoever*’—then what man dare have the impudence to say, that he is shut out? If you say that you cannot come in under ‘*whosoever*,’ I ask you how you dare narrow a word which is in itself so broad, so infinite. ‘*Whosoever*’—that must mean every man that ever lived, or ever shall live, while yet he is here and wills to come. Well, then, the word ‘*will*.’ There is nothing about past character, nor present character; nothing about knowledge, or feeling, nor anything else but the will: ‘*Whosoever will*.’ Speak of the gate standing ajar! This looks to me like taking the door right off the hinges and carrying it away. ‘*Whosoever will*.’ There is no hindrance whatever in your way. And then ‘*freely*.’ God’s gifts are given without any expectation or recompense, or any requirements and conditions—‘*Let him take the water of life freely*.’ Thou hast not to bring thy good feelings, or good desires, or good works, but come and take freely what God gives you for nothing. You are not even to bring repentance and faith in order to obtain grace, but you are to come and accept repentance and faith as the gifts of God, and the work of the Holy Spirit. What broad gates of mercy these are! How wide the entrance which love has prepared for coming souls! ‘*Whosoever!*’ ‘*Will!*’ ‘*Freely!*’

“Observe how the invitation sums up the work the sinner is called upon to do. First, he is bidden to *come*. ‘Whosoever will, let him come.’ Now, to come to Christ means simply for the soul to draw near to Him by trusting Him. You are not asked to bring a load with you, nor to work for Christ in order to salvation, but just to come to Him. Nothing is said about the style of coming; come running or creeping, come boldly or timidly, for if you do but come to Jesus, he will in no wise cast you out. A simple reliance upon the Lord Jesus is the one essential for eternal life.

“Then the next direction is ‘*take*.’ ‘Whosoever will, let him take.’ That is all. That word ‘take’ is a grand word to express the Gospel. ‘The world’s gospel is ‘bring;’ Christ’s gospel is ‘take.’ Nature’s gospel is ‘make:’ just change the letter, and you have the gospel of grace, which is ‘take.’ There is the water, dear friends; you have not to dig a well to find it, you have only to take it. There is the bread of heaven; you have not to grind the flour or bake the loaf, you have only to take it. There is a garment woven from the top throughout, and without seam; you have not to add a fringe to it, you have only to take it. The way of salvation may be summed up in the four letters of the word ‘take.’ Do you desire Christ? take Him. Do you want pardon? take it. Do you need a new heart? take it. Do you want peace on earth? take it. Do you want heaven hereafter? take it—that is all. ‘Whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely.’

“And there is one other word which I love to dwell on, and it comes twice over: ‘*let him* that is athirst come, and whosoever will, *let him* take.’ It is graciously said, *let him*. It seems to me as if the Lord Jesus Christ saw a poor soul standing thirsty at the flowing crystal fountain of

His love, and the devil standing there whispered to him, 'You see the sacred stream, but it flows for others. It is what you need, but you must not have it; it is not for you.' Listen! there is a voice from beyond the clouds which cries aloud, 'Let him take it! Stand back, devil, let the willing one come!' He is putting down his lip to drink—he understands it now—but there comes rushing upon him a host of his old sins like so many winged harpies, and they scream out to him, 'Go back, you must not draw nigh, this fountain is not for you; this pure crystal stream must not be defiled by such leprous lips as yours!' Again there comes from the throne of love this blessed password, 'Let him come, and let him take.'

---

Jesus the water of life has given  
 Freely, freely, freely;  
 Jesus the water of life has given  
 Freely for every sinner.  
 Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live!  
 Freely, freely, freely;  
 Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live!  
 Flowing for every sinner.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; freely, freely, freely;  
 And he that is thirsty, let him come, and drink of the water  
 of life.

The fountain of life is flowing, flowing, freely flowing;  
 The fountain of life is flowing, is flowing for you and for me.

Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
 Freely, freely, freely;  
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
 Freely to those that love Him.  
 Treasures unfailing will there be given,  
 Freely, freely, freely;  
 Treasures unfailing will there be given,  
 Freely to those that love Him.

---

"I and my fellow-superintendent, Mr. Schofield, thought it advisable to hasten to the humble cottage of one of our

sick scholars to apprise her of our approach (a procession of Sunday-school children). We found her very near her end, but at her request had been placed on an elevated chair before the window, in order that she might 'see her beloved teachers and scholars once again before she died.' On entering the cottage to tell her, she said, 'Yes, I hear them; they are all coming singing the hymn I have so often joined in.' As the procession drew nearer, all turned towards the cottage where Elizabeth Clegg was dying, for she was well known to them. As they drew up in front of the house, and saw her altered looks, many turned their heads to weep, and when, at her request, they sang—

'There is a better world, they say,'

Elizabeth's countenance brightened up with rapturous joy. As they moved away, singing—

'Oh! that will be joyful!  
When we meet to part no more,'

Elizabeth, in a whisper, bade them farewell.

"After passing through several other streets, we drew near to the home of another dying scholar. She had been lifted from her bed in order that she might see her class-mates pass. At her request they sang—

'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasure while we live;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die.'

"The house we are now approaching was the home of Miss Anne Marsden, one of the teachers, dying of consumption. She, like the other two just named, had not religion to seek on a deathbed. . . . She was placed in an easy-chair before the drawing-room window, in order that she might have a look at us passing.

"As the procession drew up in front of the house the

singing subsided, and we formed a half-circle, so that each one could see the dying teacher as she sat supported at the window. It was asked her what hymn she wished us to sing, she, with a quiet smile, replied, 'The seventeenth hymn.' The words of the hymn sent a thrill to every soul, and were sung amidst sobs and tears—

'What's this that steals upon my frame?

Is it death?

That soon will quench this vital flame?

Is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be

From every pain and sorrow free,

I shall my Lord in glory see—

All is well!

'Weep not, my friends, weep not for me,

All is well;

My sins are pardoned, I am free;

All is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,

To hide my Saviour from my eyes;

I soon shall mount the upper skies—

All is well.

'Hark, my Lord and Master calls me,

All is well;

I shall see His face in glory,

All is well.

Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,

I can no longer stay with you—

My glittering crown appears in view;

All is well.

'Hail, hail, all hail, ye blood-washed throng,

Saved by grace;

I've come to join your rapturous song,

Saved by grace.

All, all is peace and joy divine,

All heaven and glory now are mine;

Oh, Hallelujah to the Lamb!

All is well!'

“Here was a scene for those who doubt the power of saving grace to fortify the soul against the fear of death. Here we could see how the religion of the Bible, the saving power of the blood of Christ, could take away all fear of death or the grave from one who was surrounded with everything that could make life desirable—youth, wealth, &c.

“When the hymn was concluded, we silently, and with sad hearts, looked our last look at the dying girl. In a few days after she was carried to the grave.”—*Extracted from “Strange Tales.” Republished by Methodist Conference Office, Toronto, Ontario.*

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Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll?  
Where in all the bright “for ever,”  
Sorrow ne’er shall press the soul?

Shall we meet in that blest harbour,  
When our stormy voyage is o’er?  
Shall we meet and cast the anchor,  
By the fair celestial shore!

Shall we meet with many a loved one,  
That was torn from our embrace?  
Shall we listen to their voices,  
And behold them face to face?

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
When He comes to claim His own!  
Shall we know His blessed favour,  
Sit with Him upon His throne?

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“What is it to believe the Gospel? It is simply and solely the acceptance of Christ’s finished work by a hell-deserving sinner. Out of this flows sorrow for sin, and all joy and peace in believing—not believing from peace, but peace from believing; not waiting to feel first, then feeling happy as the result; not waiting first till you are better (that you will never be), but just as you are, accept-

ing freely a finished salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ on the cross."—*British Workman*.

"The Gospel which saves me, which delivers me from all my troubles, is simply this: 'My child, I know your nature, for I am the Author of it, and that nature, in all its demands, shall be fully satisfied. But you mistake in supposing that the world could give you the satisfaction you desire, even if you possessed all it could give. But I will do it. I now give you my absolute promise, that what you have been so long pining for (and which, though you have mistaken its formal object, is the demand of a true nature), you shall yet possess beyond the dreams of fiction. I could at once make such a revelation of myself to you as would deliver you from all further uncertainty. But this would tend rather to your own exaltation than mine—and, therefore, for this, as well as for other reasons, I must do it by a process of discipline.'"—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

---

Behold a stranger at the door !  
He gently knocks—has knocked before ;  
Has waited long—is waiting still ;  
You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a friend indeed ?  
He will !—the very friend you need !  
The Man of Nazareth !—'tis He,  
With garments dyed at Calvary.

Oh, lovely attitude !—He stands  
With melting heart, and laden hands !  
Oh, matchless kindness !—and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn—  
Lest He depart and ne'er return ;  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
When at His door denied you'll stand !

## CHAPTER XIV.

“God loves me! Many persons entirely mistake the Gospel. They imagine that God is now demanding something of them—that they have something to *do* in order to be saved. At least, they think, they must love God before He can regard them with complacency. They do not see that the Gospel is the very opposite to this; that it is a declaration of God’s love to man, and that God in it brings to them, just as they are, everything they need for present peace and eternal blessing, through our Lord Jesus Christ. There is nothing for the sinner to *do*; first, because he cannot do anything acceptable to God—‘*they that are in the flesh cannot please God*’; and, secondly, because Jesus has done it all.

“The thought that we must love God, to be saved, instead of being saved solely because *God* loves us, clings most tenaciously to fallen nature; but nothing short of seeing God’s love to us in the cross of Christ, even when we were dead in sins, can give peace.

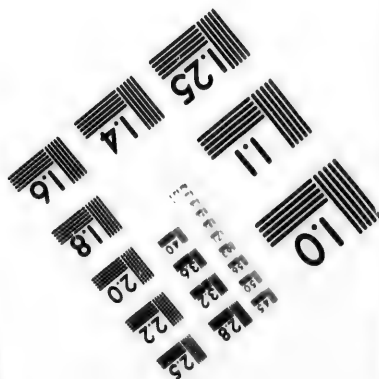
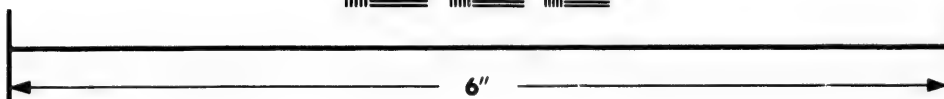
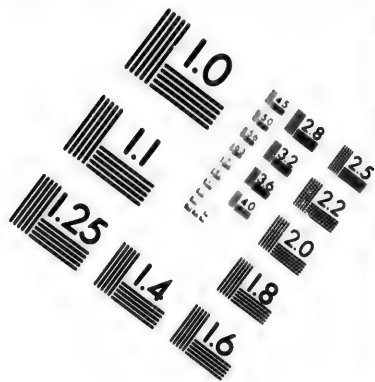
“Christ died for sinners. That is just what I am—so Christ died for me. And how do I know this? by my own feelings? Nay, but the self-same word which tells me I am a sinner, that I am ungodly, that I am unjust, tells me that He died for sinners—the ungodly, the unjust. Many are coming short of this blessed conclusion, because they are looking to be made something else than what they are. They are unwilling to give up the thought of some qualification or preparation in themselves. Ah! if they were aught else than sinners, what part could they have

in Christ? They are looking into their own hearts for peace, and they might as well look into the bottomless pit for peace. The ground of peace is not there, but in Christ, and the proof of my interest in Him is not there, but in the Scriptures. 'Christ died for our sins,' according to the Scriptures. 'He was buried, and rose again,' according to the Scriptures. There is, indeed, joy to them who believe the record which God has given us; but alas for those who put their joy, their experience, in the place of Christ, and who look to their feelings instead of the immutable certainty of the Word of God! The sum of it all is this, if you are indeed a great sinner, a lost and undone sinner—if you are the leper, covered all over with leprosy, then here is God's Christ meeting all your need. His blood cleanseth from all sin, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things. And rest assured that the more completely you take the position of a poor sinner, and fix your heart on Christ as He is presented to you in the Scriptures, the more settled will be your peace, the more joyful your experience."—*Rev. James I—, New York.*

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Inscribed upon the cross we see  
In glowing letters, "God is love;"  
He bears our sins upon the tree;  
He brings us mercy from above.  
The cross! it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup;—  
The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angel's theme in heaven above,

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Krishna Pal was the first convert to Christianity in India. He wept at hearing of the infinite kindness of God in providing a remedy for the soul. He told the missionaries that he understood the Gospel to be "that the Lord Jesus Christ gave His life up for the salvation of sinners, and that he believed it," and felt "sin to be a dreadful thing." The day of his admittance into the Church he declared, "was full of joy to him;" that "he got nothing but joy and comfort;" and in the spirit of his sister-in-law, Joymoonni, who embraced Christianity about the same time, he said, "Oh yes, my mind's book is open, in which I write down everything that I hear about Jesus Christ." About this period he composed a hymn, of which the following is the last verse—

"In faith, on Jesus loudly call;  
This instrument thy bark shall move;  
Thus let thy vessel floating fall,  
And swim in boundless seas of love.  
Then why, my soul, this anxious fear?  
Say, why thus sinking in despair?"

About a year after this event he wrote a letter to the missionary society in England by whom Dr. Carey, Mr. Marshman, and Mr. Ward had been sent out, of which the following is an extract—

" . . . I was the vilest of sinners: He hath saved me. Now this word I will tell to the world. Going forth I will proclaim the love of Christ with rejoicing. To sinners I will say this word: Hear, sinner, brother! without Christ there is no help. Christ, the world to save, gave His own soul! Such love was never heard: for enemies Christ gave His own soul! Such compassion, where shall we get? For the sake of saving sinners He forsook the happiness of heaven. I will constantly stay near Him. Being awakened by this news, I will constantly dwell in the town of joy. In

the Holy Spirit I will live ; yet in Christ's sorrow I will be sorrowful. I will dwell along with happiness, continually meditating on this—Christ will save the world. In Christ, not taking refuge, there is no other way of life. I was indeed a sinner, praise not knowing."

To a party who questioned him as to his "new religion" he said, "I am a great sinner. I tried the Hindoo worship, but got no good. After a while I heard of Christ—that He was incarnate, laboured much, and at last laid down his life for sinners. I thought, what love is this ! And here I made my resting-place."

The following are extracts from his journal, written about two years before his death :—

"Shree Krishna Pal humbly writes: Through the grace of God the Father, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, the writer is in a state of health and peace. . . where we put up at the office of the tax-gatherer, and proclaimed the glad tidings of the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. Very many persons heard the word. Here we read the divine word, and prayed in the name of Christ, when all the people of the village abandoned the gods, and cried out, 'Let us break down these places of the gods, that the gods may never come into this place again.' Agreeable to these words they broke down with their feet these places of the gods. . . At the Varoone festival crowds of people assembled . . . I replied. 'O Brahmin, God hears not the prayers of sinners ; but they who through the atoning death of our Lord Jesus Christ pray, their word He hears. For except the justice and the love of God can embrace each other, sinners cannot be saved ; but in the death of Christ these two are united, on which account God has appointed Jesus Christ to the work of a Saviour. Therefore they who have laid hold of the death of Christ by faith are saved."

On Wednesday, August 21, 1822, he was attacked by fatal cholera. The next day he was told that he could not possibly recover. With respect to his last moments, Mr. (Missionary) Ward thus wrote: "When asked about his attachment to Christ, he said, 'Where can a sinner go, but unto Christ?' And when the same question in another form was put to him, he said, 'Yes, but He loves me more than I love Him.' The same question was put a short time before he expired by one of the missionaries, when he nodded assent, and laid his hand on his heart, but was unable to speak.

"The total absence of the fear of death was most conspicuous, he positively forbidding them to give him laudanum, as it would produce insensibility, and put a period to those comforts which he then enjoyed."—*Extracts from Memoir published by Am. Bap. Pub. Society.*

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O Thou, my soul, forget no more  
The FRIEND who all thy misery bore ;  
Let every idol be forgot,  
But, O my soul, forget HIM not.

Infinite truth and mercy shine  
In HIM, and He Himself is thine ;  
And canst thou then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget ?

Ah ! no—till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;  
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

Ah ! no—when all things else expire,  
And perish in the general fire,  
THIS NAME all others shall survive,  
And through eternity shall live.

KRISHNA PAL.

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"Just at this point the whole question of Gospel salvation opened to my mind in a manner most marvellous to

me at the time. I think I then saw, as clearly as I ever have in my life, the reality and fulness of the atonement of Christ. I saw that His work was a finished work ; and that instead of having or needing any righteousness of my own to recommend me to God, I had to submit myself to the righteousness of God through Christ. Gospel salvation seemed to me to be an offer of something to be accepted ; and that it was full and complete ; and that all that was necessary on my part, was to get my own consent to give up my sins and accept Christ. Salvation, it seemed to me, instead of being a thing to be wrought out by my own works, was a thing to be found entirely in the Lord Jesus Christ, who presented Himself before me as my God and my Saviour. . . . The question seemed to be put to me, 'Will you accept it now, to-day?' I replied, 'Yes ; I will accept it to-day, or I will die in the attempt.' . . . I felt that I must be alone in the woods, so that I could pour out my prayer to God."--*Extracts from Memoir of Rev. Chas. G. Finney.*

"Faith," says an old writer, "will be staggered even by loose stones in the way if we look man-ward ; if we look God-ward, faith will not be staggered with inaccessible mountains stretching across and obstructing apparently our onward progress. 'Go forward!' is the voice of heaven ; and faith, obeying, finds the mountains before it as flat as plains."

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My faith looks up to thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
 Saviour divine;  
 Now hear me while I pray ;  
 Take all my guilt away ;  
 Oh, let me, from this day,  
 Be wholly Thine.

## CHAPTER XV.

“ THEN Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. Now I saw in my dream that the highway, up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without difficulty, because of the load on his back.

“ He ran thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up to the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

“ Then Christian was glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, ‘ He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.’ Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder, for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the water down his cheeks. Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold, three shining ones came to him, and saluted him with, ‘ Peace be to thee.’ So the first said to him, ‘ Thy sins be forgiven thee ;’ the second stripped him of his rags, set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it at

the Celestial Gate : so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing,

'Blest cross ! blest sepulchre ! blest rather be  
The man that there was put to shame for me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now I saw in my dream that they came on, and Great-heart before them. So they went, and came to the place where Christian's burden fell off his back, and tumbled into a sepulchre. Here then they made a pause, and here also they blessed God. Now, said Christiana, it comes to my mind what was said to us at the gate, to wit, that we should have pardon by word and deed ; by word, that is to say, by the promise ; by deed, to wit, in the way it was obtained. What the promise is, of that I know something ; but what it is to have pardon by deed, or in the way that it was obtained, Mr. Great-heart, I suppose you know ; whereof, if you please, let us hear you discourse thereof.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The righteousness of His Godhead gives virtue to His obedience ; the righteousness of His manhood giveth capability to His obedience to justify ; and the righteousness that standeth in the union of these two natures to His office, giveth authority to that righteousness to do the work for which it was ordained. So then, here is a righteousness that Christ, as God, has no need of ; for He is God without it. Here is a righteousness that Christ, as man, has no need of to make Him so, for He is perfect man without it. Again, there is a righteousness that Christ, as God-man, has no need of, for He is perfectly so without it. Here, then, is a righteousness that Christ, as God, and as God-man, has no need of with reference to Himself, and therefore He can spare it ; a justifying righteousness, that He for Himself wanteth not, and

therefore giveth it away. Hence it is called 'the gift of righteousness.' This righteousness, since Christ Jesus the Lord has made Himself under the law, must be given away."—*Extracts from each part of the Pilgrim's Progress.*

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Mourner, whereso'er thou art,  
At the cross there's room !  
Tell the burden of thy heart ;  
At the cross there's room !  
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,  
Cast away thine every fear,  
Only speak, and He will hear :  
At the cross there's room !

Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not ;  
At the cross there's room !  
Seek that consecrated spot ;  
At the cross there's room !

Thoughtless sinner, come to-day ;  
At the cross there's room !  
Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say—  
At the cross there's room !  
Now a living Fountain see,  
Opened there for you and me,  
Rich and poor, bond and free !  
At the cross there's room !

Blessed thought ! for every one  
At the cross there's room !  
Love's atoning work is done ;  
At the cross there's room !  
Streams of boundless mercy flow,  
Free to all who thither go ;  
Oh that all the world might know  
At the cross there's room !

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"A young man, the eldest son of a highly respectable family in New Orleans, U.S., when on his death-bed called his father to him and said, 'Well, father, I have one, and but one favour to ask you ; will you grant it ?'

‘I will, my son, if it is possible ; ask me anything I can do, it shall be done.’ ‘Father, I want you to kneel down by my bedside, and pray for me.’ ‘I cannot, my son, I cannot.’ ‘Do, father, pray for me ! You never prayed for me ; pray for me while I can yet hear !’ ‘I cannot, my son, oh, I cannot.’ ‘Dear father, you never taught me to pray to the Lord Jesus, and now I die ; you never prayed for me—this once ! Oh ! do not let me die without my father’s prayers.’ In an agony of weeping the father rushed out of the room.’—*Closing Scenes. American Bap. Publishing Society.*

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When thy mortal life is fled,  
When the death-shades o’er thee spread,  
When is finished thy career,  
Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?

When the world has passed away,  
When draws near the judgment-day,  
When the awful trump shall sound,  
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found ?

When the Judge descends in light,  
Clothed in majesty and might ;  
When the wicked quail with fear,  
Where, oh where, wilt thou appear ?

What shall soothe thy bursting heart,  
When the saints and thou must part ?  
When the good with joy are crowned,  
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?

---

“I groped in darkness for long, unhappy years, until the Lord Himself spoke to me in the Scripture in these words, ‘He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.’ Now, I reasoned, if you are directed to seek for anything, it is implied that you do not know where it is. My heavenly Father is wiser than all the preachers ; He has compassion upon my blindness and ignorance, and

recognizing them both, He still invites me to a quest which He promises shall be successful. I also discovered through the same precious verse, my mistake in regard to the nature of religion. I had been trying to obtain a certain something which should be to me salvation and safety. I now began to desire not so much to find religion, as to find Him ; and His condescension in guiding me to the first step of the way awakened a tender longing for His perpetual friendship. It was thus that I started on the way to the celestial city."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly. American Tract Society.*

"At this time the *way of salvation* opened to me with such infinite wisdom, suitableness, and excellency, that I wondered I should ever think of any other way of salvation ; I was amazed that I had not dropped my own contrivances and complied with this lovely, blessed, and excellent way before. If I could have been saved by my own duties, or any other way that I had formerly contrived, my whole soul would now have refused. I wondered that all the world did not see and comply with this way of salvation, entirely by the *righteousness of Christ.*"—*Rev. D. Brainerd.*

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A long time I wandered in darkness and sin,  
And wondered if ever the light would shine in ;  
I heard Christian friends speak of raptures divine,  
And I wished—how I *wished*—that their Saviour were mine.

I heard the glad gospel of "good will to men ;"  
I read "WHOSOEVER" again and again ;  
I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine ?"  
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine.

Oh, mercy surprising ! He saves even me !  
"Thy portion for ever," He says, "will I be ;"  
On His word I am resting—assurance divine—  
I'm "hoping" no longer—I *know* He is mine.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“ ‘BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,’ and that command is addressed to you to-night. Trust Christ, and you will be saved. I tell you, sirs, I will be responsible if I preach not the truth—at the judgment day I will bear the responsibility if this be not the way of salvation. If this is not the gospel, I am not saved. If the devil tells you you are not a sensible sinner, say, ‘I am a stupid sinner;’ if he says you are ‘not alive,’ tell him you are ‘dead;’ but tell him you are obliged to say, ‘Dead or alive, to His cross I cling.’ If you cannot find any qualification, you can still lay hold of His cross—sink or swim. I knew no other hope, and I had no other qualification. I sighed and groaned for five long years; and when I came to Christ, I was obliged to leave all behind me; and if I had come with a sense of need, I am sure I should never have come at all. I came just as I was—believing He was able and willing to save me. I cast myself on Him.

“ But still says one, ‘If I were to trust myself on Christ, and yet I was to be lost.’ Sir! it never will be! I will make my bed in hell, side by side with you—I will bear with you the everlasting pangs of the eternal fires, and you shall taunt me as a deceiver, and mock me as a liar, throughout eternity, if ever you perish trusting in Christ. You will be the first. You will be the only instance. I say, heaven may sooner reel, and be changed, and angels lose their thrones, than ever one trusting in Christ should perish!

“ ‘But I am not the right man’—but you are the right man. ‘But I am not qualified’—but you are qualified. If you think you are, then you are not. If you think, ‘There is an invitation: I am the character’—probably you are not therein described—for generally those who are described in the invitations think they are not.

“ ‘Well,’ says one, ‘there is the invitation, “Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden.”’ Yes; that is directed to the ‘weary and heavy laden;’ but there are tens of thousands that are ‘heavy laden’ that are addressed like this, ‘Whosoever will let him come’—that is commandment.”—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon’s Sermons.*

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Faith is a very slender thing,  
 Though little understood;  
 It frees the soul from death’s dread sting,  
 By resting in *the Blood*.

It looks not on the things around,  
 Nor on the things within:  
 It takes its flight to scenes above,  
 Beyond the spheres of sin.

It sees upon the throne of God  
 A Victim that was slain;  
 It rests its all on *His* shed blood,  
 And says, “I’m born again.”

Faith is not what we feel or see;  
 It is a simple *trust*  
 In what the God of love has said  
 Of Jesus as “the Just.”

The Perfect One that died for me,  
 Upon His Father’s throne  
 Presents our names before our God,  
 And pleads Himself alone.

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“It was in such words as the following that he gave expression to the feelings that possessed him:

“ ‘I have sincerely committed my soul into the hands

of Christ, and He has accepted, I believe, the surrender. . . . This world is nothing to me. I believe I am prepared; and if there be a preference, it is rather that I should die; that seems strong language, but it is *the truth*; I should prefer it.'

"He was often heard whispering, '*Jesus—the Mediator—of the new covenant.*'

"After he retired to rest, he slept for a few hours; when he awoke he said, 'I have trusted in God; I will trust Him to the last.' In a little time, with a serene smile upon his pallid countenance, he expressed the highest delight and confidence in God. 'Never, *never*, can I praise Thee sufficiently, O God, for this great, this holy joy! None can know, none conceive, the happiness I possess, the peace with which my soul is filled, but the sincere disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ. Redeemer of mankind, give me strength to bear even joy! this joy!' He rested for a few moments, and then added in a lower tone: 'One would almost think this the language of enthusiasm, but it is not, it is solid and genuine.' He then uttered other expressions similar to the last. I said, 'This is almost too much for the body!' 'Not too much, but enough, just enough, and yet it is but a mere glimpse! Oh, is there no outlet, no passage, to that perfection before me? or is this, this the happy time? Within a few hours am I to be permitted to flee from this turbulent world?' Exhausted nature now fell asleep; then, shortly after, awaking with great composure and with a smiling look, he took his last look and leave of those dearest to him on earth. 'I commend you to God, the Judge of all, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant.' After an ineffectual effort to lay his head upon his pillow, it reposed upon the arm of his friend; one short struggle, and all was over."—*The Dying Testimony of Stephen Morell, of Paddow, in Essex,*

*England.* Extracted from "Christian Sunsets," by Rev. James Fleming, D.D.

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How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In every condition—in sickness and health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

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"There is no other name, no other nature, no other blood, no other merits, no other person to be justified and saved by, but Jesus Christ. All the tears in the world cannot wash off one sin, nor can all the grace and holiness that is in angels and men combined purchase the pardon of the least transgression. All remission is only by the blood of Jesus Christ. There is no way under heaven to be interested in Christ, *but by believing.* *He that believeth shall be SAVED*, let his sins be ever so GREAT, and *he that believeth not shall be DAMNED*, let his sins be ever so LITTLE."  
—*Thomas Brooks* ("Smooth Stones").

"The love of Christ has a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit. (Eph. iii. 18, 19.)

“Christ’s sorrows, griefs, and sufferings can be paralleled with nothing but His love.”—*Rev. John Mason, M.A.* (1694).

“A refusal of Christ is a much easier, and yet a much more terrible thing than most men suppose. A neglect to hear Him is a refusal of Him. Christ calls us every day and every moment; and when He calls, we either accept or reject Him. There is no possible way of escape. There is no neutral ground. Our lives are a continual acceptance or rejection of Him. When Christ calls us to be His disciples, we reach a wonderful crisis in our lives. Eternal life or eternal death is suspended on our decision. The question is continually before us, and an answer must be had. It is imperative. A neglect or a failure to decide in the affirmative necessitates a decision in the negative.”  
—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“Where then must a man go for pardon? Where is forgiveness to be found? Listen, reader, and by God’s help I will tell you. There is a way both sure and plain, and into that way I desire to guide every inquirer’s feet.

“That way is, simply to *trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour*. It is to cast your soul, with all its sins, unreservedly on Christ; to cease completely from any dependence on your own works and doings, either in whole or in part; and to rest on no other work but Christ’s work, no other righteousness but Christ’s righteousness, no other merit but Christ’s merit, as your ground of hope. Take this course, and you are a pardoned soul. ‘To Christ,’ says Peter, ‘give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins’ (Acts v. 43). ‘Through this man,’ said Paul at Antioch, ‘is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things’ (Acts xiii. 38). In Him, writes Paul to the Colossians, ‘we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins’ (Col. i. 14).

“The Lord Jesus Christ, in great love and compassion, has made a full and complete satisfaction for sin by His own death upon the cross. There He offered Himself as a sacrifice for us, and allowed the wrath of God, which we deserved, to fall on His own head. For our sins He gave Himself, suffered, and died—the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty—that He might deliver us from the curse of a broken law, and provide a complete pardon for

all who are willing to receive it. And by so doing, as Isaiah says, He has *borne* our sins; as John the Baptist says, He has *taken away* sin; as Paul says, He has *purged* our sins, and *put away* sin; and as Daniel says, He has *made an end of sins* and *finished* transgression. Isa. liii. 11; John i. 29; Heb. i. 3; ix. 26; Dan. ix. 24.

“Remember that heaven is before you, and Christ the only door into it; hell beneath you, and Christ alone able to deliver you from it; the devil behind you, and Christ the only refuge from his wrath and accusations; the law against you, and Christ alone able to redeem you; sin weighing you down, and Christ alone able to put it away. This is the doctrine of the Bible.”—*Rev. J. C. Ryle, Helmingham, England.*

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I am coming to the cross,  
I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
I am counting all but dross,  
I shall full salvation find.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow:  
Save me, Jesus, save me now!

Long my heart has sighed for Thee,  
Long has evil raved within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”

Here I give my all to Thee—  
Friends, and time, and earthly store,  
Soul and body—Thine to be—  
Wholly Thine—for evermore.

In the promises I trust,  
Now I feel the blood applied;  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.

Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
 Perfected in love I am;  
 I am every whit made whole  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

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“ But at length, after continuing in this state of distress and despondency full seven years, he obtained relief by a believing view of the GOSPEL METHOD OF SALVATION. This he had never heard stated by another, but one day, resolving to look once more into the Bible—possibly it might discover to him a door of hope—he cast his eye on Gal. iv. 4, 5: ‘ *God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, MADE UNDER THE LAW, to REDEEM THEM that WERE UNDER THE LAW,*’ &c. Immediately a new train of thought struck his mind, ‘ *Christ was MADE under the law—then he was not under it originally. For what end was He made under the law?—to redeem them that WERE under the law—were under the law! Then they are not under the law now, but redeemed.* There is, therefore, a way of redemption for sinners from the curse of the law, by which it is possible even I may be saved!’ Being thus enlightened to see that God *could* save him if He pleased, without debasing His own perfections, the bare possibility of salvation, in a way consistent with the divine glory, made his heart glad indeed. He now began to search the Scriptures for further discoveries of this glorious Gospel; and having once got hold of the right clue, he read them as it were with new eyes. The difficulty was now solved which had once tempted him to burn the Bible; he understood *how* God could *forgive* sin, and yet *not clear the guilty*. Soon after this, his own salvation began to appear not only possible, but probable, and at length certain.”—*Extract from the Life of Robert Hall. Am. Bap. Pub. Society.*

“ So far as we know, all evangelical Christians agree in

believing that all, in one sense, are children of God. This is assumed in the invitation, 'Son, give me thy heart.' All sin consists in rejecting this relationship, and wandering off from God, as the prodigal son wandered off from the father. The only remedy is just to assume the relationship and begin to live as a son in the Father's house. If you are willing to accept Him as your Father, with all which that implies—allegiance, obedience, service, doing your Father's will, not your own—He is ready to accept you as His son. All you have to do is just to assume that the promises were made for you, and, with this belief, to go right on and live as one ought to live with such hope and faith, asking help from Him, and when you fall, beginning right over again. This taking Christ at His word is 'accepting Christ.'—*The Christian Weekly*, March 7th, 1876.

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I hear the Saviour say,  
Thy strength indeed is small,  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in me thy all in all.  
Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe ;  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow.

Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy blood, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots  
And melt the heart of stone.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“ I MERELY wish to say that when men tell you *to do anything* to be saved they are preaching the law and not the Gospel. You have only to believe ; and believing is not doing ; it is the opposite of doing ; it is simply receiving and resting on the finished work of Christ which is already done, and done more than eighteen hundred years ago. The sin-hating God met the sin-bearing Jesus at the place of a skull, and there once and for ever settled the question of the believer's salvation, and we had nothing to do with it. Now the glad tidings are sent forth to the ends of the earth : ‘ Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins ; and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.’ ‘ The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.’ The law says, ‘ Do and be saved ;’ grace says, ‘ Believe and be saved.’ The law says, ‘ Do and live ;’ grace says, ‘ Live and do.’ The law says, ‘ The soul that sinneth it shall die ;’ grace says, ‘ Deliver him from going down to the pit ; I have found a ransom.’ The law says, ‘ Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them ;’ grace says, ‘ Christ hath redeemed us (believers) from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.’ When I affirm, then, that the threatened penalty of God's law against sin fell upon Christ, I wish to be understood as asserting that He endured precisely the kind and degree of suffering or punishment which the law demanded on

account of sin, as necessary to procure the complete deliverance and entire redemption of all who believe in Him. He endured the penalty in the fullest and truest sense, because penalty is what the law exacts in order to vindicate its insulted majesty and meet its righteous claims ; and this is what Christ did when He suffered on the cross."—*Extracts from "The Way made Plain," by the Rev. James H. Brooks, D.D.*

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Looking only to Jesus, the Crucified One,  
 Who invites all that mourn, Will you come, will you come ?  
 I have left all my sins at the foot of the cross ;  
 Sinful pleasures are now to my taste but as dross,  
     Jesus died ! Sound the tidings forth !  
     Jesus saves ! Shout the victory !

Oh, how oft have I heard of the Saviour who died,  
 That my fears might be quelled, and my tears all be dried ;  
 But alas ! my proud heart was too stubborn to yield  
 To His kind invitation, to come and be healed.

But at length God in mercy has led me to see,  
 That if I would find safety, to Christ I must flee ;  
 The avenger of blood I have seen on my track ;  
 But with Jesus my refuge, I'll never turn back.

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"To a friend who frequently visited him, he said, 'I wish to be under no mistake or delusion in a matter of so much importance as the salvation of my immortal soul. Tell me where you think I am defective in my views, or wanting in the experience of their power. Deal faithfully with me, do not deceive me ; and pray for me, above all, that I may not deceive myself.'

"To the writer, a fortnight before his death, he expressed himself as follows : 'I trust I have the Christian's hope, but I want more of it. I want more of that hungering and thirsting after righteousness which the Saviour

has promised to satisfy—which we ought to have at all times ; but which, if we have not in death, what is our hope, and how can we hope, and how can we be prepared to die ? ’

“ The last visit was still more affecting : it was only two days before his end. He was sitting in an arm-chair, supported with cushions, and seemed to be in a very exhausted state. His father sat opposite to him, in whose countenance was depicted the struggle of nature and of grace ;—of nature, for he was about to lose his child,—of grace, for that child was now on the very threshold of glory. In another part of the room were three or four of his brothers and sisters, some of them in tears. ‘ Speak to this dear boy,’ said the father, addressing himself to me, ‘ and question him about his hopes.’

“ I sat down at his side, and taking him by the hand, said, ‘ Can you, my dear boy, pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and say with David, “ I fear no evil ? ” ’ ‘ Yes, I trust so.’ ‘ What is the ground of your trust ? ’ ‘ It is, because his “ rod and his staff, they comfort me.” ’ ‘ Have you any doubts to be removed ? ’ ‘ I had many misgivings, but God has mercifully taken them all away.’ ‘ Do you love Him ? ’ ‘ I hope I do, but I wish I loved Him more.’ ‘ You have been long ill, do you feel weary of sickness ? ’ ‘ I feel more weary of sin, and long for that time when it will be laid aside for ever.’ ‘ Does the hope of heaven animate and support you ; and is it often the subject of your meditations ? ’ ‘ Yes, I have been thinking of it with great delight this very morning, and almost seem to have entered within its blest abodes.’

“ I then read to him that beautiful chapter in the Revelation (the twenty-second) descriptive of a state of blessedness. His attention was peculiarly arrested. After I had finished, ‘ This happiness,’ I said, ‘ will soon be

yours, and the portion of all who die in the Lord.' Then, gathering his brothers and sisters around us, I requested him to bear his dying testimony to the value of the Gospel in this trying hour, which he did most affectionately to all."

Thus died Wilberforce Richmond, a son of the author of the "Dairyman's Daughter," January 10th, 1825.

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O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done—the great transaction's done,  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him, of every good possessed.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow  
That vow renewed shall daily hear;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

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"Nothing grieves Christ more than to have His love slighted; nothing pleases Him more than to have it accepted.

"The love of Christ is stronger than death, sweeter than life, and better than wine.

"Every new sense of Christ's love adds new degrees to ours."—*Rev. John Mason, M.A.*

“It is not the *quantity* of thy faith that shall save thee. A drop of water is as truly water as the whole ocean ; a child of a month old is as really a man as one of sixty years ; a spark of fire is as true fire as a great flame. So it is not the measure of thy faith that saves thee—it is the *blood that it grips that saves thee*. If thou canst grip Christ ever so weakly, He will not let thee perish.”—*Biblical Museum*.

“Whenever I now have occasion (as I often do) to converse with persons in this state of mind, I do not argue much with them. I set before them the love of God in Christ, the fulness and freeness of the offer of salvation, and the sincerity of God in revealing it to us, and I urge them at once to submit themselves to God ; not merely to *be willing* to do this, but to *do it*. If they will do this, I know that God will accept them, and that the evidence that He has done so will soon be manifest.”—*Rev. Francis Wayland, D.D.*

“Take, then, this Bible, and turn to 1 John v. 9-12. May I ask you to read this passage aloud, verse by verse ? In order to believe, you want to know *how* you are to believe ; *whom* you are to believe ; *what* you are to believe ; *when* you are to believe ; what is the sin of *not* believing ; and what you are to get *by* believing. Perhaps in these verses, of all others in the Bible, this all-important subject of faith is stated in terms the most simple and unmistakable.”—*Rev. George Duffield, jun.*

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I leave it all with Jesus day by day ;  
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may.  
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,  
In the calm sure haven of His breast :  
Love esteems it heaven to abide  
At His side.

## CHAPTER XIX.

“Too often awakened souls, though they may have heard the Gospel, do not in their hearts understand it. Many inquirers do not know what faith is. I am persuaded millions of our fellow countrymen do not know what believing in Jesus means. Though every Sabbath-day they are told, yet do they not catch the thought, for the Spirit of God has not illuminated their minds. To believe in Jesus, as we say again, and again, and again, is simply to trust in Jesus—to take God at His word, to take Christ for what God says He is, namely, the atonement, the satisfaction for sin, the Saviour of sinners. But poor, troubled consciences think faith is a deep mystery, and they go about like blind men groping for the wall; they wander like travellers in a dense fog, not knowing which way leads to their homes; hoping, but hoping against hope, by reason of ignorance. Many, though desirous to be saved, do not understand the work of Christ, or know what atonement is. Though the doctrine of substitution, which is the very marrow of the Gospel, is to believers so very plain, yet many seekers have not learned it. That Jesus bore the sin of His people; that ‘the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all;’ that He was made a sin for us; that justice received its due at His hands; this precious fact many penitent sinners have not grasped. They still think there is so much repentance to do, so much feeling to endure, so much praying to go through, so much mystery to be experienced; but the plain, simple precept, ‘Believe and

live,' trust and be accepted, hide under the shadow of the cross and be safe; this, through ignorance, they do not understand, and this involves them in trouble upon trouble, till their way is hedged up with thorns.

"Yet in the state of 'seeking for Jesus' *there is much that is doubtful*; for, my brethen, the seeker after Christ remains disobedient to the great command of the Gospel. If he were obedient to the great Gospel precept, he would at once cease to be a seeker, and become a happy finder. What is the command of the Gospel? 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Properly speaking, Christ is not an object for seeking, He is not far from any of us; like the brazen serpent uplifted by Moses, He is not so much to be looked *for* as looked *at*. We have neither to clamber to heaven to find Him in the loftiness of His deity, and bring Him down; nor dive into the chambers of Hades, to bring Him up again from the dead. Thus saith the Lord, 'The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' Jesus is Immanuel, God with us. A prayer will reach Him, a wish will find Him, a groan will pierce His heart—do but confide in Him, and He is yours. The first command of the Gospel to guilty sinners is not to pray, to search the Scriptures, to attend upon sermons—all these are natural duties, and woe unto the man who neglects any of them; but *the* command, the special command of the Gospel is, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ!' Now, the seeking sinner is disobedient to the command. He is going about hither and thither seeking, but he declines trusting; he is eagerly looking abroad for that which is at home; he is seeking for peace afar off when it

is nigh him. He looks east and west to behold a wonder, while the Wonderful, the Saviour, stands at his right hand ready to forgive. The way of salvation for me as a sinner is simply this, that I, being a sinner, do now put my trust in Christ Jesus, the substitute for sinners. God has set forth His crucified Son as the accepted propitiation for sin: the way of salvation is that I accept Him for what God has set Him forth, namely, as the atonement for my sin, in which I place my sole reliance. Seeing He is God, seeing He took upon Himself the nature of man, seeing that as mediator He suffered in the stead of as many as trust in Him, I trust Him, and I obtain thereby the blessed result of His sufferings—I am in fact thereby saved. Now, it is some good thing certainly to be a seeker, but it is also an ill thing if I follow my seeking and refuse God's way of salvation."—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.*

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Behold the Saviour at the door,  
He gently knocks—has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still,  
You use no other friend so ill.  
*Open the door, He'll enter in,  
And sup with you, and you with Him.*

Oh, lovely attitude! He stands  
With open heart and outstretched hands;  
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows  
His matchless kindness to His foes.  
*Open the door, He'll enter in,  
And sup with you, and you with Him.*

Admit Him, ere His anger burn,  
Lest He depart and ne'er return;  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
When at His door denied you'll stand.  
*Open the door, He'll enter in,  
And sup with you, and you with Him.*

Admit Him, for the human breast  
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;  
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,  
With whom He condescends to dwell.  
*Open the door, He'll enter in,  
And sup with you, and you with Him.*

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. . . "I continued to read, and whenever I could steal away unobserved into the garret, there I walked the floor, when all around were hushed in sleep ; there I prayed and poured out tears of bitter sorrow. While thus engaged one night, the plan of salvation was revealed to me in the figure of Noah's ark. I saw an ungodly race swept away with the flood, but Noah and his family were saved, for God shut them in the ark. I felt that as a sinner I was condemned and justly exposed to immediate and everlasting destruction. I saw distinctly that in Christ alone I must be saved, if saved at all ; and the view I at that moment had of God's method of saving sinners, I do still most heartily entertain, after thirty years' experience of His love. This was Saturday night, and that night I slept more sweetly than I had done for many weeks. Before daylight on Lord's day morning I awoke, and went downstairs quietly, made a fire in the front parlour, and threw open the window-shutters, and as soon as I could see, commenced reading the New Testament. I opened at the 13th chapter of John, and came to where Peter said, 'Thou shalt never wash my feet ;' Jesus answered him, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.' Simon Peter saith to Him, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.' At that moment my heart seemed to melt. I felt as if plunged into a bath of blood divine—I was cleansed from head to foot—guilt and the apprehension of punishment were both put away ; tears of gratitude gushed from my eyes in copious streams ; the

fire in the grate shone on the paper upon the wall, and the room was full of light ; I fell upon the hearth-rug, on my face, at the feet of Jesus, and wept and gave thanks ; my sins, which were many, were all forgiven, and a peace of mind succeeded which passeth understanding. Bless the Lord, O my soul ! from that hour to the present, a doubt of my calling and election of God has never crossed my mind. With all my imperfections, shortcomings, and backsliding of heart, I have from that hour steadfastly believed that ‘neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, &c.’” — *Extract from the Life of the Rev. Spencer H. Cone. Published by Sheldon Blakeman, N.Y.*

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Have you on the Lord believed ?

Still there's more to follow ;

Of His grace have you received ?

Still there's more to follow ;

Oh, the grace the Father shows !

Still there's more to follow !

Freely He His grace bestows,

Still there's more to follow.

More and more, more and more,

Always more to follow ;

Oh, His matchless, boundless love !

Still there's more to follow.

Have you felt the Saviour near ?

Does His blessed presence cheer ?

Oh, the love that Jesus shows !

Freely He His love bestows !

Have you felt the Spirit's power,

Falling like the gentle shower ?

Oh, the power the Spirit shows !

Freely He His power bestows !

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“ One great reason why many are kept from accepting salvation by faith in Christ is preconceived and erroneous

opinions as to what religion is. They have arranged in their minds what they must do, and how they must feel, if they ever become Christians. They have marked out the process of their own minds through which they suppose they must go — a process composed of weeks or months of gloom and terror of soul, of bitter tears and agonizing prayers, followed by a sudden gush of joy ; the whole process being as distinctly marked as the various stages of an intermittent fever. . . . Tell them that all this attempt to change God, and make themselves more acceptable to Him, by effort of their own, is not only foolishness, but wickedness.”—“ *The World's Hope*,” by the Rev. Robert Boyd, D.D.

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Now is th' accepted time ;  
Now is the day of grace ;  
Now, sinners, come, without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.

Now is th' accepted time ;  
The Saviour calls to-day ;  
To-morrow it may be too late ;  
Then why should you delay ?

Now is th' accepted time ;  
The Gospel bids you come,  
And every promise in His word  
Declares there yet is room.

Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with Thy love ;  
Then will the angels swiftly fly  
To bear the news above.

## CHAPTER XX.

“WHAT is your view of the spirit in which seekers should approach this subject? Surely not in the spirit of one who *demand*s salvation as a right. Not in the spirit of the fault-finder. We should not approach God in the temper of one who thinks it hard that he does not at once receive joy and peace as soon as he asks to be saved. Salvation is an infinite favour, and favours, of necessity, must be undeserved, and may be shown when and how the giver pleases. . . . A Christian believes the death of Julius Cæsar just as he believes the death of Christ, but the two truths have a widely different effect upon men; not because the mental process is different in their reception, but because the truths are not of the same nature, nor do they bear the same relation to us. The intellect chiefly is interested in the death of the Roman general, but the intellect and the *affections* are both interested in the death of Christ. We believe the facts stated about Christ—the testimony which God has given of His Son—and our hearts cling to, our affections embrace, that Son with a living, loving tenacity. *This is saving faith*—giving simple credence to what God has said about Christ, and clinging to HIM as our Saviour. But you ask, how are a man's affections made to embrace Christ? I answer, love is awakened by a loveable object. I would call to mind the loveliness of Christ, who ‘so loved us’ as to lay down His life for us. There is no other way.”—*Rev. R. A. Fyfe*.\*

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\* Since the manuscript of this work was in the hands of the printer Dr. Fyfe has departed this life. He died at Woodstock, Ontario,

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and,—oh, amazing love!—  
He flew to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste He fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys;  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

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“When he was so feeble as to be unable to speak without extreme difficulty, he frequently repeated, and with visible emotions of pleasure, the words of the Psalmist: ‘Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.’

“On another occasion, when his friends thought he was dying, he remarked to one who had been called to witness his departure, ‘O my brother, I am glad to have an opportunity to express to you, that you may tell the dear Church, that the doctrine of the Deity of Jesus Christ is

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September 4th, 1878. “His dear wife said to him, when his mind was just fading away, ‘Do you know me? Do you know your wife Rebecca?’ ‘No!’ he said, ‘I don’t know her.’ Then she said, ‘Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?’ ‘O yes! I know Him well;’ and these were nearly his last words.”—*The Christian Helper*.

my support ; it is the rock on which my soul rests in the last hour.' 'You still hold to that doctrine, then, sir.' 'Ah!' answered he, 'that holds me, or I should sink.' He clasped the hand of his child, and said, 'O my child, weep not for me! Are you not willing I should go to my God, to be like my Saviour?' When his soul was too active for his diseased frame, and he was was incapable of giving a distinct and unbroken utterance of his sure and certain hope of a resurrection unto eternal life, he quoted, after repeated pauses for breath, the triumphant language of the apostle: 'But ye are come unto Mount Zion—and unto the city of the living God—the heavenly Jerusalem—and to an innumerable company of angels—to the general assembly—of the church of the first-born—which are written in heaven—and to God, the Judge of all—and to the spirits of just men made perfect.'

"No one could leave his chamber without feeling that

'The chamber where the good man meets his fate  
Is privileged beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.'

"His last day was brightened with the rays of hope and glory. 'I have enjoyed,' said he; 'not a cloud, but all clear sunshine. I have been trying to find a dark spot, but all is bright. My sky is without a cloud.' He was answered, 'I hope, dear father, the dark spots are all banished for ever.' 'For ever,' observed he. 'Yes! I trust they are. I shall be with my Saviour. How much reason I have to be thankful that, amidst all my weakness, my mind still dwells on religion. The love of Jesus grows more and more precious.' To the remark of a friend, 'We have had a refreshing air since the rain has fallen,' he replied, in broken accents: 'I breathe—the air—of heaven. My soul is filled—with God and Christ. Come

—Lord Jesus—come—quickly.’” —*Extract from the Life of Stephen Gano. American Baptist Publishing Society.*

I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;  
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—  
Temptation without and corruption within :  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway ; no—welcome the tomb ;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom :  
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise  
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway away from his God,—  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?

There saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;  
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

“The Lord Jesus Christ having fulfilled God's law in every particular, and satisfied the claims of Divine justice in the room and stead of the guilty, God for Christ's sake freely bestows pardon upon even the very chief of sinners.” (Gal. iii. 13 ; Rom. viii. 1.)—“*Old School Independent Church.*”

“There is nothing,” once said a dying lady, “but JESUS CHRIST *between me* and weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.”

The Rev. George Duffield, jun., recommends the two following short prayers : “Lord, make me to know MYSELF.” “Lord, make me to know THEE.”

"Alas!" said an inquirer, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere. Only tell me when you think I shall learn to leave *self*. Will it be by study, or prayer, or good works?" "I think," was the answer, "that the place where you *lose self* will be where you *find* your *Saviour*."

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Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

## CHAPTER XXI.

“WHAT can rouse men from this fatal unconcern and callousness? The instrumentality, my brethren, to accomplish this work is still the same—it is the Cross; the power is still in the same object—the Saviour lifted up from the earth. It is idle to talk about what ought to influence us. The simple fact is, that preaching Christ crucified is God’s ordinance to stir the souls of men, nor has it ever failed. Whatever the heedlessness of a man, there is in the Cross an energy to rouse him, a power which ever has been, and ever will be acknowledged. This is the second proposition I advanced, and one which does not appear to me to require any proof. Why, look at history; I appeal to facts; I appeal to the thousands of all nations, ages, sexes, temperaments, and conditions, who have confessed this energy of the Cross, and yielded to it.

“We have amongst us a class of people who are always crying out—‘No excitement, we do not want excitement in religion.’ Very well, let them get a preacher who knows nothing of Christ crucified in the heart, and says nothing of Christ crucified in the pulpit, and he will walk at their head, and lead them quietly and comfortably enough down to hell. The Cross will excite. It is the most restless and resistless of agitators. No sooner was it erected than all nature felt and confessed its instigations. The earth heaved, the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom, it agitated the rocks, it shook the sheeted dead from their slumbers, and disturbed the sun himself. Nor hath it lost its power.

“No, brethren, the unparalleled phenomenon exhibited on Calvary eighteen hundred years ago can never die, can never grow old; and wheresoever that is proclaimed, there men’s hearts will be shaken; the strings long silent will be swept by an unseen hand; the wells long sealed hermetically will be opened, and the waters stirred to their inmost depths. . . . Is it strange that the Cross is invested with a power to rouse and shake the soul? Strange! is not the marvel this—not that men are moved, but that all are not instantly melted and subdued by it? Why let men be only men, let them only have pulses that beat and hearts that throb, and this simple announcement, ‘*God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life*’—oh! the very thought is colossal, it is overmastering, and language droops under it—tell me, can this be received with coldness and indifference? is it supposable, is it possible? And, then, the amazing consummation—the Deed! the Deed! the Deed! the tragedy of which this earth was the theatre, while angels gazed confounded, and the hierarchies of heaven bent from their seats in silent astonishment, and Deity itself, I had almost said, must for once have been absorbed, for once have had all its universal regards and expatiations arrested, and fixed and concentrated,—that deed—that spectacle—can that be viewed with apathy?

“What! my brethren, that ‘the Word was made flesh’—that ‘the Ancient of days’ was cradled as an infant—that He, ‘by whom and for whom all things were created,’ stooped to poverty and shame;—are *these* things to be heard and to have no influence! That, for us men and our salvation, ‘the brightness of the Father’s glory,’ He who ‘thought it no robbery to be equal with God,’ emptied Himself, and took upon Him ‘the form of a ser-

vant,' and terminated upon a gibbet a life of pain, and tears, and blood,—O Jesus! IS THIS TRUE? Can I believe *this* and be unmoved? Can *this* fail to bow my soul, and wipe out every record from my heart, and live there alone, the one, single, all-controlling impression, stamped in to the very core, and moulding every fibre to itself? and, with Andrew Fuller, to find our hearts for ever breaking out into unknown strains of love, and our lips—go where we will—still singing,

'Oh for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!'

"Sirs, sirs, men call me an enthusiast, but I ask you is not enthusiasm cold common-sense here? 'What a pity,' cried the Roman, 'that we have but one life for our country.' Which of you but exclaims this night, What a pity we have not a thousand hearts for such a Saviour—a thousand hearts, and every one of them a holocaust, a whole burnt offering, a sacred conflagration of gratitude and devotion.

"Nor is it only the overcoming fact of the humiliation and crucifixion of the Son of God that gives such power to the Cross. From it what overwhelming truths flash out on a guilty world, as from a blazing, focal, radiating central point. The Cross! what an exhibition does it give of the value of the soul! The Cross! what an admonition there of the miseries of the damned! Devouring flames, chains of darkness, howlings of despair, I need you not—the Cross where Jesus bleeds to save us, gives me a more terrible idea of hell than you can. The Cross! what an awful lustre does it pour upon the justice, the holiness, and the severity of God! Above all, the love of God—how dazzlingly, with what surpassing bright-

ness, does not that shine there—sending a heavenly effulgence all over this dark world, down even to the gates of hell! I ask again, can this Cross be viewed with indifference? Is it strange that the Cross has power to rouse and stir the heart? Is not this the wonder, not that men are shaken, but that all are not melted and mastered by the very first announcement of a crucified Redeemer; and that whenever and wherever this truth is proclaimed, the scenes of Pentecost are not renewed, and the place is not a Bochim, drenched with bursting tears rained thickly out of full hearts.”

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Jesus, keep me near the Cross,  
There a precious fountain  
Free to all—a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

In the Cross, in the Cross,  
Be my glory ever;  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.

Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Shed its beams around me.

Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadows o'er me.

Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

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“I was brought up morally but not religiously; did not feel that I was a ‘dreadful sinner;’ was in a neighbourhood where Methodist protracted meetings had just com-

menced ; went ; on invitation went up to the altar ; not from feeling, but from a sense of duty ; but I soon felt ; and on the evening of the third day the clouds cleared away, and the light shone in my soul. . . . So you may tell your people that though they do not feel their sins, yet in the day that they seek the Lord with their whole heart they shall find Him."

"Miss A. B. was a highly accomplished young lady, a leader in the polished and gay circles of one of our great cities, and utterly given up to worldliness and fashion. A Christian friend, after much difficulty, prevailed upon her to promise that every day for a year she would read a chapter in the Bible, and ask God to guide her into the right way. With no special interest or feeling, but only because she had promised, she began every day retiring to her room for the purpose. And though at the beginning of the year she was utterly given up to thoughtlessness and gaiety, at the end of it she was a faithful, devoted, consistent Christian, and so continued to the end of her life—a period of many years—and yet at no one day of the entire year was she conscious that her views or feelings were at all different from what they were the day before."—*Am. Tract Society Weekly*.

How solemn are the words,  
And yet to faith how plain,  
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—

"Ye must be born again!"

"Ye must be born again!"

For so hath God decreed ;  
No reformation will suffice—

'Tis life poor sinners need.

"Ye must be born again!"

And life in Christ must have ;  
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—

'Tis He alone can save.

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"Ye must be born again!"  
Or never enter heaven;  
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—  
The ransomed and forgiven.

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"Then said Christian, What means this? The shepherds told them, This is a by-way to hell, a way that hypocrites go in at. . . . I saw in my dream that Ignorance came up to the river-side; but he soon got over, for it happened that there was then in that place one Vain-hope, a ferryman, that with his boat helped him over. . . . Then they took him up, and carried him to the door that I saw in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction."—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*.

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There is a gate that stands ajar,  
And through its portals gleaming,  
A radiance from the Cross afar,  
The Saviour's love revealing.  
Oh, depth of mercy! can it be  
That gate was left ajar for me?

That gate ajar stands free for all  
Who seek through it salvation;  
The rich and poor, the great and small,  
Of every tribe and nation.

Beyond the river's brink we'll lay  
The Cross that here is given,  
And bear the crown of life away,  
And love Him more in heaven.

## CHAPTER XXII.

“ONE further thought I want to leave upon every mind. Nothing should make us speak with bated breath when we are lifting up Christ crucified before the eyes of sinful men. There is no doctrine, there is no experience, there is no decree of the Father, there is no influence of the Spirit which need for a moment make us hesitate when we are extolling the Lord Jesus as an all-sufficient Saviour for the very chief of sinners. Here I stand this morning solemnly to avow before God that I have not a shadow of a hope of seeing His face with acceptance except that which lies in the fact that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners ; in Him I do unfeignedly trust, and in Him alone. What if I have preached the Gospel these five-and-twenty years ; what if I have brought souls to Jesus, not by hundreds but by thousands, through the Divine blessing ; what if I have been the means of founding and fostering works of usefulness on the right hand and on the left ; truly, if these things were to be gloried in we might glory before men, but far from it, we ascribe them all to the Lord's grace, and before His presence we lie in the dust. We have no hope because of our works, no, nor a shadow of hope ; we have no reliance upon our graces, no, nor a ghost of reliance upon them. Jesus Christ stood in my stead ; I, a guilty sinner, have taken shelter by faith, which He has given me, beneath His wings, and I hide myself in Him. You have no claim upon Him ; you have no right to expect mercy at His hands because of anything in you that could move Him to pity ; but in

the plenitude of His grace He has set forth Christ to be a propitiation for our sins, and the apostle adds, 'And not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world.' We preach Jesus Christ unto you this morning, and say in His own words, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Come to Christ and trust in Him, and ye shall be reconciled to God.

"Whoever thou mayest be, and in whatever condition of heart thou mayest be, if thou hast seven devils in thee, if thou art as vile as Lucifer himself in rebellion against God, if thou believest in the great atoning sacrifice, thou shalt have instantaneous pardon and acceptance in the Beloved. Oh, hold not out against such free and boundless love. 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them,' and 'whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' Oh, yield thee, man. What are thy works but sin and death? What are thy boasted performances, thy virtues, and thine excellences? All rottenness in the sight of the heart-searching God. Quit thou thy refuges of lies, I pray thee; quit them now, lest the avalanche of Divine wrath should overwhelm both thee and thy refuges.

'Come, guilty souls, and flee away,  
Like doves to Jesus' wounds;  
This is the accepted gospel day,  
Wherein free grace abounds.'

Trust His Son Jesus; it is His command to you. In other words, 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' for 'he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.'—  
*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.*

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How lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole;  
There is but one Physician  
Can cure the sin-sick soul:  
Next door to death He found me,  
And snatched me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me,  
His wondrous power to save.

From men great skill professing,  
I sought a cure to gain;  
But this proved more distressing,  
And added to my pain.  
Some said that nothing ailed me,  
Some gave me up for lost,  
Thus every refuge failed me,  
And all my hopes were crossed.

A dying, risen Jesus,  
Seen by an eye of faith,  
At once from danger frees us,  
And saves the soul from death;  
Come, then, to this Physician,  
His help he'll freely give;  
He makes no hard condition—  
'Tis only look and live.

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James Laing died June 11, 1842, aged 14 years. We cull the following from an account of his sickness and death, written by the late Rev. R. M. McCheyne:—

He never used to swear at home, because he was afraid he would be punished for it; but when among his companions he often used to swear. "Ah," added he, "it is a wonder God did not send me to hell when I was a swearer." Another day, hearing some boys swearing near his window, he said, "It is a wonder God did not leave me to swear among these boys yet." Such was the early life of this boy.

One night he was leaving a prayer-meeting crying, and

when asked the reason, he said, "There's me come awa' without *Christ* to-night again."

He was sent to Glammis a short time for his health. When he came home, he said, "Ah, Margaret, there was no Bible read yonder! The people a' went to their bed just as if there had been no God." One day after Mr. McCheyne had paid him a visit, he was found on his knees praying, "*O Jesus, save me—save me!*" Margaret asked him if he would like some bread to eat; he answered, "No, but I would take a bit of the bread of life if you would give it me." Towards evening he anxiously asked, "Have I only to believe that Jesus died for sinners? Is that all?" He was told yes, when he made answer, "Well, I do believe that Jesus died for me, for I am a poor, hell-deserving sinner. I have been praying all this afternoon that when Jesus shed his blood for sinners, He would sprinkle some of it on me. *And He did it.*" He then turned to Rom. v. 8, and read these words: "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." His sister at this wept for joy, and James added, "I am not afraid to die now, for Jesus has died for me."

One day Mr. McCheyne read to him: "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink;" "I came to seek and to save that which was lost;" "Wilt thou be made whole?" "I give unto them eternal life;" when he said, "*that's fine.*"

He often wondered "how God sent His servant so often to him, such a hell-deserving sinner." On another occasion he said, "I have a wicked, wicked heart, and a tempting devil. He'll not let me alone, but this is all the hell that I'll get. Jesus bore my hell already. O Margaret, this wicked heart of mine would be hell enough for me, though there was no other! But there are no wicked hearts in heaven."

He had a very clear view of the way of salvation through the *righteousness of Christ*, and it was to him a sweet theme. One day he said to his sister, "O Margaret, I see it must be all Jesus from the beginning to the end. . . . David was here, and told me how many chapters he had read, &c. I see he's upon the working plan; but I must tell him that it's not his reading, nor his praying, but *Jesus alone* that must save him." At another time he said, "The devil is telling me that some of my prayer is sin, but I just tell him it is *all sin*. I bid him go to Jesus, there is no sin in Him, and I have taken Him as my Saviour." "What do you think? The devil tempts me to believe that I will never be saved, because I have repented on my deathbed, but I cry, If I perish, I'll perish at Christ's feet. Would you not think that the devil would let a poor young creature like me alone? but he's an awful tempter." His sister sent him the hymn, "The fullness of Jesus." He said that he liked it all, but he liked the last verse best—

"I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angel's song."

On one occasion his father said, "Poor Jamie!" He replied, "Ah, father, don't call me poor, I am rich; they that have Christ have all things."

D. G. was a very bad boy—so much so, that he had been expelled from the Sunday-school. He visited James regularly every day for some weeks before he died. James often prayed with him alone.

"Sometimes both prayed at the same time for a new heart. Margaret was always made to withdraw at these times. He pleaded with this boy to seek Jesus when young, 'for it's easier to find Jesus when we are young.

Mind what I told you, for I will soon be in heaven.' *Boy*—'Will you get to heaven?' *James*—'Oh yes! all that believe in Christ get to heaven, and I believe that Jesus died for me. Now, David, if I see you on the left hand, you will mind that I often bade you come to Christ.' *Boy*—'I'll have naebody to pray with me, and tell me about my soul, when you are dead.' *James*—'I have bidden Margaret pray for you, and I have told the minister; and go you to our kirk, and he will tell you the way to come to Christ.'

Three times a day did this anxious inquirer seek the prayers and counsels of his youthful instructor, till James's strength gave way, and he could talk no more. The day before he died the boy came in; James could hardly speak, but he looked steadily at him, and said, "*Seek on, David.*"

To his aunt he said, "O aunt, don't put off seeking Christ to a deathbed, for if I had Christ to seek to-day, what would have become of me? but I have given my heart to Christ." Margaret asked him, "What will I do? I will miss your company in the house." James answered, "You maun just go the mair to Jesus. Do not be ill about me now, when I am dead, Margaret. If I thought that, I would be sorry; and God would be angry at you. Ask grace to keep you from it."

About midnight, Margaret seeing him so much worse, woke her father. She tried to conceal her tears; but James saw them, and said, with a look of solemn earnestness, "O woman, I wonder to see you do the like of that!" He soon after fell asleep in Jesus.

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How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky  
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!  
His hands and His feet they were nailed to the tree,  
And all this He suffered for sinners like me!

How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart  
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart !  
No evil befalls them, their home is above,  
And Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.

How precious is Jesus to all who believe !  
And out of His fulness what grace they receive !  
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides,  
And everything needful He kindly provides.

Oh, give then to Jesus your earliest days ;  
They only are blessed who walk in His ways :  
In life and in death He will still be their friend ;  
For those whom He loves He will love to the end.

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“ What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty ! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any door in Doubting Castle. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, opened the doors of the castle therewith, and Christian and Hopeful both came out.”—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

“ Wesley introduced a remarkable passage of this kind in one of his sermons. ‘ The devil,’ said he, ‘ once infused into my mind a temptation that perhaps I did not believe what I was preaching. ‘ Well then,’ said I, ‘ I will preach it till I do.’ But the devil suggested, ‘ What if it should not be true ?’ ‘ Still,’ I replied, ‘ I will preach it, because, whether true or not, it must be pleasing to God, by preparing men better for another world.’ ‘ But what if there should be no other world ?’ rejoined the enemy, ‘ I will go on preaching it,’ said I, ‘ because it is the way to make them better and happier in this.’ ”

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Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

“BEFORE Jesus appeared on earth, he had from eternity possessed all the perfection of Deity. As the Father is God, so also Jesus is God. This is a great mystery, but it is a great truth. The Bible clearly declares it. He is called ‘The Word;’ and St. John tells us, ‘In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not any thing made that was made.’ And, ‘The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.’ We should have cause to fear, if any one inferior were our Saviour. But we may feel quite safe when He undertakes to save, who is the Lord of heaven and earth. Who can harm us, if *He* promises to help us? ‘If God be for us, who can be against us?’ His power, wisdom, holiness, and goodness are all employed on our behalf, as soon as we come to Jesus. With such a Saviour we *cannot* perish. ‘He is able to save to the uttermost.’ You need no one to introduce you to Him. The beggar and the prince, the black man and the white, the ignorant and the learned, those clothed in rags and those in silk attire, are equally welcome. All are invited. You sin by looking anywhere else for help. He says, ‘Look unto *me*, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.’ Look away from men, away from yourself; look only to Jesus, for He alone can save.

“Much is said of coming to Jesus, but how can I come? He is in heaven, and how can I go there to speak to Him? I am told He is also everywhere, but I cannot see Him, and how then can I go to Him? If He were but on earth,

as He once was, there is no trouble I would not take. Without all this trouble, you can make Him understand that you wish Him to save you. Think of Him, let your heart feel respecting Him, and let your cries ascend to Him, just as if you saw Him. He is always near and within call; and though you cannot see Him, He sees you, knows all you feel, and hears all you say. Coming to Jesus is the desire of the heart after Him. It is to feel our sin and misery; to believe that He is able and willing to pardon, comfort, and save us; to ask Him to help us, and to trust in Him as our Friend. To have just the same feelings and desires as if He were visibly present, and we came and implored Him to bless us, is to come to Him, though we do not see His face nor hear His voice. Repenting sinner, your very desire for pardon, your prayer, 'Jesus, save me'—this is coming to Him."—*Rev. Newman Hall* ("Come to Jesus").

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Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power :  
He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more.

Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief and true repentance—  
Every grace that brings you nigh—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him.  
This He gives you :  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and ruined by the Fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

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“His soul was almost always filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. How oft would he cry out, ‘Oh that I could but let you know what I now feel! Oh that I could show you what I see! Oh that I could express the thousandth part of that sweetness which I now find in Christ! You would all then think it well worth the while to be religious. O my dear friends, we little think what Christ is worth upon a deathbed! I would not for a world, nay, for millions of worlds, be now without Christ and a pardon. I would not for a world live any longer; the very thought of a possibility of a recovery makes me even tremble.

“‘I tell you I do so long to be with Christ, that I could be contented to be cut in pieces, and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so I might die and be with Christ. Oh, how sweet is Jesus! “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.” Death, do thy worst! Death hath lost its terribleness. Death, it is nothing. I say, death is nothing, through grace, to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, or turn my head and sleep: I long to be with Christ: I long to die.’

“Addressing his brethren, he said, ‘I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more. Oh, that glory, the unspeakable glory that I behold! My heart is full, my heart is full! Christ smiles, and I cannot but smile. Can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to the complete and eternal enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed

Saviour are open to embrace me ; the angels stand ready to carry my soul into His bosom.

“ ‘ Oh, He is come, He is come ! Oh, how sweet, how glorious is the blessed Jesus ! How shall I speak the thousandth part of His praises ! Oh, for words to set out a little of that excellency ! But it is inexpressible ! Oh ! how excellent, glorious, and lovely is the precious Jesus ! He is sweet, He is altogether lovely.

“ ‘ O my friends, stand by and wonder ; come, look upon a dying man ; I cannot myself but wonder ! Was there ever a greater kindness ? Was there ever a more sensible manifestation of rich grace ! Oh, why me, Lord ? why me ? If this be dying, dying is sweet. Let no true Christian ever be afraid of dying. Oh, death is sweet to me ! This bed is soft. Oh, that you did but see and feel what I do ! ’

“ ‘ According to his desire, most of the time that was spent with him was spent in praise ; and he would still be calling out, ‘ More praise still. Oh, help me to praise Him ; I have done with prayer, and all other ordinances ; I have almost done conversing with mortals. I shall presently behold Christ Himself, who died for me, and washed me in His blood. I shall, before a few hours are over, be in eternity, singing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Zion, with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst those who shall say, Hallelujah ! salvation, glory, honour, and power unto the Lord our God ; and again we shall say, Hallelujah !

“ ‘ Methinks I stand, as it were, with one foot in heaven, and the other upon earth ; methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my

soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be for ever with the Lord in glory.'"

Thus died the Rev. John Janeway, aged twenty-four years.—"*Closing Scenes.*"

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There's a beautiful land on high,  
To its glories I fain would fly ;  
When by sorrows pressed down,  
I long for my crown,  
In that beautiful land on high.

In that beautiful land I'll be  
From earth and its cares set free ;  
My Jesus is there ; He's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.

There's a beautiful land on high ;  
I shall enter it by and by,  
There, with friends hand in hand,  
I shall walk on the strand,  
In that beautiful land on high.

There's a beautiful land on high ;  
Then why should I fear to die,  
When death is the way  
To the realms of day,  
In that beautiful land on high ?

There's a beautiful land on high,  
Where we never shall say " Good-bye ! "  
When over the river  
We're happy for ever,  
In that beautiful land on high.

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. . . " The Lord in mercy had called me, and revealed His precious salvation to my soul, at the end of my fifteenth year, in the very midst of that heathen darkness which hovers over the Lutheran Church in Germany. I had no teacher but the Spirit and God's Word ; the struggles were long and fearfully hot, but at the end of six

months I found that precious peace which passes all understanding. I talked to every one about Jesus Christ—to my father, mother, brothers, sisters, school-mates, and neighbours . . . They all laughed at me, called me mad, and scorned me. But oh, I was so happy ; and the wilder the storm around me raged, the deeper and deeper was my happiness within. . . . My father was an infidel ; when we knew death was approaching I would in keen anguish of heart throw myself at his feet, embrace his knees, and plead with him that he would have mercy on his own soul and accept Jesus as his Saviour. He would push me away and swear at me. His awful death was a fearful proof that the blood of Christ did not avail for him, for his agonies were truly horrid to witness ; the worm that never dies appears to have taken possession of his soul even before it had left its earthly tabernacle. — *Extract from a Private Letter to the Author from Mrs. L. B. R—, the Widow of Colonel R—, of the U.S.A.*

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Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;  
Weep o'er the erring one,  
Lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Though they are slighting Him,  
Still He is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive.  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently ;  
He will forgive if they only believe.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

“THANK God, you can be saved if you will. . . . But let me say here that Christ drew the dividing line while upon that cross. On one side of Him was unbelief, and the unbeliever died reviling Him. On the other side was belief, and the believer went up to Paradise. He believed in a moment, and yet there are men who cannot understand sudden conversion. One of them would not receive salvation, and went down to death; and the other accepted salvation as a gift, and went up to His kingdom. I can now imagine him singing the sweet songs of Moses and the Lamb. No one sings those sweet songs any louder than does the thief. Ask that poor thief, who when down here was a reviler, who was a blasphemer, and lived at enmity with God, how he came into that world of light? Ask him how he got that sceptre in his hand, that crown on his brow; how he was permitted to sing the high hallelujahs of the redeemed, and his voice will come back, telling you, ‘I took salvation as the gift of God.’ Ah, my friends, there is salvation for all who will have it, and damnation for those who won’t accept the gift. He commanded His disciples to preach the Gospel as a gift just before He left the earth. ‘Go ye,’ said He, ‘into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature; he that BELIEVETH and is baptized shall be SAVED, but he that BELIEVETH NOT shall be DAMNED.’ What will you do? Will you believe and be saved? Will you accept His offer to-night or reject it?

“ ‘Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.’

I can now read it—'Christ died for my sins.' I have often thought that if I could only make people feel this really, and could tell the story of His death as it ought to be told, I would only preach one sermon, and go up and down the world and just tell this one story. I don't know anything that would break the heart of the world like this story, if it could be brought before men and women, and they would feel it. I know it broke my heart, and I have often thought if I could only tell it as it ought to be told I would be the happiest man in the world. I don't believe it has ever been told yet. I don't believe the man has been born who could tell it; I don't believe that the angels in heaven could tell it. Sometimes people say we have overdrawn the pictures in the Bible; but there is one story that has never been overdrawn—the story of His death. No one ever did justice to that story; no one ever made that real. I believe the heart of every man in this audience would be broken if I could make that story real. . . . They look upon it as the old story of 1800 years ago, which they have heard from the cradle. I believe, if we were living as we ought to, it would be fresh every night and every hour of our lives.

"A great many people say, 'I want to become clean before I come to Christ.' Now, my friends, that is the devil's work. He tries to get people to believe that they can't come without getting rid of their sins, but, as I've said, all through the Scriptures He bids you come as you are. We cannot take away or atone for our sins; come to Him, and He will blot them out. . . . You needn't try to get rid of one particle of sin. He wants to save you as you are. 'Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the water of life freely.' Will you come to-day? The Spirit and the Bride invite you this afternoon. Now I want to ask you what are you going to do with these ten loving

invitations to-day: 'Come and hear,' 'Come and see,' 'Come and reason,' 'Come and rest,' 'Come and eat and drink,' 'Come and dine,' 'Come and find grace,' 'Come unto the marriage,' 'Come—whosoever will,' and 'Come and inherit the kingdom prepared for you?' Ask God to help you to come to-day."—*D. L. Moody's Sermons.*

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Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see:  
Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs away;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall;  
View the Lord of life arraigned.  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete.  
It is finished! hear Him cry:  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid His breathless clay.  
All is solitude and gloom:—  
Who hath taken Him away?  
Christ is risen; He seeks the skies:  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

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The great Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D. LL.D., preached (the Gospel?) some years before he was a converted man. "He performed," says Dr. F. Wayland, his biographer, "all the duties of his office which at that time were commonly required of a minister. He inculcated principally

civil, social, and moral duties, with the hope that thus he might at least witness a reformation in the members of his parish. They considered him an earnest preacher. . . . At the same time he was not unwilling to express his dislike of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, and especially he believed the doctrines of the atonement and of salvation by Christ alone nothing better than the dream of fanaticism. . . . With his altered views of human sinfulness there came also an altered view of the atonement. He says of himself, referring to this time, 'I was, in fact, a practical deist, excepting in a kind of tenderness for some tenets, and a reversionary out-look for final happiness.'"

Again, quoting from his Memoir, "He was thus taught that he was sinful, helpless, and undone; that salvation by our own efforts is impossible, and that the attempt to work out a righteousness by ourselves is absurd. He saw that our pardon must come alone from the atonement of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, and that this pardon is offered to all that believe. He was led to see that, believing in Christ, a new spirit is given to us, so that with the whole heart we serve Him from love; that which the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin (as an offering for sin) condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. The good news thus offered to him he embraced with his whole soul. As a helpless, condemned sinner, renouncing all merit in the sight of God, and justly exposed to the condemnation of the law, he cast himself on Christ alone for pardon; he yielded up his whole soul to be governed alone by His Spirit, and clothed in the righteousness of Christ, he felt that he could ap-

proach into the presence of immaculate purity, and claim the privilege of the sons of God. For 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whoso believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' His whole life was henceforth governed by a new principle. Every power of his soul was employed in showing forth the praises of Him who had called him out of darkness into his marvellous light."

Writing to a friend Dr. Chalmers says: "I must say that I had never had so close and satisfactory a view of the Gospel as when I have been led to contemplate it in the light of a simple offer on the one side, and a simple acceptance on the other. It is just saying to one and all of us, 'There is forgiveness through the blood of my Son; take it;' and whosoever believes the reality of the offer takes it. It is not in any shape the reward of our services. It is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. The Son of man was so lifted up that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

He died somewhat suddenly, and left no deathbed testimony.—*Extracted from Memoir of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., by Rev. Francis Wayland, D.D.*

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Give me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys  
How great their glories be.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day  
Happy on the golden strand;  
Many are the voices calling us away  
To join their glorious band—  
Calling us away, calling us away,  
Calling to the better land.

Once they were mourners here below,  
 And poured out cries and tears :  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came ;  
 They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to His death.

On his deathbed Samuel Rutherford said, "Brethren, do all you can for Christ: pray for Christ, preach for Christ, feed the flock of Christ, visit the sick for Christ, do all for Christ." The dying words of John Knox were, "Come, Lord Jesus: sweet Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

On October 25, 1856, died the widow of the Rev. Wm. Rhodes, of Damerham, England, in the triumph of the Gospel. The following plaintive hymn was dictated by her to an amanuensis with her dying breath, and while in the greatest bodily suffering—

Lord, I approach Thine awful throne,  
 A sinner saved by grace ;  
 I dare present no other plea,  
 But that the Saviour died for me.

I trust His love, so free, so great ;  
 His pity for our fallen state ;  
 His power so boundless to redeem  
 The feeble saint that trusts in Him.

Withhold not, Lord, the grace I plead ;  
 Withhold not, Lord, the light I need ;  
 Pour through my soul Thy sacred rays,  
 And fill my fading lip with praise.

Give me a glimpse of sacred light,  
 A vision of the Infinite,  
 That shall light up my sinking frame,  
 And bring fresh honours to Thy name.

## CHAPTER XXV.

“ So now we must close—and this is the last point—THE PROCLAMATION OF THIS FACT, that ‘ Christ died for the ungodly.’ I would not mind if I were condemned to live fifty years more, and never to be allowed to speak but these five words, if I might be allowed to utter them in the ear of every man, and woman, and child who lives. ‘ CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY ’ is the best message that even angels could bring to men. In the proclamation of this the whole church ought to take its share. Those of us who can address thousands should be diligent to cry aloud, ‘ Christ died for the ungodly!’ but those of you who can only speak to one, or write a letter to one, must keep on at this—‘ Christ died for the ungodly.’ Shout it out, or whisper it out; print it in capitals, or write it in a lady’s hand—‘ Christ died for the ungodly.’ Speak it solemnly; it is not a thing for jest. Speak it joyfully; it is not a theme for sorrow, but for joy. Speak it firmly; it is an indisputable fact. Facts of science, as they call them, are always questioned: this is unquestionable. Speak it earnestly; for if there be any truth which ought to arouse all a man’s soul it is this—‘ Christ died for the ungodly.’ Speak it where the ungodly live, and that is at your own house. Speak it also down in the dark corners of the city, in the haunts of debauchery, in the home of the thief, in the den of the depraved. Tell it in the gaol; and sit down at the dying bed and read in a tender whisper—‘ Christ died for the ungodly.’ When you pass the harlot in the street, do not give a toss with

that proud head of yours, but remember that 'Christ died for the ungodly;' and when you recollect those that injured you, say no bitter word, but hold your tongue, and remember 'Christ died for the ungodly.' Make this henceforth the message of your life—'Christ died for the ungodly.'

"Having put this as plainly as I know how, and having guarded my speech to prevent there being anything like a flowery sentence in it, having tried to put this as clearly as daylight itself—that 'Christ died for the ungodly,' if your ears refuse the precious boons that come through the dying Christ, your blood be upon your own heads, for there is no other way of salvation for any one among you. Whether you reject or accept this, I am clear. But oh! do not reject it, for it is your life. If the Son of God dies for sinners, and sinners reject His blood, they have committed the most heinous offence possible. I will not venture to affirm, but I do suggest that the devils in hell are not capable of so great a stretch of criminality as is involved in the rejection of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Here lies the highest love. The incarnate God bleeds to death to save men, and men hate God so much that they will not even have Him as He dies to save them. They will not be reconciled to their Creator, though He stoops from His loftiness to the depths of woe in the person of His Son on their behalf. This is depravity indeed, and desperateness of religion. God grant you may not be guilty of it. There can be no fiercer flame of wrath than that which will break forth from love that has been trampled upon, when men have put from them eternal life, and done despite to the Lamb of God. 'Oh,' says one, 'would God I could believe!' 'Sir, what difficulty is there in it? Is it hard to believe the truth? Darest thou belie thy God? Art thou steeling thy heart to such

desperateness that thou wilt call thy God a liar ?' 'No ; I believe Christ died for the ungodly,' says one, 'but I want to know how to get the merit of that death applied to my own soul.' Thou mayest, then, for here it is— 'He that believeth in him,' that is, he that trusts in Him, 'is not condemned.' Here is the Gospel and the whole of it— 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved : he that believeth not shall be damned.'"—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.*

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In evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight  
And stopped my wild career.

I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood ;  
He fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near His cross I stood.

Oh, never till my latest breath  
Shall I forget that look ;  
It seemed to charge me with His death,  
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned the guilt ;  
It plunged me in despair ;  
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail Him there.

A second look He gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive ;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
I die that thou mayst live."

Thus, while His death my sin displays  
In all its darkest hue,  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals my pardon too.

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"His mother had permitted him to enter his room alone, but kept her station near the door ; his groans and

sighs increased her alarm ; she sent for me. I hastened to him, and witnessed a sight which can never be forgotten. Yes ! I beheld my petitions answered in the agonizing prayers of my only child. With hands clasped together he sat on his bed, his eyes turned heavenward, tears plentifully bedewed his cheeks. I heard him with indescribable anguish imploring the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. His affectionate mother, at a little distance from him, sat weeping. Convulsed with different feelings I approached his bed, when, taking my hand, he exclaimed in agony—

“ ‘ O papa, papa ! your sermon to-night has shown me that I am wrong—that I am a lost sinner. You said that those persons who had never gone forth weeping would never return rejoicing ; and, alas ! till now I never knew what sorrow for sin meant ; therefore I have no scriptural right to peace or joy : O papa, papa ! what shall I do ? ’

“ ‘ Be calm, my dear,’ I replied, ‘ the case is not a lost one.’

“ ‘ But I am lost,’ he quickly replied.

“ ‘ Yes, you are lost, but in the same way as a man or child who falls into a pit or river ; should a friend pass at the moment, and lift him from his perilous position, he would be saved. So our Lord Jesus Christ stands ready and anxious to assist you, and bids you look to Him and be saved. You are made sensible that you need a Saviour ; He waits to be gracious ; He attends to the first breath of prayer from a penitent child : He loves the first groans or sighs sent from the heart. Look to Him, my dear boy ; accept of His mercy ; pray to Him ; He will pardon and love you.’

“ He again clasped his hands, and with a heartrending groan said, ‘ But I have no right to joy, if destitute of real sorrow for sin.’

“ ‘ But do you not feel your sins to be a burden ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, now I do.’

“ ‘ Well, then, the Saviour says, “ Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest ; look unto me, and be ye saved.” ’

“ He became more calm, but my feelings being completely overpowered, obliged me to leave the room. When more composed, I returned, and found him in bitter agony, conversing with his mother, and again exclaiming, ‘ Oh ! I have been deceived all these years ; what an awful thing is self-deception ! Oh that the Spirit would witness with my spirit that I am born of God.’ His mother was directing him to the Saviour. He continued to pray earnestly until, exhausted, he fell into the arms of sleep. She watched by him until midnight, rejoicing and weeping.

“ Nothing but Thy blood, O Jesus, can do helpless sinners good. I committed my weeping son in prayer to the care of Him who graciously styles Himself the ‘ God of love,’ the ‘ Friend of sinners,’ who alone can communicate peace to the troubled conscience.

“ I had not sat long the next morning in my study thus exercised, when I heard his dear little footsteps near my door. He entered with his usual bow and salutation—

“ ‘ Good morning, papa.’

“ ‘ Good morning, my darling ; how are you ? Come to my arms, I want to ask you a question or two. When at your door last night, I heard you exclaim with great eagerness, “ Oh that the Spirit would witness with my spirit that I am a child of God.” Did you mean that the great and blessed God would speak to you, a poor little sinner, with a voice from heaven.’

“ With a look that now rends my heart, he said, ‘ No, papa ; I should be ashamed of such a thought.’

“ ‘ Well, my child,’ I replied, ‘ I am glad that you had

no such desire or expectation. But tell me what you did mean ?'

" 'I meant,' he said, with the firmness of a man fifty years old, 'that I wished the Holy Spirit would work in my heart what He has written in the Bible, and then let me see it.'

" 'And do you now desire that your whole heart may be sanctified and devoted to God ?'

" 'Yes, papa,' he replied with strong emotion, 'I do.'

" 'Cleave then to the Saviour, my dear child, praying for His mercy, and it shall be granted.'

" A new principle now pervaded his actions. Before he felt the comforts of pardoning grace, he trembled in view of God's justice ; now that his soul knew the joys of forgiveness, he felt the mainspring of all his endeavours to be the ennobling principle of Divine love. From the most close investigation of his character, I had every reason to believe that his deep and often returning sorrow for sin produced the 'peaceable fruits of righteousness.'

" On returning, I found my precious boy seriously ill, and carried him to bed ; he could not walk. So rapidly had disease increased, that his senses began to wander. Two physicians were called in ; both agreed in opinion that no danger was near. On the following day the symptoms increased, and excited alarm ; he had scarcely any intervals of reason.

" Once, indeed, he pointed to the newly-raised chapel and cottage, saying, 'In my Father's house are many mansions, to one of which I am going, that chapel I shall never enter.' He then sung several hymns, and imagined himself in the schools, addressing the children in his usual strains ; but was evidently unconscious of everything around him. During that night the fever (a confirmed typhus) manifested the most marked symptoms of

approaching death. In the evening he exchanged earth for heaven, aged 12 years and 11 months."—*Extracts from the Memoir of Samuel W. Kilpin. Am. Baptist Publishing Society.*

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Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on His gentle breast,  
 There, by His love o'ershaded,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
 Hark! 'tis the voice of angels  
 Borne in a song to me,  
 Over the fields of glory,  
 Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on His gentle breast,  
 There, by His love o'ershaded,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe from corroding care,  
 Safe from the world's temptations,  
 Sin cannot hurt me there.  
 Free from the blight of sorrow,  
 Free from my doubts and fears;  
 Only a few more trials,  
 Only a few more tears!

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
 Jesus has died for me;  
 Firm on the Rock of Ages  
 Ever my trust shall be.  
 Here let me wait with patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er;  
 Wait till I see the morning  
 Break on the golden shore.

---

"Stop trying. The more you try to feel, the more you won't. Feeling does not come by trying; it comes always unsought. . . . God calls you to two things. (1) Trust in Him; (2) Consecration to Him. Give yourself

to Him ; accept His gift of Himself to you ; and then go about your daily duties as He opens them to you, doing them because He calls you to them, and leaving Him to bring you the fruits of joy, peace, hope, &c., in His own time and way."—*Christian Weekly. American Tract Society.*

A lady when dying overheard some of her friends say in a whisper, "She is sinking fast," when she opened her eyes and said, "*How can I sink through a rock!*" She evidently felt that she was resting securely on the Rock of Ages.

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Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save me from its guilt and power.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne.  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

“NOTWITHSTANDING the great and glorious fact of Christ's death for guilty man, it is notorious that many anxious inquirers find it to be a laborious and despairing work to find true peace—peace which the world can neither give nor yet take away. Almost daily we meet with searching, struggling, sorrowing souls, whom the Holy Spirit has convinced of sin, but who are blind to the only source of such deliverance. And why? Because, almost in every instance, they look into their own sinful hearts, instead of looking into the kind, loving, sympathising, and compassionate heart of God. GOD IS LOVE, and ‘*GOD so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life*’ (John iii. 16). Anxious sinner, contemplate God in the light of His own truth. Satan and self-will only continue to keep you in bondage. The truth must make you ‘free.’ The more you gaze at your own cold heart, it will become worse and worse. Oh, why so fond of yourself? Why so desirous to have some satisfaction *within*, before you come to Jesus? Why wait, and weep, and wail, and waver so long? *The fault is all your own.* Turn your thoughts to the WORD OF GOD. ‘BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHO TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD.’ Appropriate that Saviour's blood and righteousness—it *was* shed for your sins. The ‘whole world’ was ransomed; therefore see that all your sins are *atoned for* by ‘the bleeding Lamb of God.’ His ‘righteousness is unto all and upon all them that believe.’ Are you afraid to rest upon His

perfect, finished work? Are you afraid to *trust* His perfect, undying love? Is your faith weak! Well, but it is the love and *work* of *your* Saviour that *gives peace*. Your faith *may* be as a grain of 'mustard seed,' and yet you may pass from death to life. Receive Jesus as your own dear Lord, and rest contentedly in His prevailing intercession. 'WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM shall never perish.' Have you little love to Jesus? Perhaps you think that if you *felt more* love to Him, you would then enjoy a greater sense of pardon and peace. Ponder His divine love, for it has a height and depth, a length and breadth, which pass 'knowledge.' Gratitude will well from your solaced spirit when this immeasurable love is daily considered. Peace will be whispered in your ear as you meditate on the crucified Jesus bearing your transgression. Pardon will be granted the moment you are satisfied with the atonement made on Calvary for your sin. Oh that precious blood, that priceless ransom, that peerless Saviour! His voice may well calm our fears, His Word assure our hearts, and His work bind us to Himself for ever. Look ever to Jesus."—*The Day Star*.

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The great Physician now is near,  
 The sympathising Jesus,  
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Sweetest note in seraph song,  
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
 Sweetest carol ever sung,  
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

Through Him your sins are all forgiven,  
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;  
 In peace go on your way to heaven,  
 The rest and home of Jesus.

All glory to the dying Lamb !

I now believe in Jesus ;

I love the blessed Saviour's name,

I love the name of Jesus.

His name dispels our guilt and fear,

No other name but Jesus ;

Oh, how my soul delights to hear

The precious name of Jesus.

And when to the bright world above

We rise to see our Jesus,

We'll sing around the throne of love

His name, the name of Jesus.

The Rev. Joseph Belcher, D.D., the biographer of Dr. Carey, the pioneer foreign missionary, says : " None of my readers will expect to find anything very marvellous in the circumstances of the death of Dr. Carey. He rested on the atoning sacrifice of Christ for salvation, and laboured in the cause of Him who died for sinners like himself, humbly expecting mercy—sovereign and free—when he came to die. . . . On one occasion to a visiting minister he said, ' I cannot say I have any very rapturous feelings ; but I am confident in the promises of the Lord. I wish to leave my eternal interests in His hands—to place my hands in His, as a child would his father's ; to be led how and where He pleases. . . . I am sure that Christ will save all that come unto Him ; and if I know anything of myself, I think I know that I have come to Him. . . . The cross of Christ, the atonement of the Redeemer, is my all-sufficient ground for joy.' "

By his will he requested that, besides the date of his birth and death, the following two lines only should be put on his tombstone—

" A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall."

How sad our state by nature is !  
Our sin, how deep its stains !  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word :  
"Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord."

My soul obeys th' almighty call,  
And runs to this relief :  
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,  
Oh ! help my unbelief.

To the dear fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly ;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From stains of deepest dye.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall ;  
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.

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"After supper Mr. Hall became silent, and I heard him sigh two or three times. So I said to 'un, 'Anything the matter, Mr. Hall ?'

" 'Yes, Master York, very much. I am in great doubts as to my state. I sometimes fear I have never been converted, and it distresses me exceedingly.'

" 'Why, sure, Mr. Hall, *that* canna be anyhow. How do you think you could a preached as you did to us to-night if you hadn't a been converted ?'

" 'Master York, what do you consider to be decisive proof of conversion ?'

" 'Why, then, Mr. Hall, I think that if a man loves and fears God he is about right. Don't you, now ?'

" 'Love and fear God, Master York ? I do, indeed, I do.' And then, Mr. Trestrail, how he did go on to be sure.

I never heard such things about God Almighty before except in the Bible. He talked about our world, and then about other worlds; about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, as all made by Him; about His wisdom and power; about sin and the awful ruin it had caused; about God's pity and love for us poor sinners, sending His dear Son to die for us; about pardon and life—*everlasting life*—that I was indeed quite amazed like. . . . Just you think, now, that such a poor creature as I am should really have helped such a wonderful a man as that. Why, my dear pastor, I stood there and cried like a baby.'"—*Rev. Frederick Trestrail in Bap. Mag.*

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My soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw Thee from the skies.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armour down;  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.

Then persevere till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To His divine abode.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

“ ‘BEHOLD the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of *the world.*’ ‘The bread of life is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto *the world.*’ ‘I am the Light of *the world.*’ ‘God was in Christ, reconciling *the world* unto Himself.’ ‘God our Saviour will have *all men* to be saved.’ ‘Christ Jesus gave Himself a ransom for ALL.’ ‘He tasted death for every man.’ ‘He is the propitiation for our sins ; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of THE WHOLE WORLD.’ Christ brought good news to every creature—good news therefore to *you* ! Whatever the Gospel contains worthy the name ‘glad tidings,’ is intended for *you*. Take God at His word ! Rejoice with ‘great joy ;’ for there is good news for every one, therefore there is a Christ for every one, therefore there is a Christ for you.

“ His blood will either, through your faith, wash you clean ; or through your unbelief, give your guilty stains a deeper and a deadlier dye. If you believe not, to all your other sins you add this, of rejecting God’s chief gift, and disobeying God’s chief command. Oh tremble, lest the solemn threatening should be fulfilled in your case—‘He that despised Moses’ law died without mercy : of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted *the blood of the covenant wherewith He was sanctified* an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God ’ (Heb. x. 28–31).

“ There is a Christ for every one, and therefore a Christ

for *you*! There is pardon for *you*! The Holy Spirit for *you*! The favour of God for *you*! Eternal life for *you*! Jesus Christ 'tasted death for *every* man.' 'The love of Christ constraineth us because we thus judge, that if one died for all then were all dead; and that *He died for all*, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again.'

"Believe the good news! You may, in your despondency, shut yourself out from the elect, you may shut yourself out from the church, but you cannot shut yourself out of the *world*—and 'God so loved THE WORLD, that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.'

"O glorious word WHOSOEVER! You cannot escape from it, reader! Whithersoever you fly it follows you—arrests you—expostulates with you—'*Whosoever!*' In the darkest corner of the dungeon of despair, it finds you, and whispers in your ear, *Whosoever!* It is heaven's great bell calling you to the feast of salvation—*Whosoever! Whosoever!* Its boom swells round the whole earth, and breaks in as a reply to all your doubts. 'I'm afraid, after all, that Christ did not die for me.' *Whosoever!* 'I'm not one of the elect.' *Whosoever!* 'I cannot feel any confidence that I share in the salvation of the Gospel.' *Whosoever!* 'I have no love to Christ.' *Whosoever!* 'I was never struck down with an overpowering sense of sin.' *Whosoever!* 'I've sinned away my day of grace.' *Whosoever!* 'I've quenched the Spirit.' *Whosoever!* 'I've crucified the Son of God afresh.' *Whosoever!* Not because you deserve, but because you need a Saviour you are invited to trust in Him, and '*Whosoever* believeth in Him shall have everlasting life!' No guilt too aggravated—no heart too obdurate—no nature too debased! WHOSOEVER! None can seek in vain. He who uttered these words to Nicodemus, also

said, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.'"—*Christ for every one. By the Rev. Newman Hall. American Tract Society.*

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"Whosoever heareth," shout! shout the sound,  
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;  
Spread the joyful news, wherever man is found,  
"Whosoever will may come."

"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"  
Send the proclamation o'er vale and hill;  
'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home:  
"Whosoever will may come."

Whosoever cometh need not delay;  
Now the door is open, enter while you may;  
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,  
"Whosoever will may come."

"Whosoever will," the promise is secure;  
"Whosoever will," for ever shall endure;  
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore;  
"Whosoever will may come."

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The Rev. John Berridge, an eminently useful member of the Church of England, through whose instrumentality many were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in the counties of Bedford and Cambridge, England, wrote to a friend thus:—

"Rev. and dear Sir,—My desire and intention, in this letter, is to inform you what the Lord has lately done for my soul. In order to this, it may be needful to give a little previous information of my manner of life, from my youth up to the present time.

"When I was about the age of fourteen, God was pleased to show me that I was a sinner, and that I must be born again before I could enter into His kingdom. Accordingly, I betook myself to reading, praying, and watching, and was enabled thereby to make some progress

in sanctification (as I flattered myself). In this manner I went on, though not always with the same diligence, till about a year ago. I thought myself in the right way to heaven, though as yet I was wholly out of the way, and imagined I was travelling towards Zion, though I had never set myself thitherward. Indeed, God would have shown me that I was wrong by not owning my ministry; but I paid no regard to this for a long time; imputing my want of success to *the naughty hearts of my hearers*, and not to *my own naughty doctrine*.

“You may ask, perhaps, ‘What was my doctrine?’ Why, dear sir, it was the doctrine that every man will naturally hold whilst he continues in an unregenerate state, that we are to be justified partly by our faith, and partly by our works. This doctrine I preached for six years at a curacy which I served from college, and though I took some extraordinary pains, and pressed sanctification upon them very earnestly, yet they continued unsanctified as before, and not one soul was brought to Christ. There was, indeed, a little more of the form of religion in the parish, but not anything of the power.

“At length I removed to Everton. Here again I pressed sanctification and regeneration as vigorously as I could; but finding no success, after preaching two years in this manner, I began to be discouraged. Now some secret misgivings arose in my mind that I was not right myself. These misgivings grew strong, and at last very painful. Being under great doubts, I cried unto the Lord very earnestly—Lord, if I am right, keep me so; if I am not right, make me so. Lead me to the knowledge of ‘the truth as it is in Jesus.’ . . . The scales fell from my eyes immediately, and now I clearly see the rock I had been splitting upon for nearly thirty years.

“Do you ask what this rock was? It was—*some secret*

*reliance on my own works for salvation.* I had hoped to be saved partly by my own name, and partly in Christ's name, though I am told there is salvation in no other name, except in the name of Jesus Christ. I had hoped to be saved partly through my own works, and partly through Christ's mercies; though I am told that we are saved by grace through faith, and not of works. I hoped to make myself acceptable to God partly through my own good works. When we are justified, it is done freely and graciously, without the least merit of ours, and solely by the grace of God, through Jesus Christ. (Rom. iii. 24.)

"All that is previously needful to justification is this, that we be convinced by the Spirit of God of our own sinfulness (Isa. lxiv. 6); convinced that we are the children of wrath, by nature, on account of our birth-sin (Eph. ii. 3), and that we are under the curse of God . . . These are things that I was an utter stranger to before, notwithstanding all my reading, watching, and praying, and these are things that every one must be a stranger to, until he is made a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

"And now let me point out to you the grand delusion which had liked to have ruined my soul. I saw very early something of the unholiness of my nature, and the necessity of being born again. Accordingly, I watched, prayed, and fasted too, thinking to purify my heart by these means, whereas it can only be purified by faith. (Acts xv. 9.) Watching, praying, and fasting are necessary duties; but I, like many others, placed some secret reliances on them, thinking they were to do that for me, in part at least, which Christ only could. The truth is, though I saw myself to be a sinner, yet I did not see myself *an utterly lost sinner*, and therefore I could not come to Jesus alone to save me. I despised the doctrine of justification by faith alone, looking on it as a foolish and dangerous doctrine.

I was not yet stript of all my righteousness—could not consider it as filthy rags, and therefore I went about to establish a righteousness of my own, and did not submit to the righteousness of God by faith (Rom. v. iii) ; I did not seek after righteousness through faith, but, as it were, by the works of the law. Thus I stumbled and fell."

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Faith is not what we *feel* or see,  
It is a simple *trust*  
In what the God of love has said  
Of Jesus as "the Just."

What Jesus is, and that alone,  
Is faith's delightful plea ;  
It never deals with *sinful* self,  
Nor *righteous* self, in me.

It tells me I am counted "*dead*"  
By God, in His own word ;  
It tells me I am "*born again*"  
In Christ, my *risen* Lord.

In that He died, He died to *sin* ;  
In that He lives—to God ;  
Then I am dead to *nature's* hopes,  
And justified through blood.

If He is free, then I am free  
From all unrighteousness ;  
If He is just, then I am just,  
*He is my* righteousness.

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Dr. Archibald Alexander once gave the following advice to a doubting student : " You think you once repented and believed. Now don't fight your doubts, go it all over again. Repent now ; believe in Christ. I have to do both very often. Go to your room, and give yourself to Christ this very moment and let doubts go. If you have not been His disciple, be one *now*. Don't fight the devil on his own ground. Choose the ground of Christ's righteousness and atonement, and then fight him."

" Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

“If you desire salvation, and want to know what to do, I advise you to go this very day to the Lord Jesus Christ, in the first private place you can find, and entreat Him in prayer to save your soul. Tell Him that you have heard that He receives sinners, and has said, ‘Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.’ Tell Him that you are a poor, vile sinner, and that you come to Him on the faith of His own invitation. Tell Him you put yourself wholly and entirely in His hands; that you feel vile, and helpless, and hopeless in yourself; and that, except He saves you, you have no hope to be saved at all. Beseech Him to deliver you from the guilt, the power, and the consequences of sin. Beseech Him to pardon you and wash you in His own blood. Beseech Him to give you a new heart, and plant the Holy Spirit in your soul. Beseech Him to give you grace, and faith, and will, and power to be His disciple and servant from this day for ever. Oh, go this very day, and tell these things to the Lord Jesus Christ, if you are really in earnest about your soul.”—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

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I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

I need Thee, oh, I need thee;  
Every hour I need Thee;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour!  
I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by:  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

“I THINK the whole substance of salvation lies in the thought, that Christ stood in the place of man. Do you mean to tell me that I who am lost am to be saved, not through anything I do, or hope to do, but purely through what another did?’ He can hardly believe it possible; he will have it, he must do something; he must do this, or that, or the other, to help Christ; and the hardest thing in the world is to bring a man to see that salvation is of the Lord alone, and not at all of himself; that it is God’s free and perfect gift, which leaves nothing of ours to be added to it, but is given to us to cover us completely from head to foot without anything of our own. Men will conceive what God would not have them conceive, and they will not receive that which God would have them embrace. So the poor soul thinks of the Gospel, ‘Certainly it cannot heal me;’ and then he misunderstands the nature of the sacred medicine altogether, and begins to take the law instead of the Gospel. Now the law never saved any yet, though it has condemned full many in its time, and will condemn us all, unless we have the Gospel.

“If any man here should be in doubt on account of ignorance, let me, as plainly as I can, state the Gospel. I believe it to be wrapt up in one word—*Substitution*. I have always considered, with Luther and Calvin, that the sum and substance of the Gospel lies in that word, *Substitution*, Christ standing in the stead of man. If I understand the Gospel, it is this: I deserve to be lost and ruined; the only reason why I should not be damned is

this, that Christ was punished in my stead, and there is no need to execute a sentence twice for sin. On the other hand, I know I cannot enter heaven unless I have a perfect righteousness ; I am absolutely certain I shall never have one of my own, for I find I sin every day ; but then Christ had a perfect righteousness, and He said, 'There, take my garment, put it on ; you shall stand before God as if you were Christ, and I will stand before God as if I had been the sinner.' "—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.*

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What Jesus is, and that alone,  
Is Faith's delightful plea ;  
It never deals with *sinful* self,  
Nor *righteous* self, in me.

It tells me I am counted " dead "  
By God, in His own Word ;  
It tells me I am " born again "  
In Christ, my risen Lord.

In that He died, He died to sin ;  
In that He lives,—to God ;  
Then I am dead to Nature's hopes,  
And justified through blood.

If *He* is free, then *I* am free  
From all unrighteousness :  
If *He* is just, then *I* am just ;  
He is my Righteousness.

What want I more to perfect bliss ?  
A body like His own  
Will perfect me for greater joys  
Than angels' round the throne.

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" Once when alone, she seemed anxious to unbosom every feeling of her soul. The substance of it was as follows—she expressed great satisfaction at having been enabled publicly to profess the name of the Lord Jesus :

and, in the most humiliating terms, the deep conviction she entertained of her character as a sinner in the sight of God ; at the same time, her perfect reliance on the righteousness wrought out for her by the Saviour, and the firm hope she had of salvation, arising from His death. . . .

“ ‘It is *for you* I feel ; I am going at the voice of my adorable Redeemer, who laid down His life for my sake.’ . . . .

“ ‘Mamma,’ said she, ‘if it be the will of God to deprive you of me, it is our duty to acquiesce, and He will support you under the trial (putting her hands round her neck) ; yes, He *will* support you.’

“ ‘Yes, I rejoice in the idea that the Saviour was made partaker of flesh and blood, and, through death, destroyed him that had the power of death. . . . I feel sensibly that I am a sinner, and it is only from the finished work of the Redeemer that I derive any hope. I have committed my soul into the hands of Jesus ; and I know in whom I have believed, and feel persuaded that He will keep what I have committed unto Him until that day.’

“ ‘She experienced the *most* composure when she could cast herself upon Christ *freely*, as ‘the chief of sinners,’ and depend on His mercy alone for salvation. To use her own expression, ‘When I feel myself the most unworthy, I enjoy the most solid hope, because He died for *sinners* ; on the contrary, if any self-righteous sentiments mingle with my faith, I cannot so fully perceive the *value* of the Divine sacrifice.’ . . . .

“ ‘It was apprehended she was dying, and the scene became more impressive by her exclaiming incessantly, in an exulting strain, ‘*Praise him, praise him, praise him ! Glory, glory, glory !*’

“ ‘At another time, her mother said, ‘Dear saint, you will soon be freed from these sufferings.’ ‘Speak not of

me as a *saint*,' she replied, 'Christ is only precious to me as a *sinner*,' repeating—

'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;  
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.'

'I feel such a resting upon Christ as I cannot describe.'

"Death was imperceptibly making rapid advances. At eleven her mother perceived signs of death. She complained of extreme cold; and an hour after respiration became exceedingly difficult, and she requested the windows might be opened. After some severe pangs she inquired, 'What is it, mamma? is it death?' It was answered in the affirmative.

"Half an hour before her dissolution she was asked, 'Is Jesus still precious?' She replied, with considerable animation, 'Oh yes, yes; but do not talk much—He is, VERY, VERY!' She immediately lifted up her hands in prayer, which terminated in a struggle; then placing both hands in those of her mother, she looked at her with a smile of affection, and said, '*O my mamma!*' A short struggle ensued, after which she laid her head placidly on the pillow, as if she had fallen asleep; her countenance assumed a most agreeable smile—her breath became imperceptibly shorter and shorter—until her mortal life expired on Tuesday morning, July 2, 1822, aged seventeen years and nine months."—*Extract from the published Memoir of Miss Mary —, Cousin to the Author.*

The subject of the above memoir was the daughter of a Baptist minister residing in the city of London, England. Those only who have a personal knowledge of the fact, can form a proper idea how scrupulously strict families in such a position are brought up in that city. Such a thing as card-playing, dancing, attending theatres,

circuses, or the reading of trashy literature, are not for a moment even thought of. Yet it is seen that she desired and required to be entirely clothed with Christ's righteousness, unmingled with a single thread of her own.

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Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening,  
When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber,—  
Peaceful in the grave so low ;  
Thou no more wilt join our number ;  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled ;  
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

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The Scriptures use all the five senses to illustrate faith. "Look unto me" (Isa. xlv. 22). "How sweet are thy words to my taste" (Psa. cxix. 103). "If I but touch his garment" (Matt. ix. 31). "HEARETH my words, and believeth" (John v. 24). "Thy garments SMELL of myrrh" (Psa. xlv. 8). We should "WALK by faith," "LIVE by faith," "be RICH in faith," and "DIE in faith."

Hear what the eminent Scotch preacher, Haldane, said. He raised himself a little, and distinctly repeated these words: "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then we shall appear with him in glory." He was then asked if he thought he was going home. He answered, "Perhaps not quite yet." Mrs. Haldane affectionately said, "Then you will not leave us very soon." He replied, "To depart and to be with Christ is far better." On being asked if he felt much peace, he twice repeated, "Exceeding great and precious promises." He then said,

"But I must rise." Mrs. Haldane said, "You are not able to get up." He smiled, and answered, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with his likeness." She said, "Is that the rising up you meant?" He replied, "Yes, must rise!" and shortly afterwards expired.

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Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to His arms.

Are we not tending upward, too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our Love.

Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all His saints He blest,  
And softened every bed:  
Where should the dying members rest  
But with their dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise:  
Awake, ye nations underground;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

" FAITH in Christ is to rest entirely upon the merits of Christ's precious blood, and know that pardon has been bestowed, because God has said, 'He that believeth shall be saved.' No angel has come from heaven to tell him that his sins have been blotted out, and that his name is now entered in the Lamb's book of life; but he rests upon a testimony better than that of all the angels in heaven, even the testimony of the 'faithful true Witness.' 'He that hath received his testimony hath set to his seal that God is true.' Faith rests sweetly upon the work of Christ and upon the word of God, and knows that there is to be found peace and assurance for ever.

" The great mistake that many make when inquiring after salvation, is to refuse to come AS THEY ARE to Jesus. They think that they must wait for deeper convictions, for more feeling, for more love to Christ, before they come to Him. Hence they keep looking at their own hearts to see if any good feeling is springing up there, which might form a ground of encouragement that they are becoming more fit for going to Christ. The Bible says, 'Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound.' That joyful sound comes from Calvary. It comes from the pale lips of Jesus, quivering in death, as He says, 'IT IS FINISHED.' But the awakened sinner listens at the door of his heart, to hear the joyful sound come from there. But from there it never will come. There is in that heart no good thing, and no voice but that of condemnation will ever come from it.

" Dear reader, Jesus says, 'Look unto Me and be

saved.' But you say, 'I cannot go to Jesus with such a hard heart. I have too little feeling, and must wait till I can get more conviction of sin.' All this arises from the pride and self-righteousness of your heart. Suppose that you could feel that your heart was growing better, that you *had* more feeling, and that upon making this discovery, that you were to begin to rejoice, what would this be but rejoicing in *yourself* instead of Christ? It would only be making a Saviour of your feelings, your emotions, your penitence, instead of the Heaven-appointed Saviour."

—*Glad Tidings, by the Rev. Robert Boyd, D.D.*

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I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,  
As near His cross I stood.

Sure, never till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look;  
It seemed to charge me with His death  
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned my guilt,  
And plunged me in despair;  
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail Him there.

A second look He gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou mayst live."

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" 'I long waited for such a sense of sin as would make me a *worthy* object of God's mercy; but I waited in vain. I felt that it was my *duty to believe*. I cast myself on the compassion of the Saviour, as a *poor, blind, hardened, helpless* wretch; and that moment found joy and peace in believing.' One morning she said to her husband, 'I have been thinking all night that there is nothing at all

melancholy in the death of a Christian, either to himself or to others. I feel *very happy* in the prospect of death.'"—  
*Extract from the Life of Mrs. Sarah L. Smith (Missionary).*  
*American Tract Society.*

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb ;

Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
 And give these sacred relics room  
 To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain nor grief nor anxious fear

Invades thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
 While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son

Passed through the grave and blest the bed.  
 Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne  
 The morning break and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn ;

Attend, O earth, His sovereign word :  
 Restore thy trust : a glorious form  
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

"If you are ready to be forgiven, He is 'ready to forgive.' If you are willing to be saved, He is willing to save you : nay, He is come out at this moment to seek you ; and, if you will not coldly turn your back upon Him, you will, you must be *saved*."

Good Rowland Hill when he preached from this text in a fair, heard a man crying out his goods, and said, "Ah, our friends find their difficulty the very reverse of what mine is ; for they find it a great deal of trouble to get you *up* to their price, my difficulty is to bring you *down* to mine"—"without money, and without price."

"Sinner, remember this—*none ever yet obtained an interest in Christ but unworthy creatures*. Was Paul worthy before he obtained an interest in Christ? And what

worthiness was in Zaccheus when Christ called him from the sycamore tree, and told him that this day salvation was come to his house? Though you are *unworthy*, yet CHRIST is worthy. Though you have no merit, yet God has mercy. Though there is no salvation for *you* by the law, yet there is '*plenteous redemption*' in the Gospel."—*Thomas Brooks* (1655).

"Such, then, are man's two great wants, viewed as an immortal spirit—a want of the infinite truth, and a want of the infinite good; a want of light and a want of love. These wants are for ever making themselves felt in the human consciousness in various forms. Man is like a noble tree planted in the earth, which can live only by drinking in the air and sunlight of heaven. The fall has walled him up in a dark enclosure of selfishness and sensuality; but as he cannot live without light and warmth, he tries to expand his branches towards certain wretched tapers which are burning in the interior. But they are never enough for him. Without the sun he cannot thrive. 'His soul is athirst for God.'"—*Dean Goulburn*.

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"'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed His head and died:  
" 'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

" 'Tis finished!"—this His dying groan,  
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,  
And millions be redeemed from death  
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

" 'Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled,  
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;  
Peace, love, and happiness again  
Return and dwell with sinful men.

## CHAPTER XXX.

“THOUGHTLESS sinner, ‘Wilt thou be made whole?’ If *thou wilt*, and *thou wilt*, and *thou wilt*, ‘behold the Lamb of God; Jesus is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sins. Look unto him, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and beside me there is none else.’

“It is a blessed and cheering thought that Jesus Christ is come into the world to save sinners. The Great Physician walks amid the wards of the earth—in the hospitals of Scutari and Balaklava. ‘There is none other Name given among mankind whereby they can be saved.’ ‘The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.’ ‘His righteousness is unto all and upon all that believe.’ ‘For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God has done by sending His own Son to be made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.’ It is, believe on the *Lord Jesus Christ*; each word is significant; all the Bible is significant. Believe in the Lord, who has power; in Jesus, who saves from sin; in Christ, who is anointed to do so. Are you terribly ruined? you have an Almighty Saviour to go to. Are you a great sinner? you have a Saviour, Jesus, to go to. Are you afraid He will not save you? He is anointed for that very purpose. Just as it is the duty of the physician to prescribe, and of the lawyer to plead, it is of Jesus to save. As it is the function of the sun to shine, the rivers to roll, the earth to move, the trees to grow, it is the function of Christ to save. And when you go to Jesus,

and ask Him to save you, you ask Him what He has graciously undertaken to do; and when He bows the heavens to save the chiefest of sinners, He gathers the greatest glory to Himself.

“But do you ask, ‘Is it so easy to be saved; is salvation so accessible as this?’ Salvation is, in one word, trustful submission to Christ as your Priest, your Sacrifice, your Prophet, your King; and that acceptance, that submission, is now or never. Every day that you reject the Gospel fits you for rejecting it more easily next day, till at last you are left to a hardened heart of unbelief. To show how easy and accessible that Gospel is, hear what the Saviour says: ‘Whosoever is *athirst*, let him come unto me and drink.’ But you answer, ‘Ah, but I am not *athirst*.’ Well, to meet your case, he says, ‘If any man *will*, let him come unto me.’ But you answer, ‘Ah, but I have not a willing heart.’ Then He says, ‘Him that *cometh* unto me’—whether you be *athirst*, or whether you have a willing heart or not—‘I will in nowise cast out.’ Let me remind you again of what that great man—one of the greatest men of his day—so frequently remarked; I mean Howels, of Long Acre: ‘If you cannot go to Christ on feeling, go to Christ on principle,’ that is to say, ‘I do not feel my need of Him, I do not feel my wants as I ought; but I am satisfied He is the only Saviour, that I am the greatest of sinners; and therefore I go to Him as I am, praying to Him as He is, satisfied that “him that *cometh* unto me I will in nowise cast out.”’—*Rev. John Cumming, D.D.*

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Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,  
I want Thee for ever to live in my soul;  
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,  
Apply Thine own blood and extract every stain ;  
To get this blest cleansing I all things forego :  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,  
I wait, blessèd Lord, at Thy crucified feet ;  
By faith for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow :  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait ;  
Come now, and within me a new heart create.  
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst No :  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

“ ‘ Whenever I opened my Bible, I found it filled with threatenings against me. I found also that it demanded true and unfeigned submission to God, as the only condition on which salvation would be granted. I attended many meetings, but they only served to augment my distress, and if possible to increase my opposition. For several weeks I almost entirely relinquished business, and spent my time principally walking in my chamber. Whenever I heard of any person’s obtaining a hope, it was like adding fuel to the fire. My heart rose against it and accused God of exercising partiality with His creatures, not considering that He has a right to do what He will with His own.

“ ‘ These exercises continued until August, when the terrors of hell seemed to compass me about. From Tuesday the 6th to Wednesday the 14th, it appeared to me that I stood on the very confines of destruction, and was permitted to look into the eternal world. But it pleased the great and merciful God not to keep me long in this painful situation. On Wednesday, the 14th of August, I attended a lecture, when a sermon was preached from John iv. 49, “ The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come

down, ere my child die." Upon hearing these words and their explanation, I found my heart glowing with the most ardent love towards the Saviour. He appeared to be "the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely;" every way suited to my necessities. Tears flowed without control. The language of my heart was, O my dear Saviour, come and take an everlasting possession of my soul. I bid thee a hearty welcome to my heart, and would lie low at Thy feet for ever. My emotions were so great that I found it difficult to keep from immediately kneeling upon the floor, and extending my arms where I then was, in the meeting-house. I had no idea that this was conversion. I returned home, and, without mentioning anything to the family, retired to rest as usual. . . .

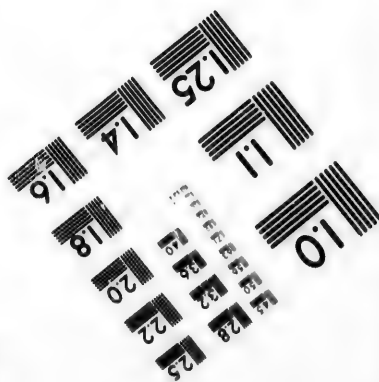
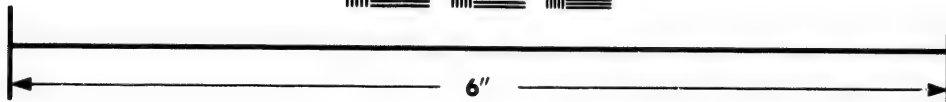
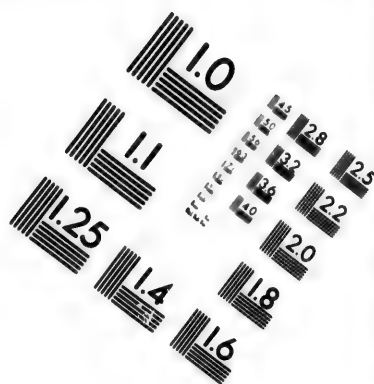
"But instead of this the character of God Himself now came into view, and filled my soul with joy, love, and gratitude, wonder and admiration, to that degree that bodily strength failed; and for some minutes I became almost insensible to surrounding objects. Upon recovering myself, I found that everything around me wore a new aspect. The glory of God appeared to be visible in every part of creation. I saw the hills, mountains, and fields, all lying beneath the omniscient eye of God, and answering the great end for which they were created, the glory of God. And now the thought occurred, Shall man, who is the noblest part of creation, be silent? This was an amazing thought. I stood like one astonished at myself. Why had I never thought of this before? I now saw that I had indeed been wilfully blind, and that it would have been just in God had He left me to my own chosen way. I now began to imagine that this might be conversion. But I had many doubts about it, because that during all these exercises I had strangely forgotten myself. These doubts were, however, soon removed, when I found that I

was entirely willing that God should dispose of me, for time and eternity, as He saw best and most for His glory. And oh, what heartfelt joy did it give me to reflect that I was in the hands of God. It was like an anchor to my soul."—*Extracts from the Life of Jeremiah Hallock. Published by American Tract Society.*

"Let none of my readers imagine that the process of conviction here described is designed as a standard for their experience; or that I would limit the Holy One of Israel to the same way and manner of working on the minds of sinners, when He brings them to know themselves, their state, and their danger. Some He enlightens in a more gradual way, and draws them to Christ by gentler means, as it were with the cords of love; while He strikes conviction in the minds of others as with a voice of thunder, and sudden as a flash of lightning. They are brought to the very brink of despair, and shook, as it were, over the bottomless pit. Nor have we any business to inquire into the reasons of this difference in the Divine conduct."—*Rev. Abraham Booth.*

"He was in his eighteenth year when his brother died; and if this was not the year of his new birth, at least it was the year when the first streak of dawn appeared in his soul. . . He stated that there was nothing sudden in his case. . . The Holy Spirit carried on His work in the subject of this memoir by continuing to deepen in him the pollution of his nature. . . At first light dawned slowly."—*Extract from Memoir of Rev. Robert M. McCheyne, by Rev. Andrew A. Bonar.*

"‘Dear young friend,’ replied the pastor, ‘you say, “I do not feel?” Do you feel that there has been a deluge upon the earth? Yet you are sure of it, simply because God tells you so? Do you feel that Jesus is the Son of God? And yet you are sure of it, because God tells you



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so in His Word. If, then, the same true God, in the same true Word, tells you that whosoever believeth in Him, "is passed from death unto life," and that he is a child of God, why will you reply to God, "I am not sure, although Thou tellest me so, for I do not feel it?" This, certainly, did not Luther, who relates, if I mistake not, in a private letter, that Satan having said to him, "Martin, *do you feel* that you are a child of God?" answered shortly, "No, but I am *sure* of it. Get thee behind me."—*Rev. C. Malan, D.D.*

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God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
With blessing on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

“LAST of all, you sinners here this morning, who have heard all about this salvation by trusting ; I charge you do not rest till you have trusted the Lord Jesus Christ, and rested in the great promises of God. Here is one : ‘I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more for ever.’ Here is another which is very cheering : ‘Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.’ Call upon Him in prayer, and then say, ‘Lord, I have called, and thou hast said I shall be saved.’ Here is another gracious word : ‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.’ Attend thou to these two commands, and then say, ‘Lord, I have Thy word for it that I shall be saved, and I hold Thee to it.’ Believe God, sinner. Oh that He would give thee grace this morning by his Holy Spirit to say, ‘How can I do otherwise than believe Him ? I dare not doubt Him.’ O poor tried soul, believe in Jesus so as to trust thy guilty soul with Him. The more guilty thou feelest thyself to be, the more is it in thy power to glorify God, by believing that He can forgive and renew such a guilty one as thou art. If thou liest buried like a fossil in the lowest stratum of sin, yet He can quarry for thee and fetch thee up out of the horrible pit, and make thy dry, petrified heart to live. Believest thou this ? ‘If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.’ Trust the promise that He makes to every believer that He will save him, and hold thou to it, for it is not a vain thing, it is thy life. ‘But what if I obtain

no joy or peace?' Believe the promise still, and joy and peace will come. 'But what if I see no signs?' Ask for no signs, be willing to trust God's word without any other guarantee but his truthful character, and thou wilt thus give Him glory. 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' Believe that Jehovah cannot lie, and as He has promised to forgive all who believe in Jesus, hang on to that word and thou shalt be saved. Sinners, I have set before you the way of salvation as simply as I can, will you have it or not? May the Spirit of God sweetly lead you to say, 'Have it, ay, that I will.' Then go in peace, and rejoice henceforth and for ever."

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I gave my life for thee;  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou mightst ransomed be  
And quickened from the dead.  
I gave my life for thee;  
What hast thou given for Me?

I spent long years for thee,  
In weariness and woe,  
That an eternity  
Of joy thou mightest know;  
I spent long years for thee  
Hast thou spent one for Me?

My Father's house of light,  
My rainbow-circled throne,  
I left for earthly night,  
For wand'rings sad and lone;  
I left it all for thee;  
What hast thou left for Me?

I suffered much for thee,  
Much more than tongue can tell  
Of bitter agony,  
To rescue thee from hell;  
I bore all this for thee;  
What hast thou borne for Me?

Lord, let my life be given,  
And every moment spent,  
For God, for souls, for heaven,  
And all earth's ties be rent.  
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,  
Now I give all for Thee.

Dr. Palmer, the evangelist so well known by the present generation, both in Europe and America, thus wrote with reference to the death of his wife and co-labourer:—

“On one occasion she said to her husband, ‘I am fully saved. I have not a single doubt. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! I am within speaking distance of my home in paradise. You have been the kindest of husbands to me, and our love has been abiding, and it shall abide for ever.’

“And when blindness came, and she could not see at all, she said, ‘Oh what sweet nurses I have! Jesus was left all alone in His last agony!’ When they read to her the promises of God’s word, she said, ‘Put my name on these promises;’ and ever after that, when the promises were read, it was with the name of ‘Phœbe Palmer’ attached to them.

“Again she said, ‘Hallelujah! Precious! I am passing through the valley, but without a shadow, trusting in Jesus. Oh so weary! how I should like to go! But Thy will be done, not mine. I thought before this the light of eternal day would dawn upon me, but it has not yet dawned!’ When a daughter said, ‘Do you see, mamma?’ she said, ‘I see no one but Jesus; but I shall soon see the King in His beauty. Glory be to the Father! Glory be to the Son! Glory be to the Holy Ghost!’ When they bathed her hands she said, ‘I shall soon bathe my hands in the life-giving waters.’

“On the last morning, as she woke up, she said, ‘I

thought I saw the chariot, so glorious ! glorious ! ‘ O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Passing after this into a condition of quietude, her sun set in serenity and beauty.”

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There is a land mine eye hath seen  
In visions of enraptured thought,  
So bright that all which spreads between  
Is with its radiant glory fraught.

A land upon whose blissful shore  
There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;  
There those who meet shall part no more,  
And those long parted meet again.

Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
With varying hues of shade and light ;  
It hath no need of suns to rise  
To dissipate the gloom of night.

There sweeps no desolating wind  
Across that calm, serene abode ;  
The wanderer there a home may find  
Within the paradise of God.

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“ For if thou lift up thy tool upon it (the altar) thou hast polluted it ” (Exod. xx. 25). Jesus said, “ It is FINISHED : and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost ” (John xix. 30). “ Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin. . . by whose stripes ye were healed ” (1 Peter ii. 24). The apostle Peter, bear in mind, was a “ believer,” and he was writing “ to them that had obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God our Saviour and our Lord Jesus Christ,” and not to unbelievers. Reader, are you a believer ? Have you read this and not profited ?

“ Christian faith,” says an American writer of genius,

"is a grand cathedral with divinely-pictured windows. Standing *without*, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing *within*, each ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendour."

The Rev. Samuel Pearce, A.M., writing to Dr. Ryland, closes thus: "Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of redeeming love! It conquers my heart, and constrains me to yield myself a living sacrifice, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ."

"Oh! at this moment, 'there standeth one among you whom ye know not.' Do you not see Him? He is close by you. Do you not feel Him? He is actually speaking to you. Do you not hear Him asking, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' But think you that He comes for less than to seek and to save that which is lost? And can you, as one of the lost, be here for less than to be saved by Him? Oh, open the door of your soul, and He will come in unto you—will make your conscience His seat, your heart His altar, your regenerated spirit His living temple. And in that day when He shall surround Himself with all the trophies of His grace, you shall be present as a miracle of His saving power."—*Dr. John Harris.*

"The way to life is a very short one. There are but two steps to it. FIRST the sinner 'comes to himself' (Luke xv. 17), and sees *what he is*, viz. a sinner. SECOND, he comes to Christ (Matt. xi. 28), and sees what He is, viz. a Saviour. (1 Tim. i. 18; iv. 10.) Salvation is in the Word. (Rom. x. 8.) You come to Christ by believing His Word. Believing (*with the heart*, Rom. x. 9, 10) that you are a sinner,—that is repentance. Believing (*with the heart*) that Christ is a Saviour,—that is FAITH. Where faith and repentance unite in the same person, there is a CHANGE OF HEART. 'Lord, make me to know myself,' this is your first petition. 'Lord, make me to know THEE,'

this is the second. God grant that both these petitions may be made and answered."—*Rev. George Duffield, jun.*

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Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours!

Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate:  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

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Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!  
Praise Him, all creatures here below!  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

etitions  
, jun.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

IN order to avoid monotony, we "sandwich" in here a chapter which has no direct bearing on the subject in hand, and will not, we trust, be in any way detrimental to it. It contains two most interesting incidents in the life of the late Abraham Lincoln, while he was President of the United States. We copy them from "Six months at the White House," by F. B. Carpenter.

"The Hon. Orlando Kellogg, of New York, was sitting in his room at his boarding-house one evening, when one of his constituents appeared, a white-headed old man, who had come to Washington in great trouble, to seek the aid of his representative in behalf of his son. His story was this: The young man had formerly been very dissipated. During an absence from home a year or two previous to the war, he enlisted in the regular army, and, after serving six months, deserted. Returning to his father, who knew nothing of this, he reformed his habits, and when the war broke out, entered heart and soul into the object of raising a regiment in his native county, and was subsequently elected one of its officers. He had proved an efficient officer, distinguishing himself particularly on one occasion, in a charge across a bridge, when he was severely wounded, his colonel being killed by his side. Shortly after this, he came in contact with one of his old companions in the 'regular' service, who recognized him, and declared his purpose of informing against him. Overwhelmed with mortification, the young man procured a furlough and returned home, revealing the

matter to his father, and declaring his purpose never to submit to an arrest, 'he would die first.' In broken tones the old man finished his statement, saying: 'Can you do anything for us, judge? it is a hard, hard case!' 'I will see about that,' replied the representative, putting on his hat; 'wait here until I return.' He went immediately to the White House, and fortunately finding Mr. Lincoln alone, they sat down together, and he repeated the old man's story. The President made no demonstration of particular interest until the judge reached the description of the charge across the bridge, and the wound received. 'Do you say,' he interrupted, 'that young man was wounded?' 'Yes,' replied the congressman, 'badly.' 'Then he has shed his blood for his country,' responded Mr. Lincoln, musingly. 'Kellogg,' he continued, brightening up, 'isn't there something in Scripture about the "shedding of blood" being "the remission of sins?"' 'Guess you are about right there,' replied the judge. 'It is a good "point," and there is no going behind it,' rejoined the President; and taking up his pen, another 'pardon' this time without 'oath,' condition, or reserve, was added to the records of the War Office.

"No incident of this character related of the late President is more profoundly touching in its tenderness and simplicity than that given to me the last evening I passed at the White House, in the office of the private secretary, by a resident of Washington, who witnessed the scene.

"'I was waiting my turn to speak to the President one day, some three or four weeks since,' said Mr. M——, 'when my attention was attracted by the sad patient face of a woman advanced in life, who in a faded hood and shawl was among the applicants for an interview.

"'Presently Mr. Lincoln turned to her, saying in his accustomed manner, "Well, my good woman, what can I

do for you this morning?" "Mr. President," said she, "my husband and three sons all went into the army. My husband was killed in the fight at ——. I get along very badly since then, living all alone, and I thought I would come and ask you to release my oldest son." Mr. Lincoln looked into her face a moment, and in his kindest accents responded, "Certainly! certainly! If you have given us *all*, and your prop has been taken away, you are justly entitled to one of your boys!" He immediately made out an order discharging the young man, which the woman took, and thanking him gratefully, went away.

"'I had forgotten the circumstance,' continued M —, 'till last week, when happening to be here again, who should come in but the same woman. It appeared that she had gone herself to the front, with the President's order, and found the son she was in search of had been mortally wounded in a recent engagement, and taken to a hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The surgeon in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and almost broken-hearted, the poor woman had found her way again into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said: "I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking; I shall release to you your second son." Upon this, he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing, the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair, as I have seen a fond mother caress her son. By the time he had finished writing, his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper; "Now," said he, "*you* have one and *I* one of the other two left: that is no more than right." She took the paper, and re-

verently placing her hand again upon his head, the tears still upon her cheeks, said: "The Lord bless you, Mr. Lincoln. May you live a thousand years, and may you always be the head of this great nation."'

The following is the greater portion of President Lincoln's favourite hymn—

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around, and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

[The saint, who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,  
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.]

So the multitude goes—like the flower or the weed  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

The thought we are thinking, our fathers would think;  
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;  
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;  
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;  
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died ;—we things that are now,  
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
Meet the things that were met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea ! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;  
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath—  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—  
Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

What a pity that such a man with such tastes should  
die within a theatre !

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If I must die, oh, let me die  
With hope in Jesus' blood,  
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,  
And reconciles to God.

If I must die, oh, let me die  
In peace with all mankind,  
And change these fleeting joys below  
For pleasures more refined.

If I must die—and die I must—  
Let some kind seraph come,  
And bear me on his friendly wing  
To my celestial home.

Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,  
May I but have a view :  
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks  
I'd boldly venture through.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

“ ‘COME unto me,’ He cries—and oh, what soul feels not the divine harmony of those words!—‘COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST.’

“ Such, my dear reader, is faith. Do you ask me *how* you are to do this: how you shall come into such a state of trust and repose in Christ? I answer, *By an act of the Will*. Faith, as truly as repentance, is a product of volition, under the influences of the Divine Spirit. It is indeed, as the apostle declares, ‘the gift of God,’ as the entire process by which a soul is enlightened, renewed, and saved, is the work of His grace. But while this theological truth is never to be questioned or lost sight of, it is not that which just now most practically concerns you. Faith, though divinely wrought, is a *human act*. You are first to look at Christ; to see His adaptation to all your wants, and His multiplied and explicit promises, and you are then, by an act of choice, distinctly and formally to TAKE HIM to be your Saviour, your all. If distress for sin weighs upon you, you are to say, ‘*I will not* be burdened by it, since the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.’ If you are anxious because you do not feel as you wish, you are to say, ‘*I will not* yield to anxiety, since Christ has promised me all I need.’ If perplexed with difficulties of doctrine, you are to say, ‘*I will not* weary myself with them, for Christ will teach me all I need to know.’ If solicitous for your future steadfastness in right, you are to say, ‘*I will not* be afraid, “for I know whom I have believed,

and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Thus faith is the volition of an intelligent mind. It is the deliberate act of a penitent sinner, in the conviction of his own need and the Saviour's sufficiency, depositing himself with all his interests in the open hands of Christ. 'But is this *all*?' the anxious sinner may ask. 'Have I nothing to do but just give up all to Christ, and then do nothing?' Yes, this is all. Such is the gospel—so free, so simple in its requirements. 'But must I not do something to prepare myself for Christ's reception?' No, nothing. You *can* do nothing. Only put away your sins by repentance, and come just as you are. 'But am I to have no more solicitude for myself, no anxiety about my salvation?' No, none at all. Christ will take the entire care of you. You need never think of the question of your salvation again. It is yours only to serve; it is His to save. Shed not another tear; indulge not one desponding look; lie like the slumbering babe, in sweet oblivion of care, on the bosom that loves you. Feel yourself encircled by His faithful arms, and let His promises, beaming with unutterable tenderness, shed into your heart His own holy peace.

"How simple, then, and how gracious the conditions of salvation! There is no price to pay; there is no reward to bring; Christ has paid all for you, and salvation is yours as a gratuity. 'Whosoever will let him take the water of life *freely*.' Nothing could be more free or simple than this. Nothing can be cheaper than a gratuity; nothing easier than a simple trust. Oh, how truly is the gospel good tidings of great joy! How confidently may every heart-broken sinner come at once to Christ, and find that peace which 'passeth all understanding!'—"How to Believe," by Rev. G. P. Warren.

Come, ye souls by sin afflicted,  
 Bowed with fruitless sorrow down ;  
 By the broken law convicted,  
 Through the cross behold the crown.  
     Look to Jesus ! look to Jesus !  
     Mercy flows through Him alone,  
 Blessed are the eyes that see Him,  
 Blest the ears that hear His voice ;  
 Blessed are the souls that trust Him,  
 And in Him alone rejoice.  
 Take His easy yoke and wear it,  
 Love will make obedience sweet ;  
 Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
 While His wisdom guides your feet  
     Safe to glory ! safe to glory !  
     Where His ransomed captives meet.  
 Sweet as home to pilgrim weary,  
 Light to newly opened eyes ;  
 Flowing springs in deserts dreary,  
 Is the rest the cross supplies.

“ ‘ I can see nothing which I have done or suffered that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this—

“ I the chief of sinners am  
 But Jesus died for me ! ”

One said, ‘ Is this the present language of your heart, and do you now feel as you did at Bristol ? ’ He replied, ‘ Yes.’ Then was repeated to him—

“ Behold I approach the eternal throne,  
 And claim the crown through Christ mine own.”

He earnestly replied, ‘ He is all ! He is all ! ’

“ In the evening he got up again, and while sitting in his chair, he said, ‘ How necessary is it for every one to be on the right foundation !

“ I the chief of sinners am,  
 But Jesus died for me ! ” ’

Once in a low, but very distinct voice, he said, ‘ There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus Christ.’

He afterwards inquired what the words were on which he preached at Hampstead a short time before. He was told they were these: 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.' He replied, 'That is the foundation: there is no other.' He also repeated three or four times, in the space of a few hours, 'We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.'

"Tuesday, March the 1st, he began singing—

'All glory to God in the sky  
And peace upon earth be restored :  
O Jesus, exalted on high,  
Appear our omnipotent Lord !  
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,  
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race ;  
Once more to Thy people return,  
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.'

Some time after he said, 'I want to write,' but, on the pen being put into his hand, and the paper before him, he said, 'I cannot.' One of the company answered, 'Let me write for you, sir; tell me what you would say.' 'Nothing,' replied he, '*but that God is with us.*' In the afternoon he said, 'I will get up.' While they were bringing his clothes, he broke out in a manner which astonished all present, in these words—

'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers,  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.'

When he got into his chair, he appeared to change for death; but regardless of his dying frame, he sang—

'To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree.' &c.

Here his voice failed him, and after gasping for breath, he said, 'Now we have done; let us all go.' He was then laid on the bed from which he rose no more. A person coming in, he strove to speak, but could not. Finding they could not understand him, he paused a little, and, with all the remaining strength he had, cried out, '*The best of all is, God is with us.*' And then, lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph, not to be expressed, he again repeated the heart-reviving words, 'THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US.' On Wednesday morning Mr. Bradford prayed with him, and the last word he was heard to articulate was '*Farewell!*' A few minutes before ten, while several of his friends were kneeling around his bed, without a lingering groan, this man of God entered into the joys of his Lord."—*Life of Rev. John Wesley.*

The following lines written by Cowper, on the death of the Rev. George Whitfield, are equally appropriate to the death of Wesley:—

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear  
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere;  
Assailed by scandal, and the tongue of strife,  
His only answer was—a blameless life:  
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,  
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.  
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,  
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed;  
He followed Paul—his zeal a kindred flame,  
His apostolic charity the same:  
Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,  
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease:  
Like him, he laboured, and, like him, content  
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went."

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"'But (says one sufferer) I am in the dark.'

"I answer, never stick at that. It is most bravely done,

to trust God with my soul in the dark ; and to resolve to serve God for nothing, rather than give out. Not to see, and yet to believe ; to be a follower of the Lamb, and yet to be at uncertainty what we shall have at last ; argues love, fear, faith, and an honest mind, and gives the greatest sign of one that hath true sincerity in his soul. It was this that made Job and Peter so famous, and the want of it that which took away much of the glory of the faith of Thomas."—*John Bunyan*.

I asked the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace ;  
Might more of His salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly His face.

I hoped that in some favoured hour  
At once He'd answer my request ;  
And, by His love's constraining power,  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, He made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more—with His own hand He seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe ;  
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.

"Lord, why is this ?" I trembling cried—  
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death ?"  
"Tis in this way," the Lord replied,  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ,  
From self and pride to set thee free ;  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
That thou mayest seek thy all in Me."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

“WHEN man sinned against God, God’s justice required that man should die. The Bible says, ‘Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them’ (Gal. iii. 10); and, ‘Whosoever offendeth in one point is guilty of all’ (James ii. 10). One sin, therefore, would make even an angel a sinner, and the wrath of an offended God would rest upon him on account of it. One theft would make a thief, one murder would make a murderer; and so one sin would make a sinner, even though he were never to commit another.

“How, then, could man escape the curse of God, and yet God’s justice be satisfied? There was but one way—God’s Son must die or else all men must perish. Without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin, and there was no other blood but His that was able to atone for it.

“But supposing that an angel, or any other creature, could have atoned for sin, even that could not save us, unless he could also change our hearts, and give us a new and holy nature. This none but the Spirit of the living God could do; and, therefore, none but the Son of God could be our Saviour. Yet God so loved us, that he did not spare His only begotten Son, but freely gave Him up to the death for us all. (John iii. 16; Rom. viii. 32.)

“Jesus, therefore, came into the world to die for sinners. The Lord of Glory became a Man, taking the form of a servant, to obey God’s law for us, and to suffer the punishment of our sins. He bore the torments of God’s wrath in the garden of Gethsemane, and shed His blood on the

cross to make an atonement for sin. The justice of God being thus satisfied, He rose from the dead, and sent forth His disciples into all the world to preach the Gospel; promising that, whosoever would believe in His name, should not perish, but have everlasting life.

“Here, then, is the Gospel; Jesus Christ, *the crucified*, with blood sufficient to atone for the sins of the whole world—Jesus Christ, *the righteous*, with merit sufficient to take the whole world to heaven—Jesus Christ, *the mighty God*, whose living spirit could raise the whole world to life—offers Himself to you.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Yes; but though the gate be a STRAIT one, it is OPEN, and not shut; and the striving is NOT WITH THE KEEPER of the gate, but with *your own evil heart of unbelief*, that struggles hard to prevent you from going in. The door is strait, but it is WIDE ENOUGH to let the sinner through, if he will not attempt to carry any of his idols in with him. He would fain make a compromise by giving up first one sin, and then another; but, until he is willing to part with ALL his sins, he cannot enter. Perhaps the very last thing that he is willing to part with before entering is his own righteousness; he would fain enter with some rag of his own to cover him, but it is impossible: no wonder, then, that it is called a strait gate, for it is too strait even for that.”—*Rev. James Gall, Edinburgh.*

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Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,  
Unless Thou help me I must die;  
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am!

CHORUS.

Take me as I am,  
Take me as I am;  
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am!

Helpless I am, and full of guilt,  
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,  
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,  
But take me as I am !—CHORUS.

No preparation can I make,  
My best resolves I only break,  
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,  
And take me as I am !—CHORUS.

I thirst, I long to know Thy love,  
Thy full salvation I would prove ;  
But since to Thee I cannot move,  
Oh, take me as I am !—CHORUS.

If Thou hast work for me to do,  
Inspire my will, my heart renew,  
And work both in and by me too,  
But take me as I am !—CHORUS.

And when at last the work is done,  
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,  
Still, still my cry shall be alone,  
Lord, take me as I am !—CHORUS.

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“ Mrs. Penney was a thoroughly devoted woman. Her happy and triumphant death may well bespeak the character of her life. On his last visit to see her, the writer found her in a state of unconsciousness, in which she had been lying for forty-eight hours ; but while standing at her bedside her consciousness suddenly returned, and seeing him looking at her, she exclaimed, ‘ *Sing, oh, sing, Mr. Pearce.*’ On being asked what he should sing, she replied, ‘ *Jesus I love Thy charming name,*’ and on the tune being raised, with uplifted hands clasped together, she joined us in a clear strong voice, singing the verse through ; and then halting for a moment, she led off the last verse

of the hymn with her hands still clasped, her eyes fixed, looking upward, singing,—

‘I’ll speak the honours of Thy name  
With my last labouring breath,  
And dying, clasp Thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.’

Her hands then suddenly fell, her eyes closed, and within ten minutes her spirit had fled to be for ever with the Lord whom she had loved, and for whom she had spent her life.”—*Evangelical Record, Calcutta.*

They are gathering homeward from every land,  
One by one.  
As their heavy feet touch the shining strand,  
One by one.  
Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,  
Their travel-stained garments are laid down,  
And, clothed in white raiment, they rest in the mead  
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,  
One by one.

Before they rest, they pass through the strife,  
One by one.  
Through the waters of death they enter life,  
One by one.

To some are the floods of the river still,  
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;  
To others, the waves run fiercely and wild,  
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,  
One by one.

We, too, shall come to the river’s side,  
One by one.  
We are nearer its waters each eventide,  
One by one.

We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,  
Now and again through our life’s deep dream;  
Sometimes the floods all their banks o’erflow,  
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,  
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,

One by one.

We lift up our voices tremblingly,

One by one.

The waves of the river are dark and cold,

We know not the spot where our feet may hold ;

Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,

Strengthen us, send us Thy staff and Thy light,

One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside us as we tread,

One by one.

On Thee let us lean each drooping head,

One by one.

Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,

We shall cast our cares and fears to the wind.

Saviour, Redeemer, with Thee full in view,

Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,

One by one.

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“An anxious inquirer went to his minister, when the following dialogue took place : INQUIRER. ‘What shall I do to be saved?’ MINISTER. ‘*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.*’ INQ. ‘I have heard that before, but it does not appear sufficient in my case.’ MIN. ‘*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.*’ INQ. ‘Have I not first got to repent?’ MIN. ‘*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.*’ INQ. ‘Should I not pray first?’ MIN. ‘*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.*’ INQ. ‘It seems to me impossible to thus savingly believe without Divine aid. How am I to obtain such aid?’ MIN. ‘*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.*’ INQ. ‘I cannot think such treatment altogether courteous, when you must know that I am most anxious about my soul.’ MIN. ‘*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.*’ INQ. ‘If you persist in ignoring all my questions, I will bid you ‘good-bye.’ MIN. ‘Good-bye, good-bye. *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*’ ”

“Heaven is now full of souls, once sinful, who were saved in this way ; and they are now ‘without fault before the throne of God ;’ and on earth there is a great multitude to-day who have been saved by the Lord Jesus, and are now on their road to a glorious heaven.”—*Religious Tract.*

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Jesus, I will trust Thee !  
When across my soul,  
Like a fearful tempest,  
Doubts and fears shall roll.  
When the tempter cometh,  
Surely he will flee  
When I tell him, “ Jesus,  
I am trusting Thee ! ”

Jesus, I will trust Thee !  
There is none beside ;  
In Thy arms of mercy  
I will ever hide ;  
And for my acceptance,  
This my only plea—  
“ Jesus died for sinners,  
Jesus died for me ! ”

Jesus, I will trust Thee !  
Trust Thee even now,  
Trust Thee when the death-dew  
Gathers on my brow ;  
Trust Thee in the sunshine,  
Trust Thee in the shade ;  
With Thy precious shelter,  
I am not afraid !

Jesus, I will trust Thee  
For I cannot doubt ;  
“ Him that cometh, surely  
I will not cast out ”—  
Thou, O Christ, hast promised,  
So I come to Thee,  
Bringing that sweet promise  
As my only plea !

## CHAPTER XXXV.

"THE word 'Gospel' means *good news, glad tidings*. It is not therefore the Gospel, for it is not good news, that we must either save or help to save ourselves by our works; for we *never did, nor can we*, do a single work that could bear the examination of a holy, heart-searching God, in whose sight the very heavens are not clean. And therefore St. Paul says, 'By the deeds of the law there shall no *flesh* be justified.'

"It is not good news that we must be saved partly by the good works or intercessions of others. *They* have been all sinners as we are, and if saved at all, were saved through the blood of Christ *alone*; for St. Paul says, that 'all have sinned.' And 'the wages of sin'—yes, of a *single sin*—'is death;' while 'the *free gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

"It is not good news that we may be the children of God, and in a state of grace to-day, and the children of wrath to-morrow; for then we could not have peace, but should continue full of slavish fear: but the Gospel was intended to give settled peace and joy to the sinner's soul. And thus St. Paul says, 'Being justified by faith, we *have* peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' And again, 'Rejoice in the Lord *always*.'

"But the true Gospel of Christ is indeed good news, cheering to the heart. For what does the poor sinner want? Does he want *forgiveness*? The Gospel says, 'We have redemption through His blood, even the *forgiveness* of sins.' Does he want to be *cleansed* from his sins? The

Gospel says, 'The blood of Jesus Christ *cleanseth* us from all sin.' Does he want to be counted *righteous* before God? The Gospel says, 'To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness;' even as Abraham, who 'believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness.' Does he want *salvation*? The Gospel says, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt *be saved*.' Does he want *everlasting life*? The Lord Jesus Christ says, 'He that believeth on Me *hath everlasting life*.' Does he want to be kept until the end? Christ says, 'My sheep hear My voice, and I *know* them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall *never* perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand.'

"The Gospel is indeed good news. The Gospel, and the Gospel alone, can remove slavish fear from our hearts, and give us peace with God. This only can take away the natural enmity of our hearts toward God, and give us either desire or strength to serve Him; and when we believe it, it produces love in our hearts toward Him. 'We love Him, because he first loved us;' so loved us as to give His Son to die for us, 'the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.' We become his children; as St. Paul says, 'Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus;' members of His blessed family for ever. *Believing this*, we shall seek our Father's glory, do our Father's will, go about our Father's business: and knowing that we are not our own, but bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ, we shall seek to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits, which are God's.

"Search the Scriptures, whether these things be so."—*Precious Truths.*

One glance of Thine, eternal Lord,  
Pierces all nature through;  
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford  
A shelter from Thy view!

Since, therefore, I can hardly bear  
What in myself I see,  
How vile and black must I appear,  
Most holy God, to Thee!

But since my Saviour stands between,  
Who washed me in His blood,  
'Tis He, instead of me, is seen  
When I approach to God,

Thus, though a sinner, I am safe;  
He pleads before the throne  
As advocate on my behalf,  
And calls my sins His own.

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“The snow was deep and still falling rapidly, when, in the first year of my Christian ministry, I hastened to see a young woman die. It was a very humble home. She was an orphan; her father had been shipwrecked on the banks of Newfoundland. She had earned her own living. As I entered the room I saw nothing attractive. No pictures; no tapestry; no cushioned chair. The deep snow on the window casement was not whiter than the cheek of that dying girl. It was a face never to be forgotten. Sweetness and majesty of soul, through faith in God, had given her a matchless beauty, and the sculptor who could have caught the outline of those features and frozen them into stone, would have made himself immortal. With her large brown eyes, she looked calmly into the great eternity. I sat down by her bedside and said, ‘Now, tell me all your trouble, and sorrows, and struggles, and doubts.’ She replied, ‘*I have no doubts or troubles. It is all plain to me. Jesus has smoothed the way for my feet. I wish when*

you go to your pulpit next Sunday, you would tell the young people that religion alone will make them happy. "O death, where is thy sting?" Mr. Talmage, I wonder if this is not the bliss of dying?' I said, 'Yes, I think it must be.' I lingered around the couch. The sun was setting, and her sister lighted a candle. The candle was lighted for me. The dying girl, the dawn of heaven in her face, needed no candle. I rose to go, and she said, 'I thank you for coming. Good-night. When we meet again it will be in heaven—in heaven. *Good-night! good-night! good-night!*' For her it was good-night to tears, good-night to poverty, good-night to death, but when the sun arose on the morning it was good-morning. The light of another day had burst in upon her soul. Good-morning! The angels were singing her welcome home, and the hand of Christ was putting upon her brow a garland. Good-morning! Her sun rising, her palm waving, her spirit exulting before the throne of God. *Good-morning! Good-morning!*"—  
*Extract from a Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

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Oh! have ye not marked on the lips of the dying,  
 When praises have fluttered in life's latest gale,  
 When the blood-streams of life in their fountains were drying  
 And the cheek once so blooming was death-like and pale,  
 That the righteous hath hope in his death?

For the brightness of joy on his spirit is beaming,  
 The lights of heaven's splendour his bosom illumine,  
 And visions of bliss on his rapt soul are streaming,  
 The visions that gild the dark vale of the tomb,  
 For the righteous hath hope in his death.

And, hark! o'er his pillow, to sooth him while dying,  
 Angelic harps welcome his spirit away;  
 'Tis past, and the soul enfranchised is flying,  
 On wings of swift seraphs, to regions of day—  
 Oh, the righteous hath hope in his death!"

“Mr. McDonald asked the inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda how a man must be saved. An old man replied, ‘We shall be saved if we repent, and forsake our sins, and turn to God.’ ‘Yes,’ said a middle-aged woman, ‘and with a true heart too.’ ‘Ay,’ rejoined a third, ‘and with prayer;’ and, added a fourth, ‘It must be the prayer of the heart.’ ‘And we must be diligent, too,’ said a fifth, ‘in keeping the commandments.’ Thus, each having contributed his mite, feeling that a very decent creed had been made up, they all looked and listened for the preacher’s approbation, but they had only aroused his deepest pity. The carnal mind always maps out for itself a way in which self can work and become great, but the Lord’s way is quite the reverse. Believing is not a matter of merit to be gloried in; it is so simple that boasting is excluded, and free grace bears the palm. Do you think God’s way of salvation too easy? Why then do you not attend to it? To believe is simply to TRUST, to *depend*, to RELY, upon Christ Jesus.”—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon’s ‘*Evening by Evening*’ (Oct. 5th.)

Captain Hedley Vicars, while in Canada, in the year 1851, read in his Bible these well known words: “The blood of Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.” Closing the book he said, “If this be true for me, henceforth I will live by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Christ.”

“If we cannot go to God *with* a broken heart, let us go to Him *for* one. The Spirit *breaks* and *binds*.”

“A man may get into the *church* without Christ, but he cannot get into *heaven* without Christ.”

“The way of salvation is the highway of the King of kings, and a highway is always free to all. Though the entrance gate is a ‘*strait*’ one, it is a *gate*, and it is unlocked.”

“ ‘Whosoever’ and ‘whatsoever’ are two most precious words and were often in the mouth of Christ. ‘*Whosoever* will may come.’ ‘*Whatsoever* ye shall ask in My name that will I do.’ ‘*Whosoever*’ is on the *outside* of the gate and lets in all who choose to enter. ‘*Whatsoever*’ is on the *inside* and gives those who enter the free range of all the region and treasury of grace. ‘*Whosoever*’ makes salvation *free*, and ‘*whatsoever*’ makes it *full*.”—*Professor Page*.

“Christ is not valued at all, unless He is valued above all.”

“Adam broke the first link of the chain, and thereafter all mankind fell from God.”

“Moses demands *obedience*, Jesus seeks *transgressors*. What *qualifies* for the one, *disqualifies* for the other. . . . There is no cup of poison more deadly than that mingled cup of law and grace, of works and faith, which is often presented to man, instead of the Gospel of the grace of God! Yet men do willingly put it to their lips, and seek to satisfy their consciences thereby.”—*Choice Sayings*.

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When wounded sore the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only hand, a piercèd hand,  
Can salve the sinner's wound.

Vain and futile the endeavour  
To improve, or add thereto;  
God's free grace is thus commended—  
To “believe,” and not “to do.”

All the *doing* is completed,  
Now 'tis “look, believe, and live;”  
None can purchase His salvation,  
Life's a gift, that God must *give*;

Grace, through righteousness, is reigning,  
Not of works, lest man should boast;  
Man must take the mercy freely,  
Or eternally be lost.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

“Do not think yourself too guilty to be pardoned. Do not think that the door of mercy is shut against you—that only vengeance waiteth for you! No! sinner, God is love! He loveth *you*! Do not picture Him as a Being delighting in anger—He delighteth in *mercy*. He was not appeased by Christ; He was a God of love from the beginning. Because He loved the world He himself sent His Son. And will He love sinners less now He has done so much to save them? You perhaps say, ‘But I have hated God, can He love me?’ Jesus said ‘The world hated Me,’ yet He said, ‘God so loved the world!’ Yes, you may have hated God till this moment, but He loves you and waits to save you if only now you will believe His word! There is hope for you yet! Your Heavenly Father waits to receive His wandering child yet! He has sent His well-beloved Son to invite you home! There is pardon for *you*! There is heaven for *you*! Do not despair! Despair! when we have a God of mercy and a redeeming Christ *alive*? For shame, forbear. Oh! so long as we are where promises swarm, where mercy is proclaimed, where grace reigns, and where the worst sinners are privileged with the first offer of mercy, it is a base thing to despair. Despair undervalues the ability of God the Father, and the redeeming blood of Christ His Son. Oh, unreasonable despair! I would say to my soul, ‘O my soul! this is not the time to despair in: as long as mine eyes can find a promise in the Bible, as long as there is the least mention of grace, as long as there is a moment left me of breath or life in this

world, so long will I look for mercy, so long will I fight against despair.'

The Lord Jesus Christ bids thee *look and live!* Look to Him as did the wounded Israelites to the serpent of brass—*look and live!* Stung by the devil, incurable by human skill, look to Him whose wounds can heal—*look and live!* Dead by the sentence of the law, look to Him who on thy behalf satisfied the claims of law—*look and live!* Dreading bodily death, as the gloomy portal into death eternal, look to Him who by dying conquered death—*look and live!* As the brazen serpent, so the cross, while reminding of the curse, proclaims that the curse is conquered, the serpent slain. Struggling, fainting sinner! look to that emblem of victory—*look and live!*—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

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There is life for a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,  
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,  
But the blood that atones for the soul;  
On Him, then, who shed it, believing at once  
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

We are healed by His stripes;—wouldst thou add to the  
word?

And He is our Righteousness made:  
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on;  
Oh couldst thou be better arrayed?

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,  
There remaineth no more to be done;  
That once in the end of the world He appeared;  
And completed the work He begun.

But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives,  
And know with assurance, thou never canst die,  
Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives.

“To a friend he wrote:—‘Believe me, your letters are far from fatiguing me, even in my greatest weakness; they tell me of Jesus, who was crucified, the only cordial for my drooping soul.’ To his physician he writes, ‘I have no heart to take your medicines; all but Christ is to me unprofitable; blessed be God for pardon and salvation through His blood. Let me prescribe this for my dear friend. . . . My cough is very troublesome; I can get but little rest; but my never-failing remedy is the love of Christ.’ He then adds —

‘The Gospel bears my spirits up,  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation of my hopes,  
In oaths, in promises, in blood.’

As he had often conversed with his friends through life of the love of Christ, it still continued his favourite theme. Whenever a friend of Mr. Romaine’s, who was much with him, came into his room, he would begin to talk of the love of Christ, and of the great things He had done for him, until his breath failed him. As soon as he had recovered himself a little, he would proceed upon the same sweet subject, so that he might have truly applied to himself the words of the prophet, ‘My mouth shall be telling of thy righteousness and of thy salvation all the day long, for I know no end thereof.’ ‘I am now,’ said he, ‘reduced to a state of weakness, and given over by my physician. My grand consolation is to meditate on Christ, and I am hourly repeating these heart-reviving lines of Dr. Young—

“This, only this, subdues the fear of death:  
And what is this? Survey the wondrous cure,  
And at each step let higher wonders rise!  
Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon  
Through means that speak its value infinite!  
A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!  
With blood divine of Him I made my foe!  
Persisted to provoke! though wooed and awed,

Blessed and chastised a flagrant rebel still !  
A rebel 'midst the thunders of the throne !  
Not I alone, a rebel universe !  
My species up in arms ! not one contempt !  
Yet for the foulest of the foul He died ;  
Most joyed for the redeemed from deepest guilt,  
As if our race were held of highest rank,  
And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man ! ”

“The *atonement of Jesus* was his darling theme, after he knew the grace of God in trust ; and in the appropriating views of this he solaced himself in his dying hours. In this medium death and the grave to him, as a redeemed sinner, were divested of all their gloom ; a future judgment appeared to be a joyful solemnity, eternity a delightful, boundless object of pleasing expectation and desire.

“He thought the following verse very suitable to his present case :—

‘ A tree is now the instrument of life,  
Though ill that trunk and Christ’s fair body suit ;  
Ah, cursed tree ! and yet O blessed fruit !  
That death to me, this life to us doth give  
Strange is the cure when things past cure revive,  
And the physician dies to make the patient live.’

“To his curate he declared that the fear of death was taken from him. ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘what has Christ, how much has Christ done for me ; how little have I done for so loving a Saviour !’ These words were accompanied with tears. He proceeded, ‘Do not think I am afraid to die ; I assure you I am not. I know what my Saviour hath done for me ; I want to be gone ; but I wonder and lament to think of the love of Christ in doing so much for me, and how little I have done for Him. . . . The Gospel is offered to me, a poor country parson, the same as to his Grace ; Christ makes no difference between us. Why, then, do ministers thus neglect the charge of so kind a Saviour, fawn upon the rich and great, and hunt after

worldly preferments with so much eagerness, to the disgrace of our order? No wonder the service of our church is become such a lifeless thing, since it is, alas! too generally executed by persons dead to godliness.' . . .

"The doctor, seeing the difficulty with which he spoke, and finding that the pangs of death were then coming on, desired him that he would spare himself. 'No,' said he, with peculiar ardour, 'doctor, no; you tell me I have but a few minutes to live, oh let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer! . . . . "All are yours, whether life or death, things present or things to come." 'Here,' said he, 'is the treasure of a Christian; death is reckoned among this inventory, and a noble treasure it is! How thankful I am for death, as the passage through which I go to the Lord and giver of eternal life.'

"About three o'clock he said, 'The conflict is over; now all is done;' after which he scarcely spoke any other word intelligibly, except '*precious salvation.*'"—*Brown's Life of Rev. James Harvey.*

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Not a care is hovering o'er me,  
Not a shade is on my brow,  
For my soul is stayed on Jesus,  
And my trust is in Him now.

Yes, sweet Saviour, Thou art with me,  
And I revel in Thy love,  
For I know, *complete in Thee*, Lord,  
I shall dwell *with Thee* above.

Many dear ones I am leaving,  
Yet I "part without a care,"  
For I pray—whilst *they* are grieving—  
That they *all* Thy grace may share;

That with me in yonder glory  
They may see Thee face to face;  
And with multitudes adore Thee,  
For Thy free and wondrous grace.

Not a care is hovering o'er me,  
For I am complete in Thee,  
Soon I'll sing the rapturous story  
Of Thy matchless love to me.

"Whoever believes in Jesus, regards Him as the *only* Saviour from Divine wrath; which presupposes a conviction of sin, and of its awful tendencies. Nay, we are led, by the language of Scripture, to consider believing in Christ, as 'fleeing to the hope set before us,' that we may escape 'the wrath to come' (Heb. v. 18; Matt. iii. 7). That conviction of sin and sense of danger *should not be considered, however, as inducing God to give, but as inclining us to receive: not as exciting the Father of Mercies to forgive our offences, or the compassionate Jesus to justify our persons; but as impelling us to accept the provision which sovereign grace has made for the entirely destitute.*"—Rev. Abraham Booth.

"Do not suppose that by anything you can suffer, or anything you can do, you can bring God *under any obligation* to save you. Sinners sometimes persuade themselves that they are doing all their duty, and that if they are not then saved, the fault is in God, and not in themselves. . . . He who entertains such notions as these may be sure that the Spirit of God has already almost deserted him."—Rev. F. Wayland.

"This salvation is God's work, God's provision, God's gift, God's everlasting covenant in all things well ordered and sure. The 'way' to its attainment is in a simple, grateful, trusting acceptance of the offer and the Saviour who is offered, with a loving, believing heart; receiving Him as the object, the author, and the finisher of our hope; the one chosen portion of our soul, the treasure we most of all desire, the living and beloved friend in whom we are

rich, we are full, we are reigning as kings; for whom we willingly exchange all other objects and claims, and in the fulness of whose love and power we can be happy for ever."

—*The Illustrated Weekly.*

Says one, "There is a Christ for every sinner out of hell, and a hell for every sinner out of Christ."

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Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

"Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without His sovereign grace.

"I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
Perhaps He may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.

"I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die.

"But if I die with mercy sought,  
When I the King have tried,  
This were to die (delightful thought  
As sinner never died."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

“THE Lord Jesus Christ became a substitute in the room of such as you and I. We ought to be punished for our iniquities, for all our wicked deeds and wicked thoughts, for our pride and highmindedness, for our self-will, and for our temper, and for all those things ; but the blessed Lord Jesus has the punishment for all our sins laid on Him, He stood instead of us, and in our stead endured the torment, anguish, and punishment we ought to have borne throughout eternity. He became a real man, and really bore the punishment. But not only was it necessary that He should be a man, He must be Divine, in order to give value to the sufferings ; and all the woe, the misery, and anguish which ought to have come upon us throughout eternity was concentrated in that time when the Lord Jesus hung upon the cross. He came into the world to save sinners, to deliver them from hell, from the power of sin, to translate them into His own kingdom. And now you see what the sinner has to do—to depend upon Jesus for salvation. We have not to go to Paris, or to Bath, or to Bristol ; here, in this very place, in this very hour it is to be had. No money to be paid for it, but only to accept what God in His wondrous grace and mercy has provided in His dear Son. If we do this we shall obtain forgiveness of sins, shall be accepted by God, shall be justified, shall be heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, and have heaven at last. Now how many are ready to receive this blessing ? Who will say, ‘ These are good news ; I will accept them ? ’ Or will you slight them ? The vilest, the most hardened,

the most wretched, may even now obtain the full blessing through Jesus.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Have I ever asked myself, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ What is the answer? Some perhaps will say, We must pray. Prayer never saves, and never will save. Another may say, I must read my Bible. Reading the Bible never will and never can save. Another will say, I must go to a place of worship. But that will not save us. Another will say, I must keep the commandments of God; I try to please God. That never will save. The trying to save yourself by keeping the commandments would only add sin to sin, and increase your guilt. What then is to be done in order to be saved? We have to do nothing ourselves. Salvation depends altogether upon another, upon the Lord Jesus Christ whom God sent into the world to save us. Salvation is wrought out already, accomplished already, and all we have to do is to receive salvation according to the riches of His grace, as provided for the guiltiest, the oldest, the vilest, the most hardened sinner. As the beggar opens his hand when a kind lady or gentleman offers him something, so we should open our hands to receive the blessing God has provided for the salvation of our souls. And the way of receiving the blessing is to put our trust in Jesus, to depend on the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of our souls, which is commonly called in the Scriptures—believing. I ask, Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of your souls? If you do, your sins are forgiven, you are the children of God, you are brought on the road to heaven, you are born again, you will go to heaven at last—through believing in Jesus, through putting your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. But without trusting in the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ

you can never have these blessings. I am afraid there are many who have not yet asked themselves this question, 'What must I do to be saved?' What must *I* do? The first point is *I—I—I*. That *I* am saved—that *my* sins are forgiven—that *I* am born again—that *I* am a child of God. Until this is so, everything else is nothing. The most momentous matter is this, that your soul is safe. There is not a single child here, there is not a single person in this large city, who may not have salvation if they seek it in God's way, which is through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."—*Rev. George Müller.*

"Desiring to record His goodness and mercy, I would note down the last words of my sainted child. A few nights previous to her death, my darling awoke, and turning to me, said, 'Was not that a nice quiet sleep, mamma?'

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below," &c.'

Again she said, 'Mamma, I have a great deal to say to you, but am not able, but I love to hear you talk.' At one time she threw her arms around my neck, and sobbing said, 'O my dear mamma, I hope I shall not grow up and be unkind to you.' Many such sweet expressions of grateful love and tender affection called forth my tears, which she always endeavoured to suppress.

"In the morning of the last sad day, she opened her eyes, and looking earnestly at me, she said—

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood."

And also—

"Safe folded in my Saviour's arms,  
I'm safe from every fear."

I kissed my darling, and rejoiced in this testimony. When

I asked her did she not love Jesus more than her mamma ? she was at first silent. When I repeated the question, she replied, 'I hope when God is going to take me, He will enable me to do so.' I asked my child what gave death a sting ? She replied, 'Sin.' 'What then, my darling, takes away the sting ?' Immediately she answered, 'The blood of Christ.' Her breathing towards evening became most painful ; but no word of impatience escaped her lips, her countenance was serene, and bore a sweet smile when she spoke to me. About nine o'clock she turned to me and said, 'Dear mamma, take me in your arms, and lay me in the arms of Jesus.' I replied, 'O my beloved child, you are already safe in your Saviour's arms ; you do not fear death ?' 'Oh no,' she replied—

"Safe folded in my Saviour's arms," &c.

When I observed she would soon be before the throne of God, she added, 'Yes, mamma, and He will wipe away all tears from my eyes,' and—

"I shall sing the song of grace,  
And view my glorious hiding-place."

. . . Then sweetly turning to me she said, 'And now, good-bye, my dear mamma, kiss me.' I stooped to kiss her dear lips ; she clasped her arms around me, and pouring out her little heart in prayer, said, 'God Almighty bless you, my dear mamma, and all my brothers and sisters, and aunts and uncles ; and a great many friends whom I cannot name now ; and oh grant that I may meet them all before the throne of God, and that they may all know Jesus Christ, whom to know is eternal life !' and her arms dropped for a time. . . . Then looking toward me several times, 'Mamma, I am praying for faith and patience.' Seeing her fall back, and, as I then thought, about to draw the last labouring breath, I put up my hands and my heart to God, blessing him that my child was *His*, and not *mine*. She

opened her eyes, and, with the most lovely smile, she said, 'Ah, mamma, I am *yours* yet.' . . . Her face became convulsed, her eyes fixed ; she talked rapidly, and after a most bitter conflict, she triumphed over the enemy of souls, crying out every moment, 'Yes, I am in Christ's arms, and I am now in mamma's arms, and we are both in Christ's arms, and we are going to God's throne.' Then naming all around her bed, she fixed her dear expiring eyes, beaming with tenderness, on me, and said, 'I am in mamma's soft arms ; now I am laying my head on mamma's breast ; now I see Christ—the ~~the~~ He is !' pointing her little hand upwards. 'See that star, mamma ; you know it is in the Bible. Now I am coming to Christ ; and we shall all be with Christ, and before Christ's throne.' With these words, 'I am going to God's throne,' her tongue faltered, her eyes closed, the conflict ceased, her happy spirit was dismissed from her suffering body, and she entered into eternal rest."

The above is taken from an old copy of the *Christian Guardian* ; it being a record of the death of Miss Sophia Hoare, written by her mother.

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Tarry not, Lord, any more, we pray,  
 Come for us, Saviour in glory ;  
 Hasten the long looked for break of day,  
 Finish the night's dark story.  
 Oh, come and call us home,  
 Raising Thy saints that are sleeping ;  
 Come Lord and take us home,  
 Ending for ever our weeping !

Weary are we of our sin, dear Lord,  
 Weary of grieving Thy Spirit ;  
 Panting for purity, light, and peace,  
 Yearning the rest to inherit.  
 Hopeless we gaze on the chaos around,  
 Strife, sin, and sorrow unending,  
 Vainly we wait for the promised sound,  
 Thy shout when from heaven descending.

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Help us to cling to the promise, Lord,  
Patient, with faith all unshaken ;  
Help us to strive for the bright reward,  
Help till from earth we are taken !

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“ While there have been few additions to the Church here below, there have been large numbers to the Church above during the past year. The father of a large family of sons, and one of the first converts of the Grande Ligne Mission in that place, has been left almost alone. The foul disease, small-pox, preyed upon them in such a virulent manner that in a few weeks eight of his children, all of them members of the Church, were carried away. But if it was extremely sad to see the poor fellows thus drop one after the other, in the prime of life and the strength of manhood, it was also comforting beyond expression to see their victorious faith and to hear their words of consolation to the bereaved and mourning ones around them. Their complete surrender to the will of God, their trust in the love of the Heavenly Father and in the perfect work of Christ, was so beautiful to behold, that even the pestiferous abode was scarcely a barrier to visitors who came to it as to the loathsome earthly gate to heaven. Catholics and Protestants came to the house of disease, suffering, and sorrow, to learn how to die, and to hear the testimony of the departing ones, so full of life only a few days before.”  
—*Extract from the Thirty-ninth Report of the Grande Ligne Mission, Quebec.*

Nearly all Bible truths are two-sided ; and are, by the unthinking, often called “contradictory.” We may rest assured that all the money coined in God’s mint will pass current at heaven’s gate. Any ONE of the many promises contained in God’s Word will most certainly ensure ready admittance into the “Paradise of God.” Religious dys-

peptics should avoid "strong meat," and diet exclusively on "milk," such as was recommended by Paul to the Corinthians. Remember that the "word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach;" and that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God;" and "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed," and "confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead"—what follows? why this—"THOU SHALT BE SAVED." "For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son" for this express purpose. Practise your faith—so to speak—on these simple truths, and then try this one: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me"—now do you thus believe? if so, hear what follows—"HATH EVERLASTING LIFE, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed FROM death UNTO life." Ever remember that the foregoing words were uttered by Christ Himself, and if they fail to allure or "constrain" you, we would place behind you a more powerful incentive than had the Israelites at Pihahiroth to "go forward," namely this: "he that believeth NOT, shall be DAMNED." And "if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be *Anathema Maranatha*" (*accursed*).

"That deep distress, arising from the fear of hell, is not required of any, in order to have peace with God; for such distress does not belong to the precepts of the law, but to its curse. Terrifying apprehensions of eternal punishment are no part of that which is required of sinners, but of what is inflicted on them. There is indeed an evangelical sorrow for sin, that is our duty; which is commanded, and has promises annexed to it: but legal terrors, proceeding from the curse of the law, not from its precept; expressing a sense of danger *from* the law, rather

than of having done evil *against* the law; are no marks of love to God, or of an holy temper. An awakened sinner, therefore, wishing for distresses of this kind, is a person seeking the misery of unbelief, that he may obtain a permission to believe."—*Dr. Owen on the Holy Spirit.*

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Lo, on a narrow neck of land,  
Nixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Secure, insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress!  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.

Before me place, in dread array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When Thou, with clouds, shalt come  
To judge the nations at Thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom?

O Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Then bid me in Thy presence live,  
And reign with Thee above,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“WHAT is the Gospel? It is the preaching of Jesus Christ—Heaven’s Messenger of mercy to sinful and perishing man—whose word is ‘good tidings of great joy’—‘to all people.’ More fully and definitively we give the substance of His message in Scripture language. ‘Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.’ Still ‘if ye be willing and obedient,’ ‘though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’ ‘Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else.’ It is a ‘faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ The ‘Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.’ In the fulness of time ‘God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law,’ ‘For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse.’ ‘Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree; by whose stripes we are healed.’ He died, ‘the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.’ ‘Now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested—even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe.’ Hence ‘whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life.’ ‘Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other

name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' 'This salvation is offered to all and is without works of the law. 'By grace,' it is said, 'ye are saved.' 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' 'This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.' Hence 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.'"—*Oriental Baptist, Calcutta.*

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Just as thou art—without one trace  
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,  
Or fitness for the heavenly place—  
O guilty sinner, come !

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree ;  
The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me.  
That peace and pardon might be free—  
O wretched sinner, come !

Come, leave thy burden at the cross ;  
Count all thy gains but empty dross ;  
My grace repays all earthly loss—  
O needy sinner, come !

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,  
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears ;  
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears—  
O trembling sinner, come !

The Spirit and the bride say, "Come !"   
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come !"   
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come,  
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

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" . . . . One day I received a hasty summons to inform me that she was dying. . . . Elizabeth's eyes were closed, and as yet she perceived me not. I then broke the silence by reading the passage, 'O death, where is thy

sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' At the sound of these words her eyes opened, and something like a ray of Divine light beamed on her countenance, as she said, '*Victory, victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ.*' She relapsed again, taking no further notice of any one present. 'God be praised for the triumph of faith!' said I. A short struggle for breath took place in the dying young woman, which was soon over; and then I said to her, 'My dear friend, do you not feel that you are supported!' 'The Lord deals very gently with me,' she replied. 'Are not His promises now very precious to you?' 'They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus.' 'Are you in much bodily pain?' 'So little that I almost forget it.' 'How good the Lord is!' 'And how unworthy am I!' 'You are going to see Him as He is.' 'I think—I hope—I believe that I am.' She again fell into a short slumber. 'Father, mother,' said the reviving daughter, 'He is good to me—trust Him, praise Him evermore.' 'Sir,' added she, in a faint voice, 'I want to thank you for your kindness to me—I want to ask a favour. You buried my sister—will you do the same for me?' 'All shall be as you wish, if God permit;' I replied. 'Thank you, sir, thank you. I have another favour to ask. When I am gone remember my father and mother. They are old, but I hope the good work is begun in their souls. My prayers are heard. Pray come and see them. I cannot speak much, but I want to speak for their sakes. Sir, remember them.'

"The aged parents now sighed and sobbed aloud, uttering broken sentences, and gained some relief by such an expression of feelings. At length I said to Elizabeth, 'Do you experience any doubts or temptations on the subject of

your eternal safety?' 'No, sir; the Lord deals very gently with me and gives me peace.' 'What are your views of the dark valley of death, now that you are passing through it?' 'It is *not* dark.' 'Why so?' 'The Lord is *here*, and He is my light and my salvation.' 'Have you any fears of more bodily suffering?' 'The Lord deals so gently with me, I can trust Him.' Something of a convulsion came on. When it was past, she said again and again, 'The Lord deals very gently with me. Lord, I am thine, save me—blessed Jesus—precious Saviour—His blood cleanseth from all sin—Who shall separate?—His name is Wonderful—Thanks be to God—He giveth us the victory—I, even I, am saved—O grace, mercy, and wonder—Lord, receive my spirit! Dear sir, dear father, mother, friends, I am going—but all is well, well, well—' She relapsed again. We knelt down to prayer: the Lord was in the midst of us, and blessed us. She did not again revive while I remained, nor ever speak any more words which could be understood. She slumbered for about ten hours, and at last sweetly fell asleep in the arms of that Lord who had dealt so gently with her. I left the house an hour after she had ceased to speak. I pressed her hand as I was taking leave, and said, 'Christ is the Resurrection and the Life.' She gently returned the pressure, but could neither open her eyes, nor utter a reply.

"I never had witnessed a scene so impressive as this before. It completely filled my imagination as I returned home. 'Farewell,' thought I, 'dear friend, till the morning of an eternal day shall renew our personal intercourse.'"

The foregoing is an extract from "The Dairyman's Daughter," by the Rev. Leigh Richmond. This dear girl was converted through the instrumentality of a Methodist minister, though no mention is made of this fact in the narrative itself.

"I am weary, Lord, of dwelling  
'Mid the passing things of time ;  
I am weary of the sadness  
Of death's funereal chime.  
I long to dwell in heaven,  
Where flowerets never die,  
Where brows are never shaded.  
Where hearts ne'er breathe a sigh.  
They tell me 'Thou art coming,  
Art speeding on Thy way,  
That soon the night of weeping  
Will end in joyous day.  
But my heart, meanwhile, is weary,  
And my spirit shrinks within,  
From the daily, hourly conflict  
With the world, the flesh, and sin.  
Dear Saviour, come, then——"

This was the last hymn written by Mrs. Dening. The prayer, "Dear Saviour, come, then——," was answered, and before she finished the hymn for earth, began "the new song" in heaven.

"A minister gives the following illustration of 'faith that would remove mountains,' which he heard from the lips of a negro preacher, who was speaking to his congregation upon the discharge of duties that seemed difficult, if not hopeless: 'Breden,' he said, in his broken way, 'whateber de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book,' (holding up an old well-read Bible,) 'dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going troo it belongs to God; jumping at it 'longs to me.'"

"If sinners were naturally and absolutely unable to believe in Christ, they would be equally unable to disbe-

lieve ; for it requires the same powers to reject, as to embrace. And in this case there would be no room for an inability of another kind : a dead body is equally unable to do evil, as to do good ; and a man naturally and absolutely blind could not be guilty of shutting his eyes against the light. 'It is indwelling sin,' as Dr. Owen says, 'that both disableth men unto, and hinders them from believing, AND THAT ALONE. Blindness of mind, stubbornness of the will, sensuality of the affections, all concur to keep poor perishing souls at a distance from Christ.'—*Religious Tract.*

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No *faith* we trust. 'Tis Christ alone—  
'Tis what He is, what He has done ;  
He is for us as given by God,  
It was for us He shed His blood :  
*We take the guilty sinner's name,*  
*The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.*

We do not *feel* our sins are gone,  
But *know* it from Thy word alone :  
We know that Thou our sins didst lay  
On Him who has put sin away :  
*We take the guilty sinner's name,*  
*The guilty sinner's Saviour claim,*

Because we *know* our sins forgiven,  
We happy feel : our home is heaven.  
Oh help us now as sons, our God,  
To tread the path that Christ has trod :  
*We take the guilty sinner's name,*  
*The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.*

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE words "*faith*," "*trust*," and "*believe*" occupy such a prominent place in God's Word, and are so intimately connected with man's salvation, that it is more a matter for rejoicing than surprise that reference is so often made to them by religious teachers. Reader, allow us to warn you not to allow such precious words, so full of meaning, to become monotonous and lifeless by any inert thoughtlessness on your part to heed them. Remember, "without FAITH it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6). "BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). "God is my rock; in Him will I TRUST: He is my shield and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my saviour" (2 Sam. xxiii. 3).

No wonder that the earth is ransacked in order to find suitable illustrations by which to impress on the mind the important truths sought to be conveyed by these three simple words. While we must admit that most of the illustrations thus employed throw a certain amount of light on the truth sought to be taught by these words, we are of the opinion that in many cases these illustrations are interpreted more literally than was intended by the illustrators themselves. To establish this point we will show wherein two of the most common of these illustrations are defective.

*First.* It is often urged: "Take Christ at His word, as did the man with the withered hand. He did not stop to reason as to his ability to use his hand. Had he done so he never would have used it: moreover, it would have been dishonouring to Christ to have hesitated a moment." It

must be borne in mind that on one occasion the *dead* "came forth" at the command of the same voice, and others were healed by Christ to whom He was *own*. In each of these cases faith was necessarily absent and consequently must fail as an apt illustration of faith.

*Second.* Another illustrator says: "Suppose a party in whom you had full confidence wrote to inform you that by the death of a distant relation in India you had been left a legacy of £10,000. Would you not immediately *believe* it, and that without any mental effort? You would not stop to reason about the matter, or ask yourself whether you had the right kind of faith. You would at once believe and rejoice." In such a case neither *belief* or *unbelief* could by any possibility affect the result. Every dollar would come in due time even if the recipient had studiously ridiculed the report up to the moment that he grasped the money in his hands.

Having thus shown wherein we consider the two foregoing illustrations defective, we will endeavour to present two more perfect. It will, we think, be universally admitted that, with very few exceptions, every one who dies entertains a *hope* of heaven, and has a *reason* for such a hope.

Now suppose a dying man is visited who says, "Thanks to having pious parents, I have always led a good moral life, and been enabled to pay 100 cents in the dollar. I have been a consistent Church member for the last fifteen years and a Sunday-school teacher ten. I have always contributed according to my means—and at times beyond—to religious and benevolent objects. I freely forgive all my enemies, and if I have injured any one I am sorry for it and ask their forgiveness. I frankly acknowledge to many shortcomings, but inasmuch as God is merciful, I trust I shall not be shut out from heaven. I——" and suddenly dies. It is easy to see the actual *faith*, *trust*,

and *belief* on which such a person has staked the salvation of his soul. "Open unto us!" cries such a one, notwithstanding he ignores "the only begotten Son of God," "who bare our sins in his own body on the tree." "Depart, ye cursed!" will be the answer to his knock. How fatal the mistake! How sad that it should not have been discovered sooner! If, while at the gate, he should hear those within, it would not be like his dying testimony, but would be "Unto Him that saved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood," "*to Him that sitteth upon the throne, be honour, and glory, and power for ever and ever.*" Our next illustration shall be from real life.

"Nothing can equal my enjoyment in the near view of heaven. *My hope in Christ* is worth infinitely more than all other things. *The blood of Christ! the blood of Christ!*—NONE but Christ. Oh! how thankful I feel that God has provided a way, that I, sinful as I am, may look forward with joy to another world, *through his dear Son.* . . . Oh! to be in heaven, in the presence of God and Christ. . . . *Jesus Christ is the anchor of my soul, sure and steadfast.* - Live near to Christ—nothing is worth so much, I feel, as to hang my naked soul on Christ as a poor sinner. *He is all my salvation.* . . . My soul rests on Christ. . . . Christ is all my hope. What could I do but for Him? . . . If anything be put on my coffin, let it be these words, 'CHRIST IS MY HOPE.'" Thus died Nathaniel R. Cobb, an active Christian, a wealthy and most benevolent merchant.—*Extracted from Memoirs of Distinguished Christians.* Published by the American Baptist Publication Society.

Thus is seen the actual *faith, trust* and *belief* in which Mr. Cobb died. It need only be contrasted with the above to teach the *trust* we wish to convey. *Down with works and up with Christ.*

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I sit in wonder viewing  
Mercy streaming in His blood ;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessèd is the station,  
Low before His cross to rest ;  
And to know, in God's salvation,  
How my soul is fully blest.

Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze.  
Love I much ? I've much forgiven ;  
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;  
Constant still, in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death.

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“ It was in the last days of 1874 that the Rev. Thomas Gabriel, a native Telugu preacher was attacked by the fever which ended his life. The fever (bilious) began on Christmas eve, and continued to gain on the system in spite of the efforts of two doctors. On the seventh day it was evident he would not live, and was told there was no hope. He said it was well, and that he would soon be with Christ, which is far better.

“ He then gave some words of warning and counsel to those about him, affectionately beseeching them to be reconciled to God. His brother and wife had received his parting words, and we all thought the end had come ; but some medicine given him by a native doctor seemed to do him good, and I returned home for some rest. But I was no sooner at home than a message was brought that Gabriel was dying. I went at once and found that the case was

final. The labouring breath came hot and fast, the fingers clutched nervously at the bed-clothes, and the eyes roamed restlessly about the room. The poor distracted wife sat on the bed rocking herself to and fro in her great grief, vainly calling on him to pronounce her name; the children called, 'Papa, papa,' but he heeded not; mother and brother called for a sign of recognition, but all in vain; the spirit was engaged with its Maker. I stooped down and said, 'Gabriel, do you know me?' But no—no human name could seduce the soul from the view it had already had of the coming glory. With the hand of the stricken wife in one of mine, and that of the dying husband in the other, I whispered, 'Gabriel, is *Jesus* precious to you now?' A gleam of intelligence flashes across the paling countenance, the light of life leaps back for a moment to the glazing eye, and the nerveless lips for the last time prepare to witness for Jesus, as the soul pauses in its journey to whisper the answer: 'PRECIOUS, MOST PRECIOUS.' The gleam is gone, the eye is dim again, the lips move not, and a soul snatched from the degrading depths of heathenism is safe in the arms of Jesus."—*Extract from a Private Letter to the Author, from Rev. John McLaurin, a Canadian Missionary stationed at Coconada, India.*

"He would begin singing the plaintive air, 'Molly Asthore,' to a hymn in Irish. In larger towns, on the other hand, keeping to the saddle, he would place himself before a shop window—if possible that of an apothecary, and above all, of a Roman Catholic, for both of these circumstances helped to deter the mob from throwing stones at him."—*Life of Rev. Gideon Ouseley.*

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves" (Matt. x. 16).

Sowing the seed by the dawnlight fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare;  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night :  
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,  
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might ;  
Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah sure, will the harvest be !

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die ;  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil :  
Oh, what will the harvest be !

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,  
Sowing in hope till the reapers come  
Gladly to gather the harvest home :  
Oh, what shall the harvest be !

## CHAPTER XL.

"WE are justified by *faith*, but the experience of what goes on within us is *sensation* and not *faith*. Some men seem to have a difficulty with anxious souls, to know what to advise them to do. It is the Spirit that quickeneth. . . . Praying and believing are alike with the unregenerate man, without the quickening of the Spirit of God. The great point is to find out what we are commanded to do, what is *our* duty to do. It is to tell every man the good news, and press him instantly to believe it. It is the Spirit that is the agent, but He always uses the truth as the instrument, the truth about a crucified and now risen Christ. Faith does not come by feeling, trying, or praying, but by *hearing*. The moment I accept Christ as my own individual personal Saviour who put away my sin, I am warranted to believe that I am born again, and the Spirit in the new man will lust against the flesh in the old man. Peace, indeed, I have with God, Christ Himself being our peace, but I have no peace with myself. 'Being justified by faith' (in contrast to 'by works') 'we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' There is a faith that is human, and a faith that is Spirit-wrought. The plan is of God; the redemption, the truth, and the faith are all of God. But how can I know whether I have God-wrought faith? Does my faith take hold of what is going on within? That is not of God. Does my faith take hold of, is it taken up with, what was done eighteen hundred years ago on Calvary, and with Him who

suffered there? This is God-honouring and saving faith. This is being born of the Spirit. The Spirit by the truth introduces Christ as the life into my dead soul. This is quickening, *the renewing* of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost thus gives a *new nature*."—*Grace and Truth*.

"On the day he died, he called his brother Thomas, and in the most affectionate manner exhorted him to be faithful to his trust in proclaiming the way of salvation; he then embraced every person in the room, both black and white, and said, 'It is strange that the Lord hath strengthened me to talk so much, do I talk plainly?' His aunt told him he did. 'I am glad of it,' said he, 'for I wish you to understand me, and to see that I am not delirious nor deceived in this trying time.'

"After he had embraced every person in the room, he said, 'Farewell, vain world, farewell, sin. O death, where is thy sting! boasting grave, where is thy victory? This evening I shall join the angels in a song of everlasting praise.' The physician then gave him some wine and water, of which he drank a little, and said, 'Take it away, I shall drink no more of it, until I drink it fresh in my Father's kingdom.' Nature then was so exhausted that he appeared to be fast sinking in the cold embrace of death. About this time his father came in; his aunt asked him if he knew his father. 'Oh yes,' said he, 'I know him.' 'How are you, my son?' said his father. He replied with a feeble voice, 'Father I am yet alive.' His father then asked him, 'if he had an assurance of Divine favour?' 'Oh, bless the Lord,' he replied, with stronger emphasis than before. After a few moments he seemed to revive, and turning over with a smiling countenance, said, 'Come, come, sweet Emmanuel, come; come, sweet Emmanuel!' and thus passed away."—*Life of James G. Jeffries*. American Baptist Publication Society.

I know not the hour when my Lord will come,  
To take me away to His own dear home ;  
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,  
And that will be glory for me.  
Oh, that will be glory for me ;  
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,  
And that will be glory for me.

I know not the song that the angels sing,  
I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring  
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,  
And that will be music for me.

I know not the form of my mansion fair,  
I know not the name that I then shall bear ;  
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,  
And that will be heaven for me.

“The change in Mr. Judson's religious character was not attended by those external indications of moral excitement which are frequently observed. The reformation wrought in him was, however, deep and radical. With unusual simplicity of purpose, he yielded himself up at once and for ever to the will of God, and relied upon Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour.”—*Memoir of Rev. A. Judson, by Rev. F. Wayland, D.D.*

In 1818, Dr. Carey, in a letter to the Rev. Andrew Fuller, says:—“I still live, and am in as good a state of health as perhaps I ever was; well would it be if my soul were in as good a state as my body. I think I trust in the Lord Jesus, and I cannot say that I ever get further than to cast my perishing soul from day to day on the Saviour of sinners. What I have always lamented, as the great crime of which I am constantly guilty, is want of love to Christ. That fervency of spirit which many feel, that constant activity in the ways of God, and that hunger and thirst after righteousness which constitute

the life and soul of religion, I scarcely feel at all ; or if I do perceive a small degree of it, its continuance is so short, and its operations so feeble, that I can scarcely consider it as forming a part of my character. I live a kind of mechanical life, going through the labours of each day as I should go through any other work, but in a great measure destitute of that energy which makes every duty a pleasure."

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'Tis a point I long to know—  
Oft it causes anxious thought—  
Do I love the Lord, or no ?  
Am I His, or am I not ?

If I love, why am I thus ?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard His name.

When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;  
Filled with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child ?

If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mixed with all I do ;  
You that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you ?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?

Lord, decide the doubtful case ;  
Thou who art Thy people's sun,  
Shine upon Thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love Thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray ;  
If I have not loved before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

## CHAPTER XLI.

“BELIEVING in Christ is often said to be the most simple of all moral and mental acts. To some Christians it may be so, but to me it is difficult and perplexing. I know what and in whom to believe, for the objects of faith are clear, certain, and well defined. But in what spirit I am to believe, so as to be assured of salvation, and how I can believe otherwise than I do, is what I now desire to know. That most important of all queries, What must I do to be saved? is answered in the New Testament by the direction and promise—‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;’ and it is repeatedly affirmed that the peace, joys, and triumphs of Christian believers, in apostolic times, arose from their faith. But all this adds to my perplexity and dejection; for though I believe the very truths and facts which they believed, I do not realize their peace and assurance. I act upon the same prescription, but do not obtain the same cure. They were ‘justified by faith;’ but I am not. Wherein does my difficulty exist? What must I now do or be beyond what I have done and am? Does any one believe in Christ otherwise than I? How can saving faith be unlike my faith? Believing in Christ is the one great condition of salvation, so that faith is of infinite importance; and it must be equally important that I clearly understand it. What then is the clearest, simplest, and truest conception of saving faith that I can form? and what are the characteristics of that faith? Let me, if possible, distinctly understand what must be my precise mental and moral act in believing to salvation.

FAITH TRANSFERS MY ATTENTION FROM MYSELF, WHOLLY AND ABSOLUTELY, AND FIXES MY ATTENTION, TRUST, AND RELIANCE, WHOLLY, ABSOLUTELY, AND EXCLUSIVELY ON ANOTHER, EVEN CHRIST.

Let this simple definition of the act of faith be always borne in mind, for it may be the key to all my perplexities, difficulties, and doubts. In believing on the Lord Christ, I am not to consider what I am, nor what I have done, nor how I feel, as reasons why I may expect to be rejected, or why I should be discouraged. I must consider only what Christ is, as the incarnate Son of God my Saviour, and in His propitiation for sin, in His intercession at the throne, and in His infinite love and infinite power to save. Whether I am the worst or best of men, or whether I am joyous or distressed, is nothing to my faith, as the faith of a sinner in his Saviour. In believing in Him I must entirely lose sight of myself, and must look only to what He is, and to what He did in my behalf, when He died for me, the just for the unjust, that He might bring me to God, and when He thus redeemed me from the curse of the law by being made a curse for me. Whatever I may feel, whatever I may be, or whatever I may have done, I now have only one thing to do, I must simply rely on His promises and covenant, regardless of all other things. This is believing in Christ; and it is repeatedly and distinctly affirmed in the Gospel that every penitent who thus believes is saved. Christ saves him from his sins, fully and at once.

The great atonement, then, is the great object of saving faith. That atonement satisfies God as a Judge, and shall it not satisfy me, as a sinner? God deems it sufficient, and shall not I? Since He accepts the atonement as a satisfactory reason why the law which doomed me to die may, with safety and honour, concur in the gift of eternal

life to me, shall I reject it by unbelief, or dishonour it by doubt? Him hath God set before me, as a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare the righteousness of God in the remission of sins that are past; that He might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. (Rom. iii. 25 and 26.) That He might be just in justifying it is said, and thus that the unjust might be saved by believing; not that they must be saved whether they believe or not. If I simply and fully trust in the atonement of Christ, that atonement, in all its fulness of love, and in its complete satisfaction to the administrative justice of God, becomes mine. I who am unjust shall then, through His mercy, be accounted righteous in relation to law, and at the same time the authority and honour of the law will be upheld as much in my pardon as a believer as in the punishment of an unbeliever.

“This is a wonderful work of mercy on the part of the supreme Administrator of the moral law of the universe, in His vicarious office of Redeemer. It is altogether His own work of love. In no sense is it my work. No defects in me can possibly detract from the propitiation offered by Him. He is ‘alive for evermore,’ and at this moment He presents His own body and blood, at the altar before the throne, as the propitiation on my behalf, and on behalf of all who follow Him in faith. Thus He is ‘the Lamb of God,’ who not only took, but now ‘taketh away, the sins of the world’ (John i. 29). This is the truth as it is in Jesus. This is the truth in relation to me, and it is eternally true. This is what I am instructed to believe, that I may be saved, and I do believe it; but I am not consciously and sensibly saved. Let me then more fully revolve this question of saving faith.

“Believing in Jesus is ‘looking to Jesus.’ It is ‘beholding the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the

world.' In believing on Christ, the contrite one, despairing of self, loses all sight of self; and beholds only Him. Looking at faith is looking at self, in its own act, and looking at self is looking inwards not upwards, on the darkness within, not the glory above. I cannot look both to myself and to Christ. I have not to believe that I am a believer, nor to contemplate my own faith as though self were the object of vision. I know that I see, not by contemplating my own sight, but by beholding the Light of the world. I have not to discern faith in me, but by faith to discern salvation in Him. There can be no faith apart from Christ, the true and only object of faith. I must not cast about in my own heart in search of faith, with which to comfort myself. It is Christ who comforts and saves, and faith saves only by receiving the salvation that is in Him.

"Believing, like looking, is receiving rather than doing. As in looking I receive light, in believing I receive the Light of the world. Believing in Jesus, and receiving and beholding Him, are thus used as equivalent terms, and as such they explain each other.

"He who thus looks to Jesus is saved by Him, according to His 'everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure.' 'As God is true, all the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him amen to the glory of God by us' (2 Cor. i. 18-20). Thus the salvation of a confiding penitent is made sure by all the promises and by the truth of God. His hope is as sure "as that God is true."—"Sure of Heaven," by Thomas Mills. Published by E. Stock, London.

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Thy works, not mine, O Christ,  
Speak gladness to this heart;  
They tell me all is done,  
And bid my fear depart.

Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,  
Have wept my guilt away,  
And turned this night of mine  
Into a blessed day.

Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,  
Has borne the awful load  
Of sins that none in heaven  
Or earth could bear but God.

Thy death, not mine, O Christ,  
Has paid the ransom due;  
Ten thousand deaths like mine  
Would have been all too few.

Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
Alone can cover me;  
No righteousness avails,  
Save that which is of Thee.

“On Friday, 21st October, 1886, when the means used to relieve him were altogether fruitless, and all hope of his recovery gone, he said, in a slow impressive manner, ‘I am a poor fallen creature, and our nature is a poor fallen thing; there is no denying that, is there? It cannot be repaired; there is nothing that I can do to repair it. Well then, that is true. Now, what would you advise in such a case?’ As he made rather a long pause, I doubted whether he did not mean me to answer; upon which I replied, ‘Surely, sir, to go, as you have always done, as a poor fallen creature to the Lord Jesus Christ, confessing your sins, and imploring and expecting pardon and peace.’ He answered, in a very determined and joyful manner, ‘That is just what I am doing and will do.’ I added, ‘And you find the Lord Jesus Christ to be very present and giving you peace?’ He instantly answered, looking up to heaven, with the most remarkable expression of countenance, ‘O yes! that I do.’ ‘And He does not forsake you?’ ‘No, indeed! that can never be.’ He then

said, 'Infinite wisdom has devised the whole with infinite love; and infinite power enables me (pausing) to rest upon that power; and all is infinitely good and gracious. All is right and well, and just as it should be. I am in the dear Father's hands! All is secure! When I look to Him, I see nothing but faithfulness and truth; and I have not a doubt or a fear, but the sweetest peace. I cannot have more peace. But if I look another way—to the poor creature—oh, then there is *nothing! nothing! nothing!* but what is to be abhorred and mourned over. Yes, I say that; and it is true.'

"Recovering from a great stupor, he said, 'What is before me I know not; whether I shall live or die: but this I know, that all things are ordered and sure. Everything is ordered with unerring wisdom and unbounded love.' . . . . Smiting three times on his breast, he said, 'I am, I know, the chief of sinners; and I hope for nothing but the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, to life eternal! and I shall be, if not the *greatest* monument of God's mercy in heaven, yet the very next to it; for I know of none greater.' Then, after a short pause, he added, 'And if we are to bring the matter to a point, it lies in a nutshell, and it is here: I look, as the chief of sinners, for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, to life eternal.' Then, very deliberately, 'And I die adoring the sovereignty of God in choosing such a one—and the memory of God in pardoning such a one—and the patience of God in dealing with such a one—and the thankfulness of God in perfecting His work and performing all His promises to such a one.' . . . . 'I do not depend upon feelings and thoughts, which are changing and uncertain, but I am kept by Him who changes not. It is upon the broad grand principles of the Gospel that I repose. I wish to look at the grand *whole*—at the vast scheme of redemption as from eternity to

eternity.' . . . I gently took his withered hand in mine, and then solemnly pronounced the benediction. He faintly endeavoured to say 'Amen,' and after that he spoke no more."—*Last Days of Rev. C. Simeon, a minister of the Church of England.*

"If she only saw Jesus as a *Substitute*, instead of a mere *help*, it would soon put an end to all her reasonings.

"Those who have as much breath in them as to *reason* about the matter are not wholly *dead*, and those who will not take the *sinner's* place are not wholly *lost*.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You ask, 'May I believe that Jesus Christ, with His righteousness and all His salvation, is by Himself offered to sinners, and to me in particular?' Yes, indeed, you may. The Gospel of the dying love of Christ to sinners is to be preached to '*every creature*.' In this way you are interested in the dying love of Jesus; for it is preached to '*every creature*.'

"We are warranted to apply the *general* offer of the Gospel to every one in particular, and every one is warranted to apply it to himself. 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'

"Am I warranted, then, in believing in Christ as my own Saviour, just because God's Word says He is held forth as a propitiation for the whole world?" Precisely so. "And would I be warranted in saying, 'He loved me and gave Himself for me?'"

What else could you say if you believe in His veracity.

Hunting after FAITH, as if it were a separate, substantial *something*, like a beast or bird, is chasing a phantom.

Faith in Christ is nothing external coming into us; but has existence only *in the renewed mind believing in Christ*. A believing mind in Jesus is that condition of mind which

God enjoins you to possess. We are saved by *faith*, not by efforts to produce faith."—"How to Get Peace." By Rev. W. Reid, M.A.

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I have heard of a Saviour's love,  
And a wonderful love it must be ;  
But did He come down from above,  
Out of love and compassion for me ?

It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

I have heard how He suffered and bled,  
How he languished and died on the tree ;  
But then is it anywhere said  
That He languished and suffered for me ?

He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with His stripes we are healed.

I've been told of a heaven on high,  
Which the children of Jesus shall see ;  
But is there a place in the sky  
Made ready and furnished for me ?

In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you ; that where I am there ye may be also.

Lord answer these questions of mine ;  
To whom shall I go but to Thee ?  
And say, by Thy Spirit divine,  
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

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"I could not find out *what* faith was ; or *what* it was to believe and come to Christ. I read the calls of Christ to the *weary* and *heavy laden* ; but could find no way in which He directed them to come. I thought I would gladly come if I knew how ; though the path of duty were never so difficult. I read Stoddard's *Guide to Christ*, and my heart rose against the author ; for though he told me my very heart all along under convictions, and seemed to be very beneficial to me in his directions ; yet here he seemed to

me to fail: he did not tell me anything I could do that would bring me to Christ, but left me as it were with a great gulf between me and Christ, without any direction how to get through. For I was not yet and experimentally effectually taught that there could be no way prescribed, whereby a natural man could, of his own strength, obtain that which is supernatural, and which the highest angel cannot give."—*Memoir of Rev. David Brainerd.*

"In this book the work of Jesus Christ was explained in a clear, simple, practical manner, and the sinner was encouraged to cast himself, with all his sins, just as he was, into the arms of the Saviour. Then light beamed on her spirit; she understood, as she never had before, the work of redemption, and laid hold of it and embraced it with joyful ardour. So powerfully was she moved that she exclaimed, 'What, Jesus, is this all? Is this all? Simply to believe—to believe, and leave all to Thee! Thy blood blots out all! Oh Lamb of God! Lamb of God!' She fell on her knees before the Lord and wept. Jesus became the sole object of her faith, her love, and her adoration. He was her Saviour, her strength, her life, her all."—*Memoir of Madam Feller (of Quebec), by Rev. T. M. Cramp, D.D.*

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A debtor to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing:  
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,  
My person and offering to bring.  
The terrors of law and of God,  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood,  
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which His goodness began,  
The arm of His strength will complete;  
His promise is yea and amen,  
And never was forfeited yet.

Things future, nor things that are now,  
 Not all things, below nor above,  
 Can make Him His purpose forego,  
 Or sever my soul from His love.

My name from the palms of His hands,  
 Eternity will not erase ;  
 Impressed on His heart it remains,  
 In marks of indelible grace ;  
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
 As sure as the earnest is given ;  
 More happy, but not more secure,  
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

“ We must not close with Christ because we *feel* Him, but because *God has said it*, and we must take God's word even in the dark.”—*Robert McCheyne*.

“ In saying ‘ the sins of the world,’ He extends this favour without distinction, to all mankind ; so that every man may be assured that nothing can hinder from obtaining salvation provided that he comes to Christ by faith. God shews Himself propitious to the whole world ; wherefore all men, without exception, are exhorted to believe in Christ.”—*John Calvin*.

O my God what must I do ?  
 Thou alone the way canst show ;  
 Thou canst save me in this hour ;  
 I have neither *will* nor *power* :  
 God if over all thou art,  
 Greater than my sinful heart,  
 All thy power on me be shown,  
 Take away the heart of stone.  
 Take away my darling sin,  
 Make me *willing* to be clean ;  
 Make me *willing* to receive  
 All Thy goodness waits to give ;  
 Force me, Lord, with all to part ;  
 Tear these idols from my heart ;  
 Now Thy love almighty show,  
 Make even me a creature new.

Jesus, mighty to renew,  
 Work in me to *will* and *do*;  
 Turn my nature's rapid tide,  
 Stem the torrent of my pride;  
 Stop the whirlwind of my *will*;  
 Speak, and bid the sun stand still.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Conquer Thy worst foe in me,  
 Get Thyself the victory;  
 Save the vilest of the race;  
*Force me to be saved by grace.*—John Wesley.

“Plainly, since man is guilty, lost, condemned already, and dead in trespasses and sins, there is nothing he can do to *earn* salvation or commend himself to God. And as plainly, since Christ came into the world to save sinners, and finished the work God gave Him to do, so that He is able to completely save all who come unto God by Him, there is no work the sinner needs to do, no fitness he needs to seek, in order that he may receive salvation. He has not to *win* God's love; for God already loves him, as testified in the gift of His Son. The sinner has not to *persuade* God to be merciful and willing to save him; God, already is more than willing to save, and is beseeching him to accept salvation. No emotions or experiences are to be sought, to make it right with God to save sinners. To a *perfect* offering nothing can be added. . . . As simply and really and immediately as one accepts any gift, so simply and really and immediately must the sinner accept the gift of God.

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According to the Bible, faith in general is defined as ‘the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.’ In its simplest form it is the belief in the testimony of another, and comes by hearing. It is taking God at His word. The faith, therefore, that saves, is no ar-

bitrary requirement of God, to be first fulfilled as a condition, entitling one to receive eternal life, but is itself the very act of receiving the salvation of God as provided and given. It is the single act of taking one's place behind the blood of the passover lamb, which, though sprinkled upon the doorposts and lintel, can be no protection to those who remain outside its shelter. It is only receiving the light, which, however clearly it shines from the uplifted Christ, cannot enlighten nor heal one who keeps his eyes shut and face turned away. It is really drinking in the water of life, which, however freely it flows, can no otherwise quench the thirst. It is merely taking in the seed which, however vital, cannot spring up into life except it be honestly received into the heart.

"Thus salvation which is entirely by grace must be by faith, and the faith essential to salvation, instead of being an arbitrary requirement, is, in the nature of things, necessary, just as a gift can be accepted only through believing the testimony of the giver when he declares that he gives it."—*Gospel Work. American Tract Society.*

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Sinners, will you scorn the message  
Sent in mercy from above?  
Every sentence, oh, how tender!  
Every line is full of love:  
Listen to it;  
Every line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the gospel  
News from Zion's King proclaim:  
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;  
Free forgiveness in His name:"  
How important!  
"Free forgiveness in His name."

Tempted souls, they bring you succour;  
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;

And, with news of consolation,  
Chase away the falling tears;  
Tender heralds,  
Chase away the falling tears.

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"This earth does not *appear* to be round, but yet it *is*. It does *appear* to be motionless, but yet it is *not*. The sun does not *appear* to be so large as this earth, but yet it *is* one million times larger. It *appears* to move around the earth, but yet it does *not*. All these facts are contrary to our common senses of sight and feeling, and yet we believe them implicitly on the testimony of a fellow creature who could not make a spear of grass, a grain of sand, or 'one hair white or black' in his own head. And shall we hesitate to believe Him who called into existence by His almighty fiat millions of worlds? Now 'He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true.' 'If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which He hath testified of His son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in the Son.'"

By a mental act trust your soul on these promises simply because God has made them, just as by a similar act of the mind you trust the promise of a Life Assurance Company to pay your family at your death the \$10,000 for which your life was insured. The latter however would be received, provided the Company was solvent, whether you believed it or not.

Is not faith the gift of God? Of course it is, so is reason so is the power of speech. The very *fact* that every good

and perfect gift is from God is a reason why we should use them for His lory, instead of waiting for some irresistible power to come and *compel* us to do so. Unbelief in the Bible is spoken of in most awful terms of condemnation. It is even said to be making God a liar ! and surely none will dare to say that the *reason* why they are continuing in this awful sin is, that God himself is withholding that which would enable them to do so !

There are not two powers of the mind by which we believe, one for secular and one for spiritual things. It is the same act in either case. It is the *thing believed* that makes all the difference as to the result. We need not trouble ourselves about believing in the *wrong way*, but exceedingly careful that we do not believe the *wrong thing*. A false hope for a time gives peace as well as a true one, but will in the end foil us and plunge the soul in despair. The faith that rests solely on the blood of Christ, God's Son, that cleanses from all sin, rests upon a foundation secure as the throne of God.

“ The Lord defines faith to be a *coming* to God in Christ ; to be a *resting*, or *staying*, or *rolling* of the soul upon Christ. And it is always softest and sweetest to define as God defines, both vices and graces. This is the only way to settle the soul, and to secure it against all the wiles of men and devils, who labour by false definitions of grace to keep precious souls in a doubting, staggering, and languishing condition ; and to make their lives a burden and a misery unto them.”—*Thomas Brooks* (1655).

“ As man is constituted, no power in the universe can move his affections to an object, until he believes that the object possesses some loveliness or excellency of character. The heart is affected just as much by the goodness of another if we *believe* that goodness to exist, as it would be if we *knew* that it existed. No matter, in the case of the

affections, whether the object in reality possesses the good qualities or not, if they are fully believed to exist, the affections will act just as certainly as though they really did exist. The affections are constituted to be governed by faith."—*The Way of Salvation*.

"I had marked out for myself a plan of conversion in accordance with the prevailing theological notions. First I must have agonizing convictions; then deep and overwhelming repentance; then a view of Christ as my Saviour, which should fill me with transport; and from all this would proceed a new and holy life. Until this was done, I could perform no work pleasing to God, and all that I could do was abomination in His sight. For these emotions, therefore, I prayed, but received nothing in answer which corresponded to my theory of conversion."—*Rev. F. Wayland, D.D.*

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Chief of sinners though I be,  
 Jesus shed His blood for me;  
 Died that I might live on high,  
 Died that I might never die;  
 As the branch is to the vine,  
 I am His and He is mine.

Oh, the height of Jesus' love!  
 Higher than the heavens above,  
 Deeper than the depths of sea,  
 Lasting as eternity;  
 Love that found me, wondrous thought!  
 Found me when I sought Him not!

Chief of sinners though I be,  
 Christ is all in all to me;  
 All my wants to Him are known,  
 All my sorrows are His own;  
 Safe with Him from earthly strife,  
 He sustains the hidden life.

## CONCLUSION.

THOSE who have long lived near the Falls of Niagara are undisturbed by its perpetual roar, but, when a few years since "Table rock" fell down, making for the moment, a noise above that of the Falls, all were startled! In like manner there are now many who have so long been in-treated to "*come to Christ*," to "*trust in Christ*," to "*accept Christ*," and to "*believe in Christ*," that it has become monotonous to them. We have endeavoured to concentrate such an avalanche of testimony on this one point that we trust it will awaken—after the fashion of "Table rock"—the reader who may have hitherto heard these invitations without spiritual profit.

The testimony we have adduced is from representative men of various denominations, and in whom the religious world have the utmost confidence. A more competent, and truly "grand" jury on this subject could scarcely be empanelled, and they unanimously bring in a verdict of "GUILTY" against all those who "neglect so great salvation." What say you, reader, are you guilty or not guilty? Remember if you are not guilty, but "believe on the Son" thou "hast (*last* HAST) everlasting life" and "shall (*shall*, SHALL) be saved;" but on the other hand, if you are guilty and "believe not the Son" you are "condemned ALREADY" and eventually "shall (*shall*, SHALL) be damned." These are the words of God himself, and cannot be ignored. If, dear reader, you have read thus far, we have a right to assume that you ask, as did the Philippian jailor, "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?" To which question there can be

only one true answer given, and that is the one given on that occasion :—" *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.*" Inasmuch as the "devils believe and tremble," it will be, no doubt, asked what *particular* truth concerning the Lord Jesus Christ is it that is to be believed in order to salvation? Do you believe that Christ is God, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father? That is all right: believe it, and that firmly, but remember the soul is not thereby saved. Do you believe that Christ took upon Himself our nature and was truly man as well as truly God? To believe this is to believe a most important truth concerning Christ, and being such should of course be believed, but remember this, the soul thereby is not saved. Do you believe that Christ once dwelt on this earth and was put to death on the cross? Inasmuch as this is a truth—and a most glorious one—respecting Christ, it cannot but be right to believe it, but do not fall into the fatal error of resting on such a belief for the salvation of your soul. If a belief of all these truths respecting Christ will not save the soul, you will now most likely ask, and we trust anxiously, *what particular truth concerning Christ is to be believed in order to be saved?* We unhesitatingly answer it is the grand and glorious truth that Christ, by the shedding of His blood on the cross, made an ample propitiation or atonement for our souls. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." This is most emphatically **THE** work that Christ came from heaven to accomplish. This is the work which He pronounced "finished" when on the cross He "bowed His head and gave up the ghost." The work thus finished on the cross is the "*sure foundation*," and keystone by which all correct doctrines must be held together. This doctrine of substitutional atonement—so repeatedly named in this work—is absolutely **THE** doctrine of the Christian religion. Being

such you cannot understand it too thoroughly, or believe it too implicitly. Rest upon it wholly and on the authority of God himself "THOU SHALT BE SAVED." Yea more, thou "HAST everlasting life."

The nature of the law and the law giver, was such that "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." And by thought or look the sinner was ever liable to "offend in one point," and once having transgressed was liable to bear the penalty, which was eternal condemnation. How dreadfully strict the law! How terribly exacting the Lawgiver! How truly dreadful the punishment! This penalty must fall on the transgressor or on the provided substitute. The object of the atonement was to make that satisfaction to God's broken law, which was impossible for man to make himself. To become the sinner's substitute it was absolutely necessary that the atoner be one who could and would take the sinner's place. Now there was no being in all God's universe who could take his place but "the man Christ Jesus," who did become the "one mediator between God and man." And it is now "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." The SON OF GOD actually became the SINNER's substitute! Most wonderful, mysterious, and glorious trust! Beyond human comprehension! God was under no obligation to provide this salvation, nor was Christ under any obligation to execute it.

Repenting, turning, believing and supplicating, all would have been of no avail had not infinite wisdom have devised a way whereby God could be "just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 26). God could not, in consistency with His law and attributes, have exercised mercy, save through and by virtue of an efficient atonement. Faith itself does not save, but the merits of

Christ's death or atonement on which it rests, does. Faith is the hand only that appropriates the blessing. Faith is the act that God requires of us in order to make the atonement available for our individual salvation. "Without faith it is impossible to please God,"—"So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

"Almost persuaded" now to believe;  
 "Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;  
 Seems now some soul to say,  
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
 Some more convenient day  
 On Thee I'll call."

"Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;  
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away;  
 Jesus invites you here,  
 Angels are lingering near,  
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear:  
 "O wanderer, come."

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!  
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!  
 "Almost" cannot avail;  
 "Almost" is but to fail!  
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
 "Almost—BUT LOST!"

